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COMMENTARY

CAN WESTERN CIVILIZATION SAVE ITSELF?

Our Present Anxiety in the Light of History

ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE

I FANCY it is a rather new idea to think of looking at current affairs in the light of history, at all events remote history. This point of view has not, I think, been common in England at any rate. Take people of about my own age—fifty-nine. When I was a child growing up in London, I had the impression that history, so far as England was concerned, had really ended with the Battle of Waterloo. We had won the Battle of Waterloo, and getting out of history had been one of the rewards of our victory.

One thought of history as something rather unpleasant that happened to other people. As one grew up and became conscious of other countries, one became aware that the United States, for example, had been in history in the 1860's and that France had been in history in 1870. One knew that the Balkans were still in history, but then the Balkans were so backward: they *would* be still in history. But the English were manifestly out of it. True, in the 1890's and the first years of the present century, the French and the Southerners of the old South in the United States felt themselves still in history, because they were conscious of unpleasant things that had happened to them in the recent past. But, on the whole, these two recently defeated peoples were exceptions in the Western world. The attitude we in England then had towards history was the prevailing one. It was the attitude of most of continental Europe and North America.

Our expectation about our own future in the West was very accurately put by Gibbon, in a passage which he wrote, as far as I can make out, in 1781. It is at the end of his general observations on the fall of the Roman Empire in the West, about half way through *The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. Here Gibbon pauses

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IN RECENT years there has been an increasing anxiety about the fate and future of Western civilization, and there has been no lack of prophets of doom, lay and professional, either in Great Britain or America. The noted British historian ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE has been commonly classed with the Cassandras, especially since one of his chief themes has been the decline and disintegration of civilizations. In this provocative essay he again takes up this central question of our times—and emerges with an answer in which the reader may find a certain degree of guarded optimism. Viewing the current disturbed state of the world against the background of some twenty dead and dying cultures, Professor Toynbee finds some unpleasant parallels to our own—but no strict analogy. Professor Toynbee was born in London in 1889 and studied, and later taught, at Oxford University. Since 1925, he has been director of studies at the Royal Institute of International Affairs. His major work is *A Study of History*, and his most recent is *Civilization on Trial*.

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to consider whether a catastrophe of this kind could overtake the modern Western world; and of course he concludes that this could not conceivably happen. Gibbon was writing at a time when England was at war with France and Spain and Holland, as well as with the Thirteen Colonies, and when the Northern powers, in their "armed neutrality," were what nowadays would be called "non-belligerents," unfriendly towards us. This might have seemed to be rather a critical time for England; yet at this juncture Gibbon could write:

"In war, the European forces are exercised by temperate and undecisive contests. The balance of power will continue to fluctuate, and the prosperity of our own or the neighbouring kingdoms may be alternately exalted or depressed; but these partial events cannot essentially injure our general state of happiness, the system of arts and laws and manners, which so advantageously distinguish, above the rest of mankind, the Europeans and their colonists."

Already, in 1781, Gibbon is quite sure that Western Christendom is safely out of history.

IF ONE looks back now to that complacent view of Western prospects which we can trace back into the 18th century and which maintained itself right through the 19th century till within living memory, it is extraordinary to consider the change that has come over our outlook—the outlook of England and the Western world as a whole, and not least the outlook of the Americans. The Americans seem today to stand on a pinnacle of power and riches and prosperity; yet the American middle class is perhaps more apprehensive and more anxious at this moment than any other.

We know the outstanding events which during the last thirty-five years have caused this great revolution in our point of view. I need only indicate the high lights: two world wars in one lifetime; at the end of the second war the discovery of atomic warfare; Communism; and the revolutionary transfer of power of all kinds into new hands.

The shock caused by Communism is not, of course, something entirely unprecedented in the history of Christendom. You have to go back rather a long way, but if you do go back to the sudden emergence of Islam and the seizure of great provinces of the early Christian world by the primitive Moslem conquerors, and if you recall the general challenge of Islam, not only to Christendom's possession of certain territories but to the whole Christian belief and way of life, you do get back to something comparable to the shock which Communism has given to the Western world since 1917.

THERE are, I think, closer likenesses. Islam might be described as a heretical version of Christianity, a version which seized upon certain elements of Christianity, took them out of their context, exaggerated them, and made something out of them which was a criticism of Christianity as it was practiced at the time.

Similarly in Communism certain social precepts of Christianity have been taken from their context, exaggerated and turned into a potent criticism of the Christian world in our time. In one sense, I suppose Communism is more formidable as a missionary religion than Islam. The Moslem missionary never had much success in still unconquered Christian countries. Islam gradually converted those Christians who were conquered by the Moslems, and, in the Ottoman Empire, down to the 17th century of our era, Christian converts were mostly found among Western Christian deserters or prisoners, and subject Eastern Christians who had been conscripted in childhood as public slaves and had been brought up by the Turks. What most horrifies people in the West in facing Communism today is that this is a missionary religion which, unlike Islam, has "cells" in our own world. If you could imagine, in medieval and early modern Europe, there being centers of Moslem propaganda in France, in England, in Christian Spain, and so on, that would be more comparable to the present fear that we have of the missionary penetration of Communism.

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PERHAPS most important of the factors that have changed our point of view is the last mentioned—the revolutionary transfer of power.

As between countries, the power has been transferred from Europe to the outer ring of the Western world. Down to 1914, out of eight great powers then existing in the world, the metropolitan territories of no less than four—France, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Italy—were on the continent of Europe; the British Empire and the Russian Empire were partly in Europe and partly out of Europe; only two great powers—the United States and Japan—were wholly out of Europe. Today there are only two great powers of the highest caliber, and they are both out of Europe; for Russia is much more out of Europe today than she was before the War of 1914-18 and the Revolution of 1917. And all round the little countries in Europe there is a new great ring of giants rising; for the United States and Russia are merely the two giants who have already grown to full stature; there are other countries in the outer circle—countries like Canada, and perhaps Brazil and the Argentine, and perhaps India and China too in time—that are already all on a much bigger scale than the average country in Europe and are going, in time, quite to overshadow us.

Then there has been a transfer of power between classes—a transfer of power from the middle class to the industrial working class. I can remember Sidney Webb saying to me some time late in the 1920's that, looking back at his life from that point, he was astonished at the extent of the transfer of purchasing power in England that he had lived to see. He meant, of course, transfer through taxing well-to-do people in order to provide social services for the poorer people. And this has gone very much further in England and in other Western European countries, and even in the United States, since then. Before 1914, the West European middle class really ran the world. When one thinks of that, one sees that in terms of political power the situation has indeed changed.

So I am inclined to think that, if we are now interested in seeing current events in the light of history, it is because we are now wondering whether, as a result of what has been happening in the last thirty-five years, we may not, after all, now be back in history, in the sense that the unpleasant things that have happened to other civilizations in the past may be going to happen to our civilization in its turn. It is this, I think, that is the root cause of the present anxiety in the Western world—an anxiety which, as I have said, seems to be even more intense among middle-class people in the United States at this moment than among corresponding people on the European side of the Atlantic.

It is a curious phenomenon: one would expect Communism to seem less menacing on the other side of the Atlantic than in Europe. It is not so; it is rather the other way round. It may be that the American middle class still has more to lose than the West European middle class, and that they are not yet broken in to the idea of losing what they have. The present attitude of the American middle class towards current changes is not unlike the attitude of the corresponding people in England in the 1890's or the early 1900's—the attitude prevalent at Oxford at the time when I was an undergraduate. If one goes from England to America now, one has a sensation of traveling back about the length of one generation in time and recapturing what was the middle-class attitude in the England of 1910 or 1912 towards the working-class movement.

But perhaps the deepest reason for the strength of present American apprehensiveness is that, even more than the English after the Battle of Waterloo, the Americans after the War of Independence were convinced that they were now "out of history." They imagined that they had somehow contracted themselves out of the troubles and ills and misfortunes and weaknesses of the Old World. They had got out of history in order to lead a new life in their own American way. One can estimate *a fortiori* what a shock it is to the Americans today to find that, in spite of having plucked up their roots in Europe and crossed the Atlantic to start a new

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life overseas, they have now been caught up by an Old World which has put out its tentacles and dragged them back into history. I think it is their disappointed expectations that make Americans so upset at the present time.

WHEN one talks about the unpleasant things that have happened to other civilizations, perhaps one should define more clearly what one has in mind in using those words. Primarily, I suppose, one refers to what is the subject of Gibbon's *History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,* which perhaps might be better described as the decline and fall of the Greco-Roman civilization, because the decline began long before the Roman Empire was dreamed of.

In February 1947, when I was on a visit to the United States, I had the good fortune to hear Mr. Marshall make, at the University of Princeton, the first of his big public speeches after being appointed Secretary of State. One of the striking things he said to his audience that afternoon was that he wanted them to be intelligent citizens, and he advised them to educate themselves by studying the history of Greece in the generation before the Peloponnesian War. What he meant was that they should study the crucial moment in ancient Greek history that foreshadowed the disintegration to come. Obviously he dated the catastrophe that led to the decline and fall of Greco-Roman society as far back as the 5th century BC though the decline did not work itself out to a final collapse until the 5th century of our era in the West, and not till the 7th century in the heart of the Greco-Roman world.

What we fear is the possibility that what has happened to other civilizations may happen to ours. We fear that, as a sequel to the catastrophes that we have witnessed in our own time, there may be a long drawn-out decline, culminating in some such revolution as that which occurred at the break-up of the Roman Empire. The final collapse in that case could perhaps be analyzed into several different aspects. There was a catastrophic fall in the material standard of living—and comfort means a great deal to us nowadays. There was a fall in intellectual cultivation—a return to ignorance. There was a setback in social manners and customs. Above all, there was a great deterioration in law and order.

The drop in the material standard of living was probably the least serious of these experiences, though, for the people affected, it must have been very unpleasant. From about the 5th century of our era onwards, in the Western part of the Greco-Roman world, people lost their possessions. But they also got rid of their income-tax inspectors and collectors. In any case there were a great number of well-to-do people who, before the system collapsed, gave away their goods and became hermits without possessions.

I do not mean that they had not deep religious reasons for doing that; but I sometimes wonder whether the burden, on property-owners, of filling in forms and being assessed by the income-tax authorities may not have also had a bit to do with these withdrawals from the world.

A still more striking symptom is that there were people—cultivated people—who welcomed the barbarians because they found the simpler and cruder form of government more tolerable than the extremely complicated government of the later Roman Empire. The later Roman Empire does, then, present some facets that are familiar to us—for instance, the spectacle of people being "directed" forcibly into prescribed occupations. The system had some good sides—it was highly equalitarian by contrast with the aristocratic government of the early Roman Empire and of classical Greece. But the price of this was an oppressive governmental regimentation and control of people's daily lives; and perhaps getting rid of that was not an unmixed misfortune. For myself, the really dreadful thing to face—if we contemplate that it might happen again—is the drop in the intellectual level, and the deterioration in social habits and in law and order, that were also features of the decline and fall of the Greco-Roman civilization.

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STILL, if the decline and fall of the Greco-Roman civilization were the only case we knew of, we might feel that we need not think much about it. It might then be no more than an exceptional disaster, like a railway accident or like a house being burned down by fire. Such disasters are great misfortunes for the people to whom they happen, but they are so rare that, when we read of them, we do not feel that there is any great likelihood of their happening to ourselves. But if we look further afield, we shall soon find other examples of the same historical phenomenon.

Behind the Greco-Roman civilization was one that a great English archaeologist has discovered in our own lifetime: the Minoan civilization of ancient Crete. We can say, with the knowledge we have now recovered by excavation, that, just as our modern Western civilization came out of a dark age following the breakdown of the Greco-Roman civilization, so, at the beginning of Greek history, the Greek civilization arose out of a dark age that followed the collapse of that Minoan civilization which Sir Arthur Evans has disinterred.

If one looks round—not just backwards in time, but round the globe, in other quarters of the world—there can be found in the Far East a series of civilizations with a history of their own which, till lately, has been independent of ours in the West; yet in this other stream of history there are similar phenomena. There was a great decline and fall of the ancient Chinese civilization which came to a head about 200 AD, when the Chinese equivalent of the Roman Empire broke up. There is no need to list all the other cases; but there are more of them to collect, if we choose. To be more exact, there are about twenty examples. And, when we have surveyed them, our own situation does begin to look rather more serious, because the breakdown of a civilization that happens to be the predecessor of ours does not then seem to be just a curiosity of history.

If one tries to total up all the civilizations that have existed up to date, including both those that have come and gone and are now dead and buried, and those which are still living, the conclusion is probable that all of them have either already declined and fallen or are at present in decline. The symptoms that can be identified as those of decline and fall in cases where the process has worked itself out to the end and the civilization has disappeared, are also to be found in most of our living contemporaries: in the present Far Eastern civilization and the civilization of India among others. Perhaps the only civilization about which it is *not* certain that it is in decline already is our own; but, if we look at it like that, it puts us in rather an uncanny position. Our living Western civilization is like someone standing in a room where there are a lot of dead people lying about and a lot of very sick people. We can detect the symptoms of the disease the dead people have died of, whatever that may be, and the sick people are exhibiting the same symptoms and are probably going to die. Do the same symptoms show in us? Is this swelling a mark of the bubonic plague? We are like a group of people trying to diagnose whether they are plague-stricken or not. That being our position, little wonder that people in the Western world, and particularly in the United States, are so anxious today.

WHAT bearing may these precedents from past history have on our prospects? But at this point I would like to say that I myself am most emphatically not a determinist. There are people, like the famous German philosopher of history, Spengler, who take a very pessimistic view. They believe that a civilization, like an individual living organism, has a specific life-span which, even in cases of extreme longevity, can never exceed a certain maximum. They think that, after evolving through a regular series of phases, most civilizations die after, say, one thousand years. They may live as long as twelve hundred years, but about one thousand years is the average span. I believe this thesis is non-proven, and I am equally sure it would be a great misfortune if we were to allow

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ourselves to be terrorized by a belief that we are doomed. There are many reasons for not believing that.

One reason is that, so far, we have very few examples of the history of a civilization —twenty or thirty cases at the most; and any statistician will tell you that when you are dealing with such small quantities as twenty or thirty the margin of error in your inferences from the statistics is bound to be very high. If the world were a million or two years older and we had hundreds of thousands of civilizations to work on instead of a mere twenty or thirty within a very short period of five or six thousand years, we might then command the statistical evidence for working out our own civilization's expectation of life in the insurance sense.

Let us consider for a moment the contrasted case of the insurance business, where experts can make statistical inferences with a very high degree of accuracy. They can make very close estimates of the percentage of the total number of houses, standing in a given city or country, that are going to be burnt down in the next twelve months, or of the percentage of the total number of people, of a certain age or in a certain state of health, who are going to live or die. But, of course, they have hundreds of thousands of cases to strike the average from,

Further, while the expert can predict approximately what percentage of the existing houses will be burnt down in the coming twelve months, he could never predict that this particular house will be burnt down in this particular year. This particular house may be burnt down tomorrow and may be built up again and then burnt down again a week later, or it may stand for three or four hundred years without ever catching fire. You just cannot tell about a particular house. There is no procedure, mathematical or magical, for forecasting that. No expert is able to tell about individual cases. What he can work out is an average: a certain percentage of the houses in existence will be burnt down in a certain time. But even that average only holds *rebus sic stantibus:* so long, that is, as the conditions for building houses and for living in them remain invariable.

If, for instance, one could imagine a house being built entirely of asbestos, with asbestos furniture and curtains and cloths and with no open fires inside, then the whole situation would be changed; the average would change with it; and the insurance expert would have to work out quite a new set of tables in order to be able to continue to quote premiums.

My point is that all these averages, wonderfully though they are worked out, depend on the provisional stability of certain circumstances which may suddenly change if some new factor comes into the picture.

Let us apply this to the question of the "goodness" or "badness" of the "life" (in the insurance sense of the words) of civilizations in general and of our own civilization in particular. It is evident, I think, that, if twenty or thirty civilizations have come and gone in five or six thousand years, our own risk is fairly high. But it is also clear, from the life or fire insurance analogy, that we are not doomed. We are not fated to perish. And it is also possible that, under the stress of a danger to which we are now so keenly alive, we might take the opposite line. We might be stimulated to invent something quite new in the field of international politics or of social affairs in general—to rise to some quite new standard of good behavior that would transform the situation to such an extent that these precedents would cease to be relevant to our case.

If you look at the deaths of civilizations —speaking very roughly and crudely— you can see that they have mostly died of one or other or both of two things: war between local states and another kind of warfare—war between classes.

It is notable that before dying they seem almost always to have solved these two problems in some sort of way by managing to establish a universal peace. The Roman Empire or the Chinese Empire may serve as an example. However, in these and also

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in most of the other known cases, the establishment of a universal peace has only postponed the fall and has not averted it permanently. It has only postponed it and not averted it because the universal peace has been achieved too late, after the devastation has gone too far. I am not thinking so much about the material devastation of war and class war as about what I might call the psychological devastation—the upsetting of people, which is much more difficult to put right than it is to rebuild buildings knocked down by bombs or shells.

Another adverse point is that, in most cases in which a universal peace has been established, it has been imposed by force as a result of a knockout blow which one great power has delivered to all other powers in its world. For example, in 220 BC there were five great powers in the Greco-Roman world. In 168 BC only one was left—Rome. In 230 BC there were, I think, seven in the ancient Chinese world, and, less than ten years later, in 221 BC, only one. That one had taken less than ten years to knock out the other six. These historical precedents are unpleasantly pertinent, because, within our lifetime, as the result of two world wars, the number of great powers in our world has been reduced from eight to two. I am using the term "great power" to mean a completely independent power. I suppose you might say that the United States and Russia are completely independent of each other, while, in differing degrees, all the other states in the world today are in some measure dependent—most of them on the United States and a few of them on Russia, but none completely independent of one or other of these two powers. In that situation the line of least resistance would be for our world to be unified politically by force, in the old-fashioned way, through a third war in which one of the two surviving powers would knock out the other and impose peace on the world.

Looking back a bit into our Western history in the light of the wars and social upheavals which we have had in our lifetime, we can see further disturbing parallels. We can see now that the relative peace and prosperity of the Western world in the 18th and 19th centuries, which we took for granted in our childhood, and which our predecessors likewise took for granted, was not a stable or normal condition but only a lull between two bouts of trouble. Gibbon, looking back to the Wars of Religion, felt that, in his day, the Western world had got out of the "enthusiasm," as he called the spirit that had caused the religious wars. Yet since Gibbon's time, we have drifted into ideological and nationalistic wars fanned by enthusiasms of their own.

But is it absolutely necessary that the world be united politically in the near future? Cannot it go on living politically as our Western world has been living for the last three or four hundred years, as a collection of more or less independent states, going to war with each other from time to time in a barbarous and unpleasant way, but not in a way that has meant destruction for our society as a whole? My own guess would be that in this respect the situation has now entirely changed. There are factors like our immensely greater economic and cultural interdependence, our greater power of exhausting ourselves in war by the more effective mobilization of our resources, and our invention of much more deadly weapons than our predecessors had. For these reasons political unification of some kind would seem inevitable for our world in the rather near future—though here, of course, I am verging dangerously on prophecy.

But if one goes on from that point to ask oneself the obvious next question—the question whether, if political unification is inevitable, it is bound to come about by the traditional method of the knockout blow—by wars going on increasing in intensity and frequency until only one great power alone is left—I would answer emphatically: No! For, even if unification *is* inevitable, we might achieve it in a new way—the way, not of force, but of consent taking institutional shape in some kind of voluntary cooperative form of union. If we should accomplish that, it would be a new achievement by means of

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which we might win all the benefits of the unity that was *imposed* by the Roman and by the Chinese Empires, without the prohibitive price that the Greeks and Romans and the Chinese were forced to pay for arriving at their universal peace at a stage when it was already, in a sense, too late. This is the question that now faces us.

THERE are really two questions. Can we find a middle way in international affairs between the old anarchy of independent states jostling against each other—an anarchy which, I believe, cannot go on much longer in its old form—and the extreme opposite regime of a world peace imposed by some single power on all the rest? And can we find some middle course not only in the arena of international politics, but also in the social field, between the old inequality of classes, leading to subterranean class warfare, and a social revolution leading to the forcible abolition of class, which is the program for which Communism stands? Can we find a middle way between these two social extremes? I believe that, in both these fields of endeavor, which are such very important fields in the world at this stage, my own country—England—may have a great part to play.

We English are conscious that we have lost our wealth and, with it, other forms of material power to a large extent, but we have not lost our gift for steering the middle course, for finding ways out of difficult situations that are not drastic, extreme ways. Such a middle course can play a fine part in saving the world from a possibility of disaster that obviously might overtake us, yet also, as I see it, is not bound to be our destiny —if only we have the spirit to defy the bogey of Fate and to recognize that, with God's help, we can still be the makers of our own future.

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DICTATOR OF THE LODZ GHETTO

The Strange History of Mordechai Chaim Rumkowski

SOLOMON F. BLOOM

A FEW years ago a tremendous and extraordinary catastrophe struck the Jewish people. We are not in any danger of forgetting it, but rather of fearing to think about it and discounting it, as it were, as the consequence of one of the many "isms" that lie ready to hand: fascism, sadism, the-last-stage-of-capitalism, militarism gone mad, and so on. For our age abhors the unexplained event. Better a dozen theories than one obstreperous fact. We are in the way of killing true knowledge by premature understanding. Far from being comprehended, the Jewish catastrophe, and all the other Nazi horrors, bid fair to tease us out of thought, as the poet said, alas, of beauty and eternity.

These are matters of which it is important to know everything before concluding anything, not to speak of judging. And yet, the tragedy is unfamiliar to us in most of its crucial details. Particularly unfamiliar is the action and reaction of the Jews and their leaders on the spot. We have heard something, and not enough, of the resistance of various ghettos, and notably of the glorious rebellion of the Jews of Warsaw. But we have learned little of other, border-line cases, where resistance was mixed with a numb despair and a hope too long drawn out.

Such a case was that of the ghetto of the industrial city of Lodz, in Poland, which had the special misfortune to be ruled, from beginning to annihilation, by Mordechai Chaim Rumkowski.

IT IS easy to say, and yet both true and inadequate, that the meaning of Rumkowski's strange career lay in embodying the limitations of the societies it spanned, the Polish-Jewish community and the Nazi order. Otherwise an undistinguished man, he was able to do that in a drastic manner indeed.

Endowed with many incongruous abilities and propelled by overflowing passions, Rumkowski came naturally into a tense commerce with the world. He was already in his late fifties when he acted out his ambiguities in an almost adolescent pantomime. For many years he had sold insurance and managed a Jewish orphan asylum. Both occupations, pursued with conspicuous energy, merged in a continuous solicitation, whether of premiums or contributions, from the same wealthy citizens of Lodz. He practiced an all-too-familiar type of persuasion

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EACH individual whose fate contributed to the frightful total of physical and moral destruction wrought by the Nazis had a separate life and a separate story; there is no end to the stories, and yet each is unique. Here SOLOMON F. BLOOM tells of one man who chose to make of the disaster a personal opportunity: Mordechai Chaim Rumkowski, Jewish "dictator" of the Lodz ghetto, who yet, perhaps, managed to deceive himself about the true nature of the role he played; and whose awful figure has much to teach us of the power of degradation the Nazi terror had, and the dreadful depravities of which our common human nature is capable. In a note asking permission to reprint this study in *Les Temps Modernes,* the editor, Maurice Merleau-Ponty, makes this comment: "The case of Lodz is especially important because it shows that the mechanism of Nazi power is the same even when it relies upon Jewish assistance; and that the passions which support such a power are the same, even when they grow in the mind of a Jew." Dr. Bloom, professor of history at Brooklyn College, collected much of the material for this article during a recent visit to Europe. He is the author of *The World of Nations: A Study of the National Implications in the Work of Karl Marx* (1941), and has contributed to many scholarly journals as well as to past numbers of COMMENTARY. His most recent article was "The Liberalism of Louis D. Brandeis" in our October 1948 issue. Dr. Bloom is writing an interpretative history of the larger forces that molded Europe and the United States between the American and the Russian revolutions.

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and salesmanship affected with a public interest.

Rumkowski found time also to become a character. He had made the easy discovery that many an enriched Jew—the industries of Lodz had grown phenomenally and raucously—lacked the courage of his accumulation and could be shouted out of his money. He became notorious for an impudent persistence that kept the orphanage in funds. When he did not play wrathful prophet to the rich, he paraded his love for children. The affection was as genuine as the parade: he was a widower with none of his own. He liked to surround himself with his charges, although he apparently drew the circle a bit close. It was whispered that he was guilty of familiarities with grown girls and women employed in the institution. There is even a report of a legal prosecution mysteriously dropped before it came to trial.

Certain it is that Rumkowski governed his institution with an ungloved iron hand, ignoring the wishes of contributors and coworkers alike. Money-raising tells for too much in the Jewish community, whether in Poland or the United States. Righteous table-thumping is always indulged. Nevertheless, Rumkowski could not go far in such a community as Lodz. His manners were rude and his learning nil. Despite the strength of his personality, he was condemned to a negligible influence, more annoying than pernicious.

The Nazis, however, tempted him with a vast opportunity. Lodz fell without a blow barely a week after the war broke out in September 1939. It was bound to be a city of special interest to Germany. With its twelve hundred enterprises and two million spindles, it had long been famous as the Manchester of the East. In a century, it had grown from a village to a city of nearly three-quarters of a million people, next to Warsaw the largest in the country. Here the Germans and the Jews repeated their traditional common role in Eastern Europe: they rather than the Poles had developed Lodz. In addition to nearly a quarter of a million Jews, the population included about ninety thousand Germans, the largest "Nordic" island in the Polish sea.

In Lodz as elsewhere, the Nazis invited the Jews to perpetrate their own spoliation and even immolation. This saved time, work, and money, and preserved "order," by reducing to a minimum the confrontation of tyrant with victim. Setting Jew against Jew created a diversion, degraded them, and confirmed the Nazis in their faith that man relishes brutality. The organized and autonomous community—complete, as everywhere in Eastern Europe, with powers of taxation, sanctions, and even political parties—was to carry out the commands of the conqueror. The community was organized democratically, but when the Nazis said community they meant the leader.

How they came to think that in Lodz the leader was Rumkowski is something of a mystery. He was a Zionist member of the elected council, and not an influential one. A month after the occupation, an officer burst into the council chamber and demanded to speak to the *"Aelteste der Juden,"* which was taken to mean the oldest member. Rumkowski, with his large head and white mane, was singled out, or he stepped forward. This account is probably folklore, and contains more *Galgenhumor* than information. In *Hurban Lodz,* Israel Tabaksblatt, a survivor, reports the more likely version that Rumkowski intrigued behind the scenes for his elevation.

He was invested with a kind of *Fuehrerschaft* but his powers did not reach their fullness until the Jews were shut off in a ghetto. For half a year the Nazis contented themselves with ordering them from the better streets, labeling them with the Star of David, displacing them in the better homes and businesses with *Volksgenossen,* whose numbers were swollen by Baltic emigrants; drafting them for forced labor, and engaging in rapine and shooting both organized and informal. This "liberal" regime came to an end in February 1940. First in Lodz and then in other cities—for the smaller towns were simply depopulated—the Germans revived the ghetto and degraded it to depths unplumbed in medieval days.

The Jews were driven from all parts of the city and herded into the Balut district in the north. Like all industrial centers, from Manchester to Pittsburgh, Lodz was overcrowded and jerry-built. A native writer has described it as "the most offensively ugly" of Polish cities and "most monstrously un-

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hygienic," and a native poet was reduced to this apostrophe:

Let Sorrento, Ganges and Crimea
Exalted to the heavens be.
But give me Lodz: its very dirt
And smoke are sweeter far to me.

And nowhere was Lodz less lovely than in the slums of the Balut.

Thousands of Jews had somehow succeeded in fleeing the city, for the Nazi system took some time to jell, and the remaining 160,000 were pressed into 25,000 to 42,000 rooms—the estimates vary—or four to six in a room. The Germans then complained that the Ghetto was dirty. A sensitive police chief observed that "an indescribable odor" lay over the whole of it and that the Jews were covered with filth; he used a stronger word. Another official blamed the conditions on the *"niedrige Wohnkultur dieses Volkes."*

Characteristically, the Nazis approached the denouement of isolation only gradually, always encouraging the belief that the worst had come and gone, in order to forestall the resistance of flat despair. No hope abandon until it is too late. For a time, Poles were allowed into the Ghetto on business and Jews could leave during the day to work in the city. Then the gates were barred; nobody could come or go. The ten miles of wall and barbed wire which enclosed the Ghetto were patrolled night and day by soldiers. More than one Jew was killed, sometimes in sheer exuberance or jest, while merely passing along these walls. Only German guards and officials could penetrate hell and still emerge to purgatory.

IN THESE forbidden precincts the authority of Rumkowski blossomed forth. He assumed the title of *Der Aelteste der Juden in Litzmannstadt-Getto* and the Polish title of *Prezes*. He received full power to maintain "an ordered social life." He alone was to maintain relations with German officials, and through them with the planet. He was to control the property of the Ghetto, judge and punish the inhabitants, and even execute them. Under this autocracy a shadow state arose with all the panoply of the real. The panoply plays here the role of the precise detail in *Gulliver's Travels:* it persuades us, for a moment, that the fantasy is true. But the meaning of Swift lies elsewhere, and so does that of Rumkowski's state.

It began with a budget rather than a social contract. Rumkowski levied a kind of single tax, making ordinary rent his fisc. But it appeared that too many of his subjects, bereft of jobs and incomes, were rather in need of relief themselves. Rumkowski thereupon ordered all currency and foreign remittances converted into his own fiat money, which became the only legal tender in the Ghetto. He decreed the sale of jewels, furs, and other valuables against the new paper. With some of the wealth—for most of it was siphoned off by the Nazis without any return—he imported food, doled out relief, bought raw materials, and organized an elaborate administrative apparatus. All the money issued by this state brought into being by the swastika was adorned with the menorah and the star of David and bore the signature of Rumkowski, florid with curlicues.

After money, force. (How much simpler it is to organize a state than to improve a society!) Rumkowski recruited twelve hundred police, a corps of plain-clothesmen for investigations, confiscations, and secret arrests, and a private guard. His chief of police made himself notorious for cruelty and venality. Judges, jails, even corporal punishment, completed the scheme of coercion. The *Aelteste* reserved an "administrative" power of arrest, the right of seizure by direct oral command, and the right of grace and amnesty. His "monarchy" was not limited as far as the Ghetto was concerned. One might have said "empire," for he also controlled a "colony" of Gypsies doomed by the Germans to a speedy extermination.

At once more ornamental and useful was the Ghetto Post Office and its stamps. In its first year, it cleared 135,063 parcels from other parts of Poland and 14,299 from abroad, 64,049 incoming money orders worth 1,699,151 marks, 10,238 telegrams, and more than a million letters and cards. The mails were quite efficient, although there were occasions when the ruler had to acknowledge the receipt of whole carloads of parcels that the Germans whimsically kept for themselves. In compensation, Rumkowski let himself go philatelically. On one stamp, his white-aureoled and bespectacled

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image, softened by court artists, peers out of a star of David, imposed on a menorah. Or he surveys imperially the symbols of economic fertility: an industrial wheel against the background of smoking chimneys, a compass and carpenter's knife, and the all-important cotton bobbin.

The strongest arm of power, stronger than Jewish police and German Gestapo, was the control over food and jobs. "You can look into anything you wish and give your opinion, except the offices of food administration and personnel," Rumkowski warned his appointed council. "I alone will distribute food and name officials." Rations were lower and prices higher in the Ghetto than outside, although this was not entirely his fault, since the Germans paid him little for finished goods and charged him exorbitantly for imports. The Jews were exploited several times over. As a result, starvation was common and semi-starvation quite general. Their effect, as usual, was disease even more than hunger. Tabaksblatt remarks that "if any Ghetto Jew says that he ate his fill even once in those two years [of the "autonomous" state] he is lying." Both he and Dr. Albert Mazur, another survivor, mention cases where families concealed their dead in order to collect the extra ration. I spare the reader the details. (This practice was common in concentration camps: one lived off the dead, as it were.)

In a few years the Nazis could have killed all the Jews by this "cold" pogrom alone: but they were people in a hurry. A diary records that on July 5, 1942, 105 persons died and five were born: on the 27th the figures were 113 and zero. Even as the population was being reduced by mass deportation the death rate rose sharply: 1940: 6,851; 1941: 11,437; 1942: 18,020.

The feeding of the Ghetto, such as it was, depended largely on its productiveness. Old industries were revived and new factories set up. One of the reasons why the Nazis tolerated the existence of the Ghetto as long as they did was their need for manufactures. Eventually most of the factories worked to supply the Wehrmacht. "*Unzere passport iz di arbeit,*" was one of Rumkowski's frequent slogans. He was proudest of his accomplishments in this field. The calendar printed in the Ghetto carefully records the anniversaries of the establishment of the various industries. The initial difficulties were indeed considerable: on the principle of grab rather than efficiency, the Nazis had removed the machines and tools of the Balut; the Ghetto contained too many unskilled persons; orders were at first few and raw materials lacking; exchange and barter trickled through sclerotic official arteries. In the first year, only fifteen to twenty per cent of the people could find work; the rest hungered on a sketchy relief. In the factory, as in the street, the iron hand ruled. The second issue of the *Getto Zeitung*, the official newspaper, announced plainly that "the Ghetto does not work by the clock." It did not.

What may have encouraged Rumkowski to believe, as he did, that he would be instrumental in saving a remnant of Polish Jewry was his ability to organize not only workshops but also hospitals and schools. He assembled medical personnel and supplies, although the German officials saw to it that his success here was tragically inadequate. They allowed him to improvise a whole school system. In the first spring, he gathered 7,366 boys and girls in primary schools, and 728 in secondary. The figures were doubled in the following year. The curriculum reflected the new conditions: religious instruction was strengthened, German could not be taught to the "inferior race," and Yiddish supplanted Polish, which had generally been the language of instruction, in the primary grades. The Ghetto was Jewish in a Yiddish sort of way, if one may say so. Rumkowski indulged the children with extra rations, sweets, and holiday gifts. His old professional interest stood him in good stead. The survivors concede quite generally that his devotion was authentic.

Such were the institutions of this crepuscular state. It was not precisely a Nazi state, for Jews cannot be brought to believe in invidious natural distinctions among themselves, and cannot make a virtue of brutality. But it resembled its progenitor in autocracy, servility, and corruption. The Nazi system bred a shrewd synthesis between systematic robbery as a matter of state policy and spontaneous rapine by subordinates and menials. A common interest made easy bedfellows of those two irrecon-

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cilable rivals of the manuals of political science: the individual and the state. Rumkowski appointed complaisant and self-seeking officials, and thus deprived the community of a responsible and competent public service. He showered them with opportunities for extortion and graft. Let no one think that there is no room in the shadow of death for accumulation and ostentation. Mammon long ago discovered that even Hell "wants not her hidden luster."

The members of the official apparatus ate well and concealed food for speculation and private security. Not a little was spoiled through too much prevision. There was no check over distribution—Rumkowski himself did not know how much came in or went out—with imaginable results. Money hoards have been uncovered. There are reports of orgies, both alimentary and sexual.

Rumkowski was wide open to the temptation of the flesh—that was an old story. Although during his "reign" he married a young woman of good family and half his age—a king must have a queen and if possible a dynasty—he was not averse to attending the inflammable festivities of his creatures. But, unlike them, he was not mercenary. He was captivated rather by the psychological and political perquisites of his strange and—he dared to think—promising role. Like all dictators he affected to despise politics, to love order, and to protect his loyal subjects. His favorite word was *ruh*, his goal *ruh in ghetto*. He was given to referring to "my children," "my workers," "my factories," and even "my Jews." He indulged the language of command. When nurses asked for a reduction of their inhuman working hours, he threatened to "crush" their "obstinacy." In decreeing shorter clothes for men to save material for patches, he announced that he "would carry out this plan of mine one hundred per cent and will not stop at anything, as is my custom." He meddled with religious rules: on calling on a bereaved man to return to his shop, he declared, with an unconscious pun, that "in these times it is permissible to sit *shiva* [seven mourning days] four days."

In tune with his times, Rumkowski encouraged a kind of *Fuehrer* worship. The calendar of the Ghetto (printed incidentally on the back of advertising sheets for coffee, the original business of Hans Biebow, the *Leiter der Gettoverwaltung*) recorded only one historical date apart from the inauguration of industries—the birthday of the *Aelteste*. By an ironic chance, this fell on Purim, the festival of liberation from Haman. Rumkowski's concern for the young was effectively exploited by his political machine. On the eve of Rosh Hashanah 1942, he was presented with a large album, bound in hard wood and leather, containing the good wishes of the whole school system. The clear signatures of 14,587 pupils and 715 teachers, carefully numbered, may be read in the original copy now in the archives of the Yiddish Scientific Institute—Yivo—in New York. It is perhaps the most accurate roll of the martyrdom of the war. The list of each school is preceded by a prayer or verse, generally in Yiddish but occasionally in Hebrew or Polish. The parchment frontispiece hails Rumkowski as *Adonenu Ha-Nasi* (our lord, our prince), and praises him: *Atah Nasi deag lanu* (you, our prince, provide for us). I translate a few verses at random:

You lay down your life for us,
The end of your striving, we.

Stern of visage but mild of heart,
Your blood is shed for every child.

From purest well, the hearts of children,
Flow a thousand blessings upon your handsome head.

It was on his own *Getto Zeitung*, the only publication permitted to the community, that Rumkowski relied for the most Byzantine appreciation. The eighteen issues of this newspaper which appeared between June and September 1941 (they too can be read, in tiny photostatic reproductions, in the rich archives of the Yivo) present him as the model of an able and benevolent ruler: he feels "a sense of responsibility for everything that goes on in the Ghetto"; he is the only *kenner* of its problems; stern and just—the reporter does not envy the unfortunates who dare to lie to him—he unbends frequently; his countenance then becomes mild and genial, from his eyes "streams love," and a smile steals upon his lips; "it is then as if a familiar and quiet dove, gently

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flapping its wings, warms and cuddles its little ones. . . ."

Prose was not enough. In the very first issue of the *Zeitung*, L. Berman sang, significantly, the praise of "The Strong Arm":

Our President Rumkowski
Is blessed by the Lord above
Not alone with brains and talent
But with a firm and powerful arm.
Whether in offices or shops
Work is thorough, exemplary.
All is bound, all related
By the President's strong arm.
And at Dworska Number 20 [the central office]
Toil is always going on.
Whoever thinks of lying down
Feels the President's strong arm.
All the wilder elements
Have been put against the wall.
Peace and order reign in Ghetto
Only thanks to his strong arm.

But, again it was Rumkowski's love of children that touched most the laureate heart:

The President Rides Forth

Men and women, young and old,
Crowds gather here and there,
Everybody is pressing hard:
The President rides forth.
Now his fine gray-spotted horse
Suddenly comes to a halt,
And the mass is lighted up
By his head of silver hair.
All eyes and all hearts
Turn to him.
And the people strain and stretch
With petitions in their hands.
But the President is busy
And he sees no one now.
He has spied and stopped to chat
With a tiny child of seven.

Engulfed by adulation, Rumkowski took to posturing. He affected the flowing cloak, shining boots, the imperious cane. The same gray horse always drew his carriage. On the first Rosh Hashanah in the Ghetto, in 1940, he went to the synagogue in state, clad in a long white cloak, adorned by a hand-worked silver collar, similar to the Talith Hatorah, and crowned with a blue and white hat with eight points. He was accompanied by a suite of higher officials; crowds and police lined the streets and inclined in a *Gut Yom Tov*, occasionally sardonic, as he passed them in review. His court artists portrayed him throwing his cloak protectingly over the children of the Ghetto, who look up adoringly to him, or brooding over the problems of the Ghetto in the dead of night.

When everyone rested he alone waked, worked, endlessly planned. He felt lonely and unappreciated. "I am ever disturbed in my work," he announced plaintively. The poet's petitioners were a nuisance to his hero. Vulgar milling has "a bad effect upon a man who works hard and has little time to rest." He thundered that he would disregard such petitions even if, in a moment of weakness, he accepted them. They must be dropped in a special box at his office. "The Lord knows that I would like to please everyone but where shall I get the means? I know very well that many people abuse my affection for children—they are the only ones who never disturb me in my work—and some people smuggle petitions through them. I will put an end to that too."

Now and then, the abnormality implicit here would break through with violent clarity. As the Jews were driven from Lodz to the Balut, he is said to have sat in his office contemplating the possible titles he might assume as the chief of the new Ghetto. He yielded to sudden passions. He might berate people in the streets, or apply his cane, or, again, order a beard which displeased him summarily cut. He once struck a physician. Just as suddenly he might become overcheerful and ebullient and ooze goodwill. He might break out in song. Sometimes contrition seized him. He showed up at a gathering of physicians and their families, uninvited and unwelcome, and proceeded to justify his rule: They say I am a dictator; that is not true; my ambition is to save a remnant and future Jewry will be beholden to me; only history will be able to judge my work which, in perspective, will be shown to have been beneficent. And so forth.

THE story of Rumkowski's state is not of course the whole story of the Ghetto.

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His policy, or any other, could not hope to exhaust society. Through the crevices of his obscurantist despotism, spontaneous effort burst in all its forms: reading circles, recitations, amateur theatricals, little orchestras, lectures, literary evenings.

And as the desert hath green spots, the sea
Small islands scattered amid stormy waves,
So that disastrous period did not want
Bright sprinklings of all human excellence.

Incredible as it may seem, literary and other artistic production went on, although the results disappeared with their creators. A few pieces remain. For example, some verses of the sensitive Hasidic poet S. Shayevich, from which I quote:

The Lord has showered even us with gentle hand:
A double gift—
The death-decree and spring.
The garden blooms, and the sun shines.
And the slaughterer slaughters. . . .

But we crave no recompense or mercy.
For when you slay a man
You slay his God as well.

Nothing could stifle Jewish humor and ridicule. Deportation orders were "invitations to a wedding" (*chasene kartlech*); as the Eastern front drew near, it seemed that "help is behind your back, death in front of your nose." The story goes that once in performing a marriage, for which he bestowed an extra ration of food, Rumkowski put the usual question "Do you love her" and the swift reply came: "Meantime I am hungry. . . ."

At first, Rumkowski hoped to secure the support of intellectuals. He was soon disillusioned. The more decent elements waged an unremitting warfare, necessarily muffled and in the end hopeless, against his machine. Satirical poems and songs were circulated clandestinely, and political sketches shown. In turn, as I. Spiegel, one of the few surviving writers, puts it, Rumkowski "did everything he could to break the writer's pen and the painter's palette." He censored plays and vaudeville acts, denied writers precious paper and ink, withdrew the rations of some, and spied upon others. The Germans finished the job. When Rumkowski approved the production of a play—its name was, of all things, *Es vet sein besser!*—the Germans dispersed the audience. Along with virtually everything else, they confiscated the musical instruments of the Ghetto. Occasionally the strains of an illegal violin wafted through the night and made dictators uneasy.

POLITICAL work was more dangerous, for politics naturally meant opposition. Unfortunately, the various parties were unable to merge their energies. The Zionist factions cooperated to further cultural, athletic, and economic activity; indeed they pointed the way to Rumkowski in reconstructing life in the Ghetto. Another coalition, that of the Left, was weaker: even the Communists were divided. And little wonder, for the inauguration of the Ghetto fell in the period of the notorious pact of friendship between the Soviet Union and Nazi Germany, when, in Molotov's words, Nazism was "a matter of taste." His taste.

Moreover, Rumkowski handled the opposition with ferocity. He censored mail and controlled the printing press. He did not hesitate to ask the Germans to send troops into the Ghetto to shoot down demonstrators, for in the early days there were not wanting both strikes and public demonstrations of protest. Fishermen, butchers, and coachmen particularly distinguished themselves in challenging his police, and Rumkowski visited upon them a refinement of revenge. He thrust the "Three F's" (*fisher, fleisher, fuhrmenner*) into the first batch of deportees demanded by the Nazis; later, when women were deported, he argued persuasively that unattached persons be given "preference," and their widows—for the men were of course never heard of again—were thereupon shipped out. And finally, when the Nazis asked for children, the orphans of the "Three F's" were given the same "preference" on the same grounds.

Such methods went far to paralyze the will to resist. But there were still other factors than the Rumkowski machine that prevented Lodz from repeating the rebellions in Warsaw, Vilna, and elsewhere. The Ghetto there was more tightly sealed, and it proved impossible to obtain the necessary weapons. The Jews were surrounded by

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Germans as well as Poles and this rendered communication with the outside world most difficult. Two messengers sent to Warsaw for help in the winter of 1942-3 never returned.

Of daring there was plenty. There were explosions of individuals who met outrage with a desperate and lonely violence. With a quieter courage, people in their thousands —distinguished and ordinary—refused to break down morally, whatever the provocation. Simply to persist in remaining human exacted the highest act of faith. There were Orthodox Jews who would not touch "unclean" food and so invited a double doom. Although it smelled of death to own a radio or repeat its reports, hundreds of people joined to spread news in concentric waves every day. The radio was the only hint that the world still existed. The *Getto Zeitung* carried only local news. "It was through radio reports that the Ghetto heard of the mass butchery of the Jews of Cracow, Lublin, Warsaw, and other cities; it was through radio reports that they bewailed their own deported families, which perished in Kolo, Khelmno, and other places." In 1941 twelve men were arrested, but radio reports continued to be spread. Finally, on the eve of the final liquidation of the community in 1944, a young scoundrel led the Gestapo to the secret radios. One of their owners, Nathan Widavsky, a leading Zionist who was acquainted with the underground activists, took his life by painful poisoning, lest he break under torture and reveal their identities. The informer was later beaten to death by Jews in a concentration camp, the common destination of good and bad.

These were but the incidental expenses of Rumkowski's brittle glory. The higher price was exacted by the Nazis. His authority was distinctly delegated, delegated on a leash. Dictator of the community, he was a slave to his masters, as they were to theirs. For police matters he was responsible to the Gestapo and its counterpart for criminal work, the equally ill-famed Kripo. For economic and general administrative matters he was responsible to Hans Biebow, who became German *Leiter der Gettoverwaltung* upon the establishment of the closed quarter. Biebow had been recommended highly as a Nazi of spotless faith, and found the grinding of Jews much more lucrative than the coffee business in which he had been engaged for eighteen years. He was executed, for his myriad crimes, by an Allied court in 1947.

But Rumkowski was not only a subordinate executive, he was also, inescapably, a Jew, and no Nazi was so low as to owe him deference. This was brought home to him early in his "reign." The Nazis, with that cynical adherence to legality which was their concession to German propriety, had told Rumkowski to secure a council to advise and assist him. Of course there was no question of election. Rumkowski simply informed the nineteen members of their appointment. They were abler men and better regarded than himself. Before long, they were summoned to the Gestapo and beaten, tortured, and blackmailed. Rumkowski, who always had physical courage, rushed to protect them. Sovereignty was quickly abashed. The troopers fell upon him too, and the Polish Mayor of Lodz barely rescued his life. The council disappeared *spurlos* and Rumkowski appointed another, remarking significantly that "acceptance of the mandate is compulsory." On a later occasion, when he was well established and fat with power, he was invited to Biebow's house, where the German master, in his cups, beat him, apparently for the fun of it. This incident was confirmed to me by the young physician, now in America, who treated Rumkowski's wounds after the "audience."

The real tribute the Germans exacted was more tangible than dignity. It was property, men for work, and men for the death machines. Rumkowski had to help the Germans squeeze out the valuables of the community. Thousands were sent off to toil —on private as well as public enterprises, under murderous conditions—and never to return. German employers paid 0.70 Reichsmarks a day per slave to a special account of the *German* administration of the Ghetto. It was from this account that the henchmen were paid for snatching other Jews for extermination.

Even before the Ghetto was set up the Germans made a demand for twenty-five thousand people. Lodz was shocked and Rumkowski protested that it was impossible to organize so large an evacuation. He compromised by giving up social "surplusage."

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Some five to six thousand dependent persons were sent off.

Lodz soon learned to be less sensitive and Rumkowski less independent. About a year after the Ghetto was sealed off, deportation began in earnest. The Nazis asked for ten thousand men to work, so they said, in the Fatherland. Volunteering was tried and failed. Rumkowski then discovered that there were too many dishonest people about: *thousands* of persons were seized for theft! (It was on this occasion that he threw in the "Three F's," for good measure.) He boasted before a meeting of factory managers that he could have "bought off many of the ten thousand. But I did not want to do it. Not at all. Let them be an example to other thieves." Then the Germans seized fifty-seven mentally ill people; in that case, they said plainly they would do away with them as "unnecessary burdens."

STILL the Jews were encouraged to believe that the worst was over. Like all civilized people, they discounted atrocity stories. Lodz evidently was to be spared—otherwise why would the Germans pour Jews *into* Lodz? In the fall of 1941, about eighteen thousand Jews arrived from nearby towns: twelve smaller communities were thus liquidated. At the same time, 19,980 refugees, better dressed and including many eminent men, were brought from abroad, principally from Berlin, Vienna, and Prague. But reason quailed before Nazi method. Importation, it turned out, was merely a step toward re-deportation; repeated deportations were an inexpensive form of extermination. Dumped onto an already teeming Ghetto, the refugees lived, or rather died, under incredibly difficult circumstances. For example, of the 2,651 persons brought in from nearby Vlotzlavek, only 347 eventually survived. In the following spring, the foreign Jews were ordered re-deported, with the exception of the holders of the German Iron Cross and other small categories. They were allowed to take with them bundles of 12½ kilograms, after having brought fifty kilograms. In a matter of six months the score for these foreign Jews stood:

Originally arrived	19,980
Died in Lodz	6,247
Left in Lodz	3,206
Remainder, deported again	10,527

Half of the refugees were thus disposed of.

BUT that was not enough. The importation of German Jews had meantime been made the excuse for the deportation of natives, for, it was carefully explained—how the Nazis liked to give reasons!—the population of the Ghetto must remain fixed. Was it not already uncomfortably crowded? They therefore demanded the surrender of an equivalent number, in batches of one thousand a day. A conference was called in the Ghetto. Some speakers argued that only the old and very young be delivered: the others stood a better chance to maintain the Ghetto. Others said that the delicate ages were unfit to support the trials which deportation portended. It was decided to send whole families, so as to promote mutual assistance. Dying people, and sometimes even dead, were thrown into the trucks, to make up the figure. "Fooled the Germans!" Then it was noticed that the Germans weren't keeping count at all! Panic seized the Ghetto. The Nazis desisted, but they had sent out almost double the number of foreign refugees. Perhaps sixty thousand people—one-third of the Ghetto—had gone. But where? One of the later refugees brought a letter from the rabbi of Grabow, which is near Lodz:

Grabow, 19 January, 1942

Dearest:

I have received your letter of November 8. I did not wish to answer your questions about the other towns, because there were various reports about them. But, to our misfortune, we know everything now. There was an eyewitness here today, who was there himself, in Hell. The place is the village of Khelmo, near Dombie, and all the Jews are buried there in the forest called Lubow. That is what has happened to the Jews of Koyl, Dombie, Klodeve, and Isbik-Koyavsky. Thousands of Gypsies from Lodz were also brought there and suffered the same fate. Since last week, thousands of Jews from Lodz are arriving there. All these people are being killed by gas poisoning and also by shooting.

The heart turns to stone, the eyes well up. Don't think this is written by a madman. It is the bitter, outrageous truth. Tear your clothes, Son of Man, throw yourself on the ground, run into the streets, and cry

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or laugh from sheer madness. Perhaps He Whose Name is Hallowed will come to our help and save the remnant. Help, Creator!

Write whether you know of this.

I. Sillman

"And He shall save a remnant"! Did Rumkowski believe it? He was after all in the best position to suspect, if not to know, the worst. Yet his ambition, to the end, seemed tied to the possibility that his realm would be preserved. The miscalculation was astronomical. The fact is that the end of the Ghetto had been determined *before* its birth. The very secret order of *Regierungspraesident* Uebelhor of Kalis, dated December 10, 1939 and circulated only among twelve carefully specified German commands, characterized its establishment as a "transitional measure." "I reserve the precise time, and the means," he declared, "by which the Ghetto, and thereby the city of Lodz, will be cleared of Jews. In any case, our final aim must be to burn out this pesthole."

Not the wishes of a Rumkowski alone, but even those of the local German officials were quite irrelevant. It was to their material interest to continue the Ghetto as a source of further profit. But the fate of Lodz, as of the rest of Jewry, lay all the time in the lap of the government at Berlin. And that government, apart from its quite adequate malevolence, was swayed only by the fortunes of war. And the worse the war went for Hitler, the worse it was for the Jews. From 1942 on, Mars no longer smiled on his favorite. Russia was half-occupied but not at all conquered. The United States was straining its vast energies in the production of war supplies. Germany was entering her fourth year of war, and her industrial stocks were running low. It was decided to turn the Ghetto into a work camp consisting only of adults and so use its manpower more fully. Overwork and semi-starvation would eventually dispose of this labor force automatically, and the momentary aim of exploitation would converge upon the initial, and final, aim of annihilation. The two ends would meet in one.

The first hint of trouble came in April 1942 when "declassed" persons were registered for work, on pain of losing their rations. Thousands of men and women were driven into the shops. Then came the order that all children from five to twelve, and the aged and ailing, must also register—it could hardly be for work. Only a few showed up. Rumkowski threateningly ordered speed. He promised the firemen to spare their families if they would help to round up the youngsters. It was not enough. Rumkowski never avoided responsibility: he placed himself at the head of troops of children and led them to the registration office and thence to the railroad station. They were shipped off. Since Rumkowski truly loved the young, this was the most tragic day in his life, but he was no man to be broken by tragedy, even his own.

But the numbers were reckoned as too slight for the Nazi maw. A more peremptory order came that all children must be given up at once. No reason was given. Fantastic rumors gained credence: they were to be put out to pasture and their blood saved up for wounded German soldiers; they would be raised as "kosher Aryans." Everything seemed possible except only the inevitable. The Jews were badly in need of a St. Tertullian to teach them how to believe the incredible.

Anticipating trouble, Rumkowski called a meeting of the parents. He and his henchmen appealed to their selfishness: many times in Jewish history it has been necessary to sacrifice a part of the people in order to save the rest; such a time had now come; unless the children were given up, everyone else would perish; children could be replaced, but adults . . .; mothers, give up your children, and we will save the Ghetto.

A wail went up from a thousand hearts. Israel wept.

No children were given up. At last, in the fourth week of August 1944 the impatient Germans ordered everybody indoors, cordoned off block after block, and, going from house to house, chased the people into the street. They seized the young, the old, the sick, the ailing, the weak, and pushed them or threw them—frequently literally—into carts and trucks. And off! In orphanages children huddled together crying *"Mir viln nisht shtarbn"* and their chorus echoed far behind the speeding trucks. Even the trained snatchers quailed before this massacre of innocents, and Biebow had to order not only special

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pay, but also extra liquor and cigarettes in order to maintain morale.

THE raids of that week netted some fifteen thousand souls, among them several thousand children. Why would anyone bother to keep a precise count? The population of the Ghetto dropped to about seventy thousand, all of whom were *arbeitsfähig,* or nearly all, for a few children were saved by falsely raising their ages and, to make the deception plausible, putting them to especially hard work. We have photographs of children handling smiths' tools which seem heavier than themselves. Soon ninety-five per cent of the people were working—the ideal of full employment. Additional factories opened. Production hummed. The remnant worked for the Wehrmacht, which was in retreat—and so was the remnant.

The mask of "autonomy" was taken off. The post office with its stamps and parcels, the now superfluous schools, the emptied hospitals and orphanages and convalescent homes, were closed one by one. At the same time, a revolution from above deprived Rumkowski of two of the greatest sources of his power. Where the opposition had failed, a clique of creatures of the Germans succeeded. The German and the Jewish head of the Ghetto had never got along well—to the credit of both. Biebow did not trust Rumkowski and Rumkowski could hardly relish the humiliations visited upon him by Biebow. The *Leiter* seized the occasion of the liquidation of the "superfluous" Jews to weaken the authority of the *Aelteste;* he could not dismiss him since the appointment of Rumkowski had been made by superior authorities. The supervision of the factories and the distribution of food—and these, apart from police, were virtually all the "government" a labor camp needed —were turned over, the one to Aaron Jacobovich, a relatively innocuous but narrow-visioned functionary, and the other to David Gertler. Before the war, Gertler had moved on the fringes of the underworld, and then he had snuggled into the congruent graces of the Gestapo. His end was highly characteristic of the regime which had exalted him. One day he was sauntering on a street in the Ghetto, coatless and hatless: an automobile drew up, he was bundled in and whisked off. His successor was quite fittingly the man who had engineered the conspiracy against Rumkowski, one David Marek.

But the *Aelteste* retained the titular leadership. Neither the Jewish nor the German administration could do without him. They soon had need of all his abilities. The revolution had not improved conditions in the Ghetto and the war was going from bad to worse for the Germans. The workers were driven harder and fed more lightly than ever. On much smaller bread rations than the Polish workers just outside, in the city, they produced two-thirds more. German officials reported that many Jews "literally collapsed at their work benches from sheer exhaustion." Rive Kwiatowsky, in stark verse, summed up the life of the Ghetto as thousands of feet dragging corpses to factories.

Restlessness grew. It was apparently becoming more difficult to manage the camp. Informal "literary" circles dared to assume concrete organization. Rumkowski was moved to protest that the Germans were not accorded the customary deference. He commanded that the workers must rise from their benches upon the appearance of a uniform or, as the Russian Jew of old used to say, a *knepl,* and must not sit down again until all the uniforms had filed in and a factory hand, previously designated for this purpose, had given the order *"Wiederarbeiten!"* In the street, Jewish police and firemen must spring to attention upon passing a German military or even a civil official, Jewish civilians must bare their heads, women bow. The "sharpest penalties" were threatened for keeping hands in pockets or cigarette in mouth while saluting.

IT was evidently getting dark. By the middle of 1944 the tide of war had turned decisively. The Germans were speeding out of Russia and the Anglo-Americans were fighting on the continent. In August came the order to liquidate the remainder of the Jews and to raze the Ghetto. Intent, as always, on performing outrage quietly and inexpensively, the Germans again called for volunteers. Rumkowski arranged a mass meeting and Biebow himself addressed it. He told the Jews that their destination was Germany, and assured them, on the word of honor of a German official, that there

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they would find work and good treatment. "Pack up your things," he concluded, "and present yourselves" at the railroad station. Few responded.

It was Rumkowski's turn. In repeated proclamations he insisted that it was to the interest of the Jews themselves to co-operate freely. Pressure, and force, had nevertheless to be invoked. In factory after factory, the workers were told to show up in a body, with their families. The recalcitrants—and there were many, for Rumkowski had to issue order after order to the same factories—were hunted down in their homes and the homes of friends. Those who concealed themselves and anybody who helped them were to be executed. Finally section after section of the Ghetto was blocked off and cleared.

EVERY day, in the months of August and September 1944, long trains of packed and sealed freight cars pulled out of the railway station of Lodz and headed for extermination camps, mostly for Auschwitz. After a few days of dragging and shunting they arrived, by design, in the dead of night. The doors were unsealed and the Jews—leaving many dead of suffocation, starvation, and disease behind them—descended. They were immediately divided into two long files. Feeling their arms and muscles and tapping their chests, Nazi troopers hustled the weak into the line that led, in a matter of days, to gas and fire. Of the healthy, in the second line, many were also destroyed in the camps, more or less at random, but others found their way to labor camps, there to die more slowly from overwork and inhuman treatment. The rare survivors belonged largely to this more fortunate file.

Back in the Ghetto, several hundred men were left to gather up, for the Germans, the few remaining valuables and then to destroy the houses. Another group of a few hundred people managed to conceal themselves underground. Several weeks later an informer led the Nazis to the hideout, but it was too late. The order to present themselves for another "registration" was disobeyed. The Russian armies were approaching and German discipline collapsed. When the Russians marched in, twelve hundred-odd people greeted them, the remnant of nearly a quarter-million Jews of the great industrial city of Lodz, the Manchester of the East.

And Rumkowski?

One day, during the final liquidation, he was standing on the station platform overseeing the loading of cars. A German official, reading from a list of deportees, summoned Rumkowski's brother to enter the train. The Jewish dictator asked that he be allowed to stay.

The official refused curtly but invited Rumkowski to go along, if he wished. Rumkowski joined his brother on the train. That is one version of his end. Another is that the Nazi command gave him a sealed letter addressed to the chief of the camp of destination and assured him that he would of course receive special treatment.

When the transport arrived at the death camp, Rumkowski and his family were the first to be thrust into the gas chamber.

THIS essay is based on an examination of materials in this country—principally in the archives of the Yiddish Scientific Institute (Yivo) of New York—and in Europe: the *Getto Zeitung*, official proclamations, school registers, photographs, stamps, coins, etc.; on German documents, notably those edited by A. Eisenbach, *Dokumenty i Materialy*, Vol. III, Getto Lodzkie (Warsaw, 1946); on survivors' published accounts, such as Israel Tabaksblatt, *Hurban Lodz: Zechs Yur Nazi-Gehenim* (Buenos Aires, 1946), and writings of some who did not survive, for example, S. Shayevitch, *Lech Lecho* (Lodz, 1946); on interviews with survivors now in the United States, France, and Italy, some of whom worked in Rumkowski's administration; on articles in *Yivo Bleter* (New York), *Fun Letzten Hurban* (Munich), *Shriftn far literatur, kunst un gezelshaftliche fragn* (Kassel), *Dos Naye Lebn* (Lodz), *Unzer Shtime* (Paris), *Morning Freiheit*, *Jewish Morning Journal*, and *Forward* (New York), and other publications; and on L. Felde, "Lodz—le Manchester Polonais" (*Bulletin de la société Neuchateloise de géographie*, Vol. XLIII).—S.F.B.

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THE SEGREGATION THREAT IN HOUSING

Can We Plan for Democratic Neighborhoods?

CHARLES ABRAMS

THE cause of racial equality has won some impressive victories in recent years. At the same time, it has become increasingly evident that progress in principle has not been paralleled by progress in practice. Rights advanced on paper have been set back in the field. Social reforms have been enacted into law only to be perverted later into instruments of oppression. Judicial decisions upholding social reforms have become the precedents to support legal devices for excluding minorities.

This gulf between principle and practice is most menacing in the area of housing, where government interest has expanded rapidly since 1933. Instead of carrying the libertarian principles to which democratic governments are committed into the new field of housing, public officials have all too often permitted the publicly aided enterprises to embrace the ethics of the market.

The American neighborhood, which promised to be the foundation stone of one of the world's most elastic societies, is being headed toward stratification by government policies which openly countenance and often even encourage racial and social segregation.

In its efforts to advance social gains in one area, housing, government may be annulling advances already achieved in the areas of racial equality and personal freedom.

THE most serious government offender against racial equality is the Federal Housing Administration, a federal agency which has taken over the business of insuring private mortgages for a premium. Almost since its creation this agency has been a moving spirit behind the racial restrictive covenant—the instrument whereby houseowners in an area pledge themselves not to sell or rent to "non-Caucasians" or some other excluded group. For years it exhorted use of the restrictive covenant and even wrote the very form of the restrictions.

In 1947, the President's Committee on Civil Rights noted that FHA "has recently abandoned the policy by which it encourages the placing of racial restrictive covenants on projects supported by government guarantees."

The "abandonment," however, took place on paper only. FHA's new *Manual* still left the door open for the old practices, and discrimination is indulged in today as freely as ever on FHA-insured loans.

The revised *Manual* says: "If a mixture of user groups is found to exist it must be determined whether the mixture will render the neighborhood less desirable to present and prospective occupants. . . . Protective covenants are essential to the sound development of proposed residential areas since they regulate the use of the land and provide a basis for the development of harmonious, attractive neighborhoods suitable and desirable to the user groups forming the potential mar-

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CHARLES ABRAMS' article, "Homes For Aryans Only," in the May 1947 COMMENTARY, was credited with playing an important role in the struggle against restrictive covenants—a struggle which has registered some notable recent gains in the courts. Mr. Abrams here investigates the place of prejudice in the structure of civic planning: to what extent does government join hands with public housing experts to "plan" race prejudice *into* urban redevelopment, and what can be done about it? Mr. Abrams is the housing analyst for the New York *Post*, and has taken a prominent part in the current legal fight to abolish race restrictions in New York's Stuyvesant Town. He is an attorney, the author of two books: *The Future of Housing* and *Revolution in Land*, and has contributed to numerous periodicals. He was born in 1901.

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ket" (*Underwriting Manual,* Federal Housing Administration, January 1947).

In practice, local FHA directors have become the medium for enforcing racial zoning and segregation by refusing to insure loans to members of minorities in areas where they are not wanted.

In a letter to Senator Robert F. Wagner, the present FHA Commissioner admits that racial, religious, and national characteristics "are given the same consideration as all other characteristics. . . . If the study on any of these points indicates probable adverse effect . . . significantly increasing the risk, FHA is not warranted in accepting the risk. . . ."

In another letter (November 19, 1948), Assistant FHA Commissioner W. J. Lockwood indicates that no loans would be made for mixed cooperative projects: "The Federal Housing Administration has never insured a housing project of mixed occupancy," says Lockwood. He then ventures "the unofficial and informal statement that we believe that such projects would probably in a short period of time become all Negro or all white."

Curiously, at the same time this policy was being laid down, FHA committed itself —perhaps unconsciously—to insure a mortgage on Bell Park Gardens, a veterans' cooperative which, because it is tax exempt, is prohibited from discriminating by the much-disputed New York City ordinance. Whether or not Bell Park Gardens is an opening wedge for changing traditional FHA policies, is still in doubt. But when the contradiction between Mr. Lockwood's letter and the Bell Park Gardens practice was pointed out by this writer to FHA Commissioner Franklin D. Richards, he denied that FHA had ever refused to underwrite mortgages on "mixed" projects and said they had no intention of refusing in the future.

Explaining FHA's "underwriting philosophy," an official memorandum emphasizes FHA's sensitivity to "local real estate market reaction. . . . If infiltration will be unacceptable to the local real-estate market and desirability of properties will be reduced in the market's mind," FHA must "recognize the conditions. . . ." It must have due regard "for the influence of such conditions not only upon a certain parcel of realty but also consider the reflection of those conditions upon properties owned by other citizens." This federal agency thus not only enforces segregation on its own projects but has set itself up as the protector of all owners practicing segregation.

In a letter to the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (November 1, 1948), Mr. Richards said his agency would continue to insure properties subject to racial restrictive covenants.

Thus, despite the provision of the Civil Rights Act of 1866, that Negro citizens have the same right as is enjoyed by white citizens to "inherit, purchase, lease, sell, hold and convey real and personal property," a government agency openly sanctions segregation by lending its aid to those who violate it.

THE alliance between private interest and government aiming at segregation extends beyond the FHA. After 1940, a movement developed to use public powers for the clearance of blighted areas and their redevelopment by private and public enterprise. Laws were passed in twenty-five states extending state and city aid in the form of subsidies or by permitting the use of the eminent domain powers to help acquire the land needed for private redevelopment or public uses. An extensive federally aided urban-redevelopment program has now received bi-partisan support.

Only a few of the local laws bar race discrimination, and it was not long before urban redevelopment programs were being fashioned with the specific purpose of effecting racial segregation. In areas in the South public officials frankly admit their intention to move out Negroes from areas where they are not wanted.

The attitude of some government officials may be gleaned from a 1944 report on "Neighborhood Conservation" by two consultants to the National Housing Agency. The report deplores the movement of "certain clannish, gregarious foreign-born groups, of religious groups, of social groups, and most

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important of all, of the great contained and semi-contained groups of Negroes and Jews. We were taught to say in our college economics that 'Bad money drives out good,'" says the report. It then recommends a "drive for restrictive covenants." The report never became official but it was soberly classified as a "first approach" by the federal director of urban redevelopment.

In New York City, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company's Stuyvesant Town, a $93,000,000 tax-exempt project, openly bars Negroes as tenants. All three public powers in the government's arsenal had been drawn upon to make the project possible: tax exemption amounting to more than fifty-five million dollars was granted; public streets were turned over to the company; and the city used its condemnation power to oust thousands of tenants during a housing shortage. The statute granting these privileges said that this was a "superior public use," and even public property was condemned for the enterprise. Yet the courts have held that this is a private corporation that may discriminate in any way it chooses.*

These urban-redevelopment statutes thus permit an evasion of the Bill of Rights, with all its cumbrous requirements for due process, by having government simply lend its powers, money, and prerogatives to private corporations. And so the forthcoming urban-redevelopment program, the most hopeful force for the rebuilding of the blighted areas of cities, might well prove to be one of the most oppressive instruments for racial segregation and discrimination.

PRIVATE owners have of course long claimed that restriction is a prerogative of private property. When members of minorities filtered into neighborhoods where they were not wanted, state powers were soon employed by private interests to keep them out: thus the zoning power, devised to preclude unwelcome uses, was soon used to proscribe Negroes, Chinese, and other minorities. When racial zoning was invalidated in 1917 by the Supreme Court, the restrictive covenant soon replaced it and the races excluded by it soon expanded to embrace Mexicans, American Indians, and Jews. It spread with such epidemic speed that whole cities were soon barred to one race or another.* In May 1948 such covenants were held unenforceable by the courts; this was hardly the substantial victory that has been commonly claimed. The covenants were not held illegal. The court said: "The restrictive agreements standing alone cannot be regarded as a violation of any rights guaranteed to a petitioner by the Fourteenth Amendment. *So long as the purposes of those agreements are effectuated by voluntary adherence to their terms, it would appear clear that there has been no action by the state and the provisions of the amendment have not been violated.*" (My italics—C.A.)

In effect, the court ratified the "gentlemen's agreement," so long as it was enforced only by "gentlemen," i.e., by private arrangements which by-passed the courts.

By holding covenants legal (though not enforceable) the court sanctioned a host of other "gentlemen's" devices that are enforceable extra-judicially. Here are some:

(1) The "Van Sweringen covenant"—long used in Cleveland, Ohio—prevents sale of property without consent of the original owner of the undeveloped tract.

(2) Club membership: no one may buy into a neighborhood unless acceptable to the board of the community club.

(3) The leasehold system: the occupant leases the land for 99 years and may not sell the building without consent of the community's overseers. Before qualifying as purchaser the lessee must live in the area for a year. Point O'Woods, Fire Island, New York, is an example.

* *Dorsey et al.* v. *Stuyvesant Town Corporation and Metropolitan Life Insurance Company; Shad Polier* v. *William O'Dwyer et al., The City of New York, Stuyvesant Town Corporation and Metropolitan Life Insurance Company* (74 NYS2d 220; affirmed by Appellate Division, December 20, 1948). At this writing an appeal is pending before the highest court from a unanimous decision upholding Metropolitan's right to discriminate.

* See "Homes for Aryans Only," by Charles Abrams, COMMENTARY, May 1947.

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(4) The cooperative: the house or apartment is leased from a cooperative corporation which has an all-powerful directorate dedicated to limiting occupancy to Caucasians and Christians.

(5) The broker's agreement: real estate brokers agree among themselves or through associations not to rent or sell property to certain races. In many communities these limitations become codes of "ethics."

(6) Agreement by mortgagees: lenders agree not to make mortgage loans where a racial infiltration is threatened. This is used extensively in the South and Southeast where some mortgagees will not lend even where the government will insure the mortgage.

(7) FHA pressures: local FHA officials in areas where Negroes want to build withhold mortgage insurance, thereby controlling racial movements.

(8) The reversion clause: the deed provides that sale to prescribed minorities makes title revert to a prior grantor. The prospective buyer thereby faces an unmarketable title.

(9) The escrow agreement: a deed is deposited in escrow with a third party as escrow-holder to assure against violation of a covenant. The escrow-holder, not the courts, would then be called upon to decide whether the covenant is violated.

This list is partial; and even though one or another of the devices may again be attacked in the courts and thrown out, there will be enough left to protect race bias in homes. The use of discriminatory devices, new and old, is inevitable so long as the developer provides them and the public accepts them as necessary for a "good neighborhood."

And the fact is that throughout the country the pattern of racial restriction is rapidly spreading today, despite the restrictive covenant decision and civil-rights laws. Some sections are being listed as "fully restricted" (no Negroes, Jews, etc.) or "reasonably restricted" (Jews, but no Negroes). FHA, banks, and building and loan associations are openly encouraging racial exclusion.

THE tendency toward segregation is not confined to America alone.

War, decay, and a spurt in population have combined to bring on a world housing famine without precedent, and virtually every city and nation on the globe awaits the day when it can build its new communities and supply the shelter so desperately needed by their people. The character of these new communities was discussed at the International Congress on Housing and Town Planning at Zurich, Switzerland, last June 1948, which this writer attended. The old kind of city was obsolete, these planners agreed; people were lost and lonely in the cities; cities are not reproducing the populations necessary to sustain them; people have a better opportunity for realizing their own individualities in small towns. The favored substitute for the outmoded city was to be the self-contained community of twenty to fifty thousand people, fashioned after the garden city. Each community was to have its own industries, shops, parks, schools, and community centers, and would be marked off from the world by a rural greenbelt.

When the conferees got down to the details, however, it appeared that many of the new communities would no longer be the mixture of races, classes, and cultures characteristic of the old pattern. People must be segregated—in one case by race or color, in another by religion, in a third by social position. Today in Holland, cooperatives, one of the most important agencies for rebuilding, cater exclusively to their own Catholic, Protestant, or non-religious members. The architect for the Stockholm city plan favors social segregation, saying that "in neighborhoods which are socially homogeneous, community life will flourish more easily." In South Africa racial segregation is official policy for all classes and even racial zoning is permissible.

One of the salient gains of the Industrial Revolution, the composite (if yet unblended) society of our cities that made it possible for people of all races, creeds, classes, types, and social position to regard and emulate their betters; to mingle in the same coffee houses, theatres, and movies, if they could afford them; to browse in the same libraries or

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attend the same forums, parks, and schools, if they wanted to; to marry each other, if they met and cared; all these were now to give way to a uniform occupancy in which culture would have to pass over a rural greenbelt to cross-fertilize. Homogeneity, not heterogeneity, was to be the new principle of planning for the cities of tomorrow.

In European countries segregation policies so far have nothing to do with racial sentiments; but whether from convenience or inertia, new communities are being planned to be limited to one social group: "middle-class" communities, "workers'" communities, even old people's communities. These policies in city planning can be explained as expedients or justified as inevitable; but it will be a tragic human loss if the garden city is to be the forerunner of the ghetto city.

WE ARE faced with the dilemma that the very social reforms in housing and city planning—zoning, slum clearance, and so on—which are thought to advance social progress lend themselves most easily to devices for achieving discrimination. Just as zoning and restrictive covenants, instituted to preserve neighborhoods against undesirable uses, degenerated into instruments for zoning-out "undesirable" human beings, so the clearance of slums is, under our economy, easily made over into a device to move out "undesirables." The cooperative, which 19th-century social reformers hailed as the first organized attack by consumers against the capitalist class, can be conveniently bent into a device for insuring homogeneity in a building or neighborhood.

A major factor in this perversion of the impulse to urban rebuilding has been the shift in the attitude of entrepreneurs toward the government function. Once social reforms seemed incompatible with capitalist enterprise, and commercial interests fought them. Later, capitalist enterprise came to tolerate a few social reforms as the price of preserving its own gains. Today the game is to appropriate popular social programs and remold them to fit private interests. Housing and city planning lend themselves very well indeed to this process.

As a matter of fact, so long as housing remained in private hands the minorities had some chance to break down barriers set up to exclude them. The pattern of small lots with their multiplicity of ownerships and the existence of an open market in the purchase of property enabled the minority to compete for shelter, though with difficulty and at a premium price. With the failure of private enterprise to provide housing in the quality and quantity needed, government intervened to subsidize vast units through aid to private builders and lenders. In doing so, the government agencies were faced with the choice of either prohibiting the private racial exclusion practices as a conditon for the aid or ratifying them. They took the latter course. Since the government-aided projects were both larger and more centrally controlled neighborhood units, the new barriers have become virtually impenetrable to the minority citizens.

Those most influential in the housing and planning fields might be expected to resist this trend. Unhappily, most of them are concerned primarily with the physical rather than the social aspects of communities. The city planners proper include city officials, and associations supported by foundations. The first refuse to risk their jobs, the second apparently fear a cut-off of funds should they desert theory and public administration for pressure politics for social ends. Neither will venture into the forbidden field of race relations.

Architects today play a dominant role in city-planning problems and they have, with few exceptions, little experience with and have given little thought to the intricacies of socially democratic environments, the sound tenanting of new neighborhoods, or the essential safeguards in the new government-landlord versus citizen-tenant relationships. Neither the United Nations nor UNESCO has explored the problem. With fresh planning schemes for all her cities, Britain knows virtually nothing about how to build communities comprising a cross-section of social and economic groups in her new neighborhoods. Most college courses in the field, here and

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abroad, emphasize physical aspects of planning, not social and cultural needs, and most such courses in this field are still in schools of architecture. And if the technicians know little about sociology, the sociologists know less about housing or the technical aspects of planning.

THE fight to open housing to all groups without discriminaton finds itself, despite some legal victories, faced by a determined desire to restrict. Many now believe that a simple legal attack on restrictive devices will not solve the problem: new ones are always available, and the underlying fear that creates them persists. A new and creative effort to break through the stubborn insistence on segregation is necessary. Fortunately, in this writer's opinion, a constructive pattern for such an effort can be found in certain public housing developments.

We must realize that it was only after 1910, when Negroes began to move up en masse from the South, that the Negro began to be feared as a neighbor. Until then Negroes lived on the same streets with whites—indeed it was desirable to have a Negro servant or janitor live nearby. Until recently in fact the American neighborhood was essentially heterogeneous—Italian barber, Negro housekeeper or laborer, Chinese laundryman, Jewish storekeeper—all being part of a single community.

It was not prejudice because of color, religion, or race that brought opposition to the settlement of Negroes—and, in many communities, Japanese, Chinese, Mexicans, and Jews.

The determining factor shifting attitudes from acceptance to restriction is not prejudice *per se* but the fear of a mass movement by a minority. It is at the point when a minority infiltration threatens to be followed by an inundation, that majority resistence sets in. What applies to the Negro in the city is true of the Jew in the American resort hotel. The vicious futility of the practice of exclusion, of course, is that the more it is imposed against a group the fewer the available spaces for it and the more the pressure on it to "invade" a neighborhood once the initial beachhead is established. Obviously, this would not be the case if accommodations were ample and the choice free.

HOWEVER—and this new fact is of the utmost significance—this situation did not develop in large mixed projects able to create and control their own environment. In many public housing projects Negroes have been mingled with whites and there have been mass exoduses neither from the projects nor from the surrounding neighborhoods. This experience is important because if Negroes and whites can mix, then certainly mixed neighborhoods of all social classes and all faiths are practical too.

There are five main types of Negro-white public housing projects: (1) those in which whites and Negroes live as racial units in different sections of the same project; (2) those with only a few token Negro families; (3) those where there is a predominance of Negroes; (4) those where whites and Negroes are mixed within the project in equal or nearly equal proportion; (5) those in which whites and Negroes are mixed, with the Negroes representing a substantial minority, i.e., ten to thirty per cent.

Where the Negroes occupied most of the apartments in the projects, as in Jamaica Houses, New York City, there was a tendency for the whites to move out or not apply for the vacancies; the project then headed for complete Negro occupancy. Where the races live in the same project but are separated, this accents the difference between the races and increases tensions. Where there is a token representation by the Negro he is an uneasy tenant who generally refuses to participate in social and communal activities. Where there is equal or nearly equal representation the project may succeed with expert management or because the tenants are making a gallant demonstration.

But in the many projects where the minority ranges from ten to thirty per cent—sufficient to give the minority the self-assurance and security it needs, and not so large as to spell "inundation" to the majority—ten-

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sions subside and racial harmony is soon attained.*

How can this experience be incorporated in the planning of new communities?

It is self-evident that in the building of new neighborhoods throughout the world we cannot escape the responsibility for planning the selection of the people that will live in them. The importance of tenant selection has been underestimated, and it has been left to function without rules or guidance, with the result that ghetto patterns are being firmly established in most of our neighborhoods. In the tenant-selection process the ability of the new residents to cohere into a community is one of the important considerations, and in the course of selecting the tenants we should seek to advance from the prevailing "separate but equal" policy that is only legalized segregation to the true democratic principle of equality among equals. It can be demonstrated that the most successful projects are those with a cross-section of ages, races, colors, religions, professions, persons of different social and economic status, and so on. One of the major errors of postwar housing in America, for example, has been the "veteran preference," which has brought families of a single age-group into whole neighborhoods. Exclusion of the elderly affected community life in unforeseen ways: it meant, for example, a dearth of baby-sitters, and a resulting deprivation of social life. And the similarity of children's ages meant crowding some classrooms while others were not used at all.

On the other hand, "Housing for the Elderly" programs abroad meant unhappiness for the occupants; and in the new British program these projects will be located in balanced neighborhoods.

If our intention is a successful community, tenant selection should also take into account —with no intention of prejudice—the number of each religious faith represented, so as to ensure adequate support for the churches that are planned; it should consider the problem of how many tradesmen are needed for the area, and if it has any vision, it should consider the teachers, the artists, and others that would help make up the proper social and intellectual climate for a neighborhood. It should also try to prevent homogeneity of income, which is the current American practice, and which automatically types the tenants as "poor."

The ability of the racial members to form into a community is one of the considerations in tenant-selection policy that must be squarely faced, and it must be conditioned by the dominant aim of breaking down the ghetto pattern and restoring inter-racial harmony in our neighborhoods.

The tenant-selection policy would not be based on any generally fixed quota for each group; rather it should lay down a positive direction so that a cross-section of the community will be represented in each new neighborhood. Such a positive policy, prescribing what should be done, can be more effective, in the long run, than the current negative procedure of applying civil-rights laws that only state what may not be done. There is, as a matter of fact, nothing in common, in intent, purpose, or practice, between such efforts to secure heterogeneity in occupancy and the "quota system."* A policy that

* For specific statements by authorities, see Charles Abrams, *Race Bias in Housing*, New York, July 1947: American Civil Liberties Union, NAACP, and American Council on Race Relations.

* For example, let us look at some of the crucial distinctions between tenant selection, as suggested here, and university quotas, under which students are chosen by arbitrary percentages or as token representatives of particular minorities. In tenant selection we are speaking of *new* neighborhoods, in which the problem has arisen of creating workable democratic communities, as against the present practices aimed at a homogeneous community and the exclusion of certain groups; and what we propose is that the experience of certain public-housing projects which have achieved harmonious heterogeneous communities be applied. In other words, this proposal aims to break up exclusion and to create an effectively working variegated community; exclusion practices in the colleges, on the other hand, have arisen not to create democratic variety but to destroy or limit a previously existing variety, or a variety that would be created naturally were it not for these practices, and if the single standard of intellectual competence and potential was applied.

The quota system in universities will not stand the test I have applied in housing, for it is today

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has the objective of attaining a workable blend of religions, races, and cultures in a new community is the opposite of an intentional effort to make selection depend upon arbitary percentages or on proportional representation. A system to effect inclusion of races is not the same as a device whose underlying aim is to effect exclusion.

The test of whether tenant selection is democratic is whether it aims to achieve democracy in a neighborhood or defeat it. And no other alternative seems to offer itself. With government subsidy and control so large a factor in present-day and future housing, unless all races can be represented through some planned pattern in the creation of new neighborhoods, the ghetto pattern can never be broken up and housing operations would simply be replacing old ghettos with new ones.

IN DEMONSTRATING the success of interracial projects in some of its public housing, America has made a significant but virtually unknown contribution toward achieving racial tolerance. The fact that the barriers have been broken in the area of Negro-white relationships suggests that a social, interracial, and inter-religious synthesis can be effected as well.

This experience has already had a healthy effect on private investment. When a New York City ordinance in 1944 barred discrimination in tax-exempt projects it was claimed no projects would get under way. It was contended that higher income tenants would not live in mixed projects and private investors would refuse to invest. Pressure for repeal was unremitting.

Yet millions of dollars in projects are today being undertaken subject to the ordinance. In October 1948, the Mutual Life Insurance Company agreed to advance $6,000,000 for the Queensview urban redevelopment undertaking in Queens. Amalgamated Houses is undertaking a $10,000,000 project financed by the Bowery Savings Bank. The Bell Park Gardens project, an $8,000,000 tax-exempt veterans' cooperative, will be subject to the ordinance. Though it is not known what proportion of Negroes will be represented, the undertakings are a first important step. The UN non-exempt project in Queens, located in a white area, has operated since its inception as a mixed undertaking, housing people of all races and colors. The new self-supporting $200,000,000 city program for middle-income families at rentals of about $17 monthly per room will be non-segregated and minorities will be substantially represented. While some private investors still hesitate, the initial barrier has been broken.

If the fear that "Negroes and whites don't mix" is based on a myth, the projects where "Negroes and whites do mix" represent an important frontier. Yet the story had not even been heard by the representatives of the thirty nations at the Zurich conference, and little is known about it in the American Congress. Indeed, even residents in areas where mixed occupancy has been successfully practiced are unaware of it.

This experience should be explored and made known. For the world is rebuilding—its cities and its principles. Even America, untouched by war, must build houses equalling more than half its present supply in the next fifteen years. In building the cities of the future our generation can either create neighborhoods where races and cultures can be integrated—or stratify them for generations ahead.

THERE is no question that the principles on which the fight for unsegregated housing has proceeded to date are important. Thus, wherever a government extends its aid directly or indirectly, neither segregation nor discrimination is permissible. Shelter is an essential of life, the ownership and use of which may become affected with a public interest, and the public is warranted in intervening when its use results in the exclusion

deliberately employed to bar minorities from education rather than as a gradualistic device aimed at ever increasing receptivity to "minority" groups. The only possible basis on which a college quota might be justified would be if its aim were by rapid stages to eliminate itself; if, for example, all universities concerted to raise their quotas to give free choice to minorities, so that the threat of mass influx would not occur and quotas might disappear.

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of masses of human beings from shelter. A conspiracy by property owners to bar men from homes in a whole community because of their red hair or skins, their dark complexions, or the faith of their ancestors is such an abuse of the rights of ownership. As the Supreme Court has said, "Ownership does not always mean dominion." These principles must be sustained and defended.

But principles standing alone are too easily construed out of existence. A broad bill of rights, adequate enough for a laissez-faire society, is too general for the more mixed economy or the social-service state in which the floating area of administrative discretion can become the area of unbridled tyranny. The people in whom discretion is vested to administer the new social reforms are fallible civil servants. We need a new set of very specific criteria that will govern official conduct and administration in the creation and operation of new neighborhoods. They must constantly be defined and reexamined. With social reforms daily increasing the scope of administrative agencies, we also need new checks and restraints, new mechanisms for review and for correction of injustices in administration. The public officials who are assuming the responsibilities for building and financing the new neighborhoods will, of course, have to be educated in these new approaches if they are to create the concrete patterns of a democratic and satisfying city living. Moreover, city planning, research, education, civil-rights laws and statements of principle, now isolated into five separate compartments, must be integrated into a common program and directed toward achieving it.

There is no pat neighborhood pre-cut to fit all tastes. To Dante anything but the streets of Florence would have meant exile, and Socrates could not be made to go beyond the bounds of Athens. To others, garden cities may now be the ideal. The best living pattern is perhaps the rich variety of communities with freedom of movement from one to another.

But whether they are garden cities, big cooperative communities, urban-redevelopment projects, FHA undertakings, or public housing, none are worth doing at the cost of losing the blend of races, cultures, income groups, ages, colors, religions, and types that were the city's valued assets. Unless we can achieve this, the democratic chaos of unplanned cities may be preferable to the undemocratic order of stratified communities. With a proper grasp of the facts and with imagination in using the various potentials now at hand for rebuilding and reshaping neighborhoods, we may be able to achieve both livable communities and the democratic way of life.

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THE JEWISH SPIRIT AMONG THE NATIONS

Judaism Never Flourished in National Isolation

LEO S. BAECK

EVERY nation, even if surrounded by deserts or dividing seas, knows of other nations, and its gaze is again and again drawn towards them, willingly or unwillingly. The domestic as well as international history of a people is influenced by the direction of its gaze, and its scope. And each people has its own sort of vision, with its distinctive strength and weaknesses.

For example, the struggle between Augustus, or Octavius, and Mark Antony was not only that of two rivals for the leadership of the Roman state; it was also the decisive clash between two different and powerful trends in Roman spirit and policy, one pointing to the West and the other to the East. And when, after the death of the Emperor Theodosius, more than four hundred years later, the Roman Empire was split into an Eastern and a Western empire, it was not merely a matter of settling an estate; it was also a judicious and peaceful settlement by separation between the two trends, which, though harmonized at times, had been conflicting with each other for five centuries, ever since Marius and Sulla, Pompey, Crassus, and Caesar.

Then again, the empire that thought itself the heir of the ancient Imperium Romanum, the Holy Roman Empire of the Middle Ages, ran a course whose changes and varying periods were determined by the direction in which its emperors cast their eyes, whether southward to Italy or eastward toward the yet unshaped world of the Slav peoples. And Peter the Great of Russia changed the life and being of his people by forcibly diverting its gaze to Western Europe, a gaze that until then had been riveted within the confines of its own country or, at most, looking abroad to its closest neighbors on the West. And since Peter the history of Russia has been determined by whether she looked back toward the East or West.

This general equation, to the effect that a nation's history is determined and characterized, both internally and externally, by the orientation and extent of its outward gaze, can also guide us to a better understanding of Jewish history.

IN WHICH direction did the people of Israel first cast their gaze?

First, however, let us note that it has been and remains an individual peculiarity of this nation that it sends its gaze *all around*, as if on principle. Religion demanded a theocentric point of view, that man should see and judge always from the vantage point of

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The Jewish spirit has never lived in national isolation; it has expressed its genius through interplay with other great civilizations. Throughout Jewish history, East and West have exercised an alternate attraction over the minds of Jews; Asia and Europe (and, in later centuries, America) have been the poles that fixed the quality of Jewish thought at any specific time. With the formation of the new state of Israel—at the crossroads of East and West—we may stand at the beginning of a new turn in Jewish cultural history. For a proper appreciation of what the future may hold, it is well to know the past upon which that future will build. LEO S. BAECK is former chief rabbi of Berlin and one of the most distinguished modern scholars of Judaism. After his release from the Theresienstadt concentration camp—where he was a pillar of strength to his thirty-five thousand coreligionists—Dr. Baeck lived for some time in London. At 74, he remains active as scholar, theologian, and spiritual leader; and he is now in residence at Hebrew Union College. His modern classic, the *Essence of Judaism*, has just been published in English by Schocken Books. Much of this essay was originally delivered as the Arthur Davis Memorial Lecture before the Jewish Historical Society of England on December 15, 1946.

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God; and to see from that vantage point means to gaze upon the whole world. This is why the phrase "all nations" appears so frequently in the Bible, and it is a phrase without parallel in ancient literature.

The phrase represents a principle. The distance to which the vision stretched depended, outwardly, on how far the historical horizon reached at any given time. We have testimony showing that in very ancient times it already spread comparatively far. The so-called Table of Nations in chapter 10 of Genesis, probably of very early date, lists the nations that any Israelite of that time could and should have known about: "all nations" of the Near East up to the frontiers of India, those of Northeastern Africa, and those living in an island world of the Eastern Mediterranean. A wide horizon indeed.

This is the orbit around which the people of Israel looked in its youth. It was toward the West that they looked least of all, though the names of the Ionians and some of their colonies appear in the Table of Nations. On the other hand, there were two other regions that ever and again drew toward themselves the gaze of Israel; these were the Nile lowlands and the Euphrates and Tigris river plain, the culture spheres, respectively, of Egypt and Babylonia—the one the native land of geometrical, the other of arithmetical genius. The attention of Israel was attracted to Babylonia not only because Father Abraham had come from there, nor did they gaze at Egypt only in recollection of their servitude in that place; Israel also felt the power of attraction exerted by high culture. Egypt and Babylonia, those wonderlands of early antiquity, for centuries engaged the mind and fancy of Israel so strongly that the Prophets felt that there was a danger here of the people's being diverted from the principle of the divine point of view.

The enticements of culture are indeed great, and a struggle went on in those times to decide which was the first to be sought after and striven for: culture with its art and splendor, its edifices and images, or the human being with his human task, and human right, to make justice and love realities. It was a struggle to decide whether the gaze should be directed towards Egypt and Babylonia or towards Mount Sinai. The spiritual division went so deep that one small group within the people, closely allied with the Prophets, the Rechabites—whose way led eventually to the Essenes and John the Baptist—were prepared to reject almost all culture and go off to live a hard life under tents in the desert. Sentiments came to the surface here that were to be taken up many centuries later by Rousseau, Walt Whitman, and Tolstoy: namely, that the progress of civilization and the splendors of culture deprive man of what is best in him, his humanity, and spoil and wear him out.

In Israel the Prophets were victorious in the end, and thereby the Jewish spirit, and with it the Jewish people, was preserved. Babylonia and Egypt were conquered by Persia and their influence came to an end; they degenerated to provinces with provincial outlooks. And the Jewish spirit found itself in a new orbit of cultural influence.

THE Persian Empire is the first world empire, aside from China, recorded by history—a world empire in its great expanse from the Himalayan ranges to the Sahara Desert, from the Black Sea to the Indian Ocean, and a world empire above all by virtue of the means of administration and communication it established to govern this immense territory. The community of the Jews had its place in this empire, and it was a special place. Palestine had, so to speak, "dominion status." It was a state and yet not a state, with a government and senate but no army or foreign policy of its own; independent at home and dependent abroad. But above all the Jews had now become independent mentally and religiously, and this was the accomplishment of the Prophets over the centuries. Wherever the Jewish gaze now turned it was the gaze of a self-assured personality with a firm spiritual background.

But in a world empire the glance, though ranging into remote distances, comes to rest

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everywhere within the empire itself. What is inside the empire is so vast that there seems to be almost nothing left outside, or the outside itself seems much too far away to be experienced. Thus there is room for isolationism inside a world empire. And during the two centuries that the Jewish people and their state formed a part of the Persian empire the Jewish mind was able to withdraw into itself. There was present, indeed, a new spiritual power bound to make itself count: the religion of the ruling nation, Zoroastrianism, some of whose features caught the attention of the Jewish people and for a time influenced their thinking in ways that were to survive particularly in Christianity. But on the whole this period was one, so to speak, of splendid isolation. Doubtless, there was something good in this; it provided relaxation after the continuous mental tension of the inward struggle with Egypt and Babylonia, and at the same time an opportunity to gather new strength. However, this isolation did have its liabilities, among which perhaps was a certain constriction or narrowness.

But the Jewish spirit and the Jewish people were soon to be rudely awakened from this state of quietude. The Persian world empire lasted only for two centuries, vanishing overnight before the conquering arms of Alexander the Great, who joined its domain to Greece, after which Hellenism took quick spiritual possession of it. (History knows only one other example of such a quick and complete external and internal conquest, that of the same territories by Islam a thousand years later.) Though after Alexander's death this second world empire fell victim to the dissensions of his generals and was split into three great kingdoms—the Perso-Syrian, the Egyptian, and the Macedonian—it nevertheless remained one realm spiritually, dominated by the Greek language and Hellenistic culture.

The Jewish people and the Jewish spirit came under the influence of this Hellenistic culture, and it proved to be a turning point in their history, the beginning of a new and different chapter. The Jewish gaze, fixed hitherto on itself and the East, was suddenly directed to the West. Outwardly this turn was marked by an impressive event—the beginning of the great Jewish colonization movement with its settlements spreading all over the West. It is too often forgotten that the Jews became, in this period, one of the great colonizing nations of history; for what is generally called the birth of the Diaspora was really a mighty colonizing movement.

Jewish communities were founded all around the Mediterranean, on the shores of the Black Sea, and then up and down the banks of the great rivers that fed the Mediterranean, and these communities were in truth colonies of the mother country that sprang up and developed like those of the Phoenicians and Greeks in antiquity and those of the English, Scotch, French, Spanish, and Dutch in modern times. And these Jewish colonies were called by the same word, *katoikia*, that the Greeks had used for their own colonies.

And now Jewish history in the West began, the history of the colonies simultaneous with and subsequent to the history of the mother country. It was not only a colonization in space, a spreading of settlements; a spiritual colonization began at the same time, in which the changed direction of the Jewish outlook found its most powerful expression. Jewish thought, too, sallied out into the West, carried abroad by the Greek language. Within the first hundred years after this turn in the tide of events—the 3rd century BCE—Greek became one of the languages of the Jews, and in some places it became *the* language of the Jews. In that same century the translation of the Bible into Greek was begun, the first complete translation of any book. And it has been justly said that this translation of the Bible was the first Jewish missionary sent out into the world. And soon, too, Jewish thought began to be expressed directly in Greek and in Greek forms of literature. Thus did colonization begin in the realm of the spirit, in the realm of religion, and go on constantly spreading itself further.

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This colonization was possible only because of a certain relationship felt to exist between Greek culture and Jewish spirit. Egyptian and Babylonian culture had provoked contemplation and sometimes even exerted an attraction, but quite soon they were decisively rejected and came in the end to be regarded with contempt. The Jewish attitude to the Greek world, when that came into its ken, was very different; the Jews looked toward Greek culture with, so to speak, a good conscience and with hope, and this feeling was often reciprocated by the Greeks themselves; for when the Jews first caught their eyes, they, too, responded with a vivid interest. The first significant meeting between Jews and Greeks forms indeed an attractive chapter of history.

The Greeks seem first to have heard about the Jews around 300 BCE, which seems remarkably late. Yet it must be remembered that even the Romans had come into their notice only a few decades before, when they had seized the Greek colony of Capua. Unless brought face to face with each other by war, nations in those times knew little of each other in the absence of trade relations. It was only Alexander's conquests that brought the Jews into the Greek sphere of vision.

THE first knowledge of Jews and Judaism was conveyed to the Greek world by disciples of Aristotle. Once begun, the acquaintance was maintained through centuries. The spiritual uniqueness of the Jewish nation now entered the field of vision of a people capable of being struck by it. And what did strike the Greeks who first spoke to Jews, and what they admired in them, was the fact that something spiritual—or, as best the Greek language at that time was able to express it, something philosophical—determined the entire being of this people. To the Greeks, the Jews appeared to be a kind of philosophical community. And what for them characterized the Jews—the conception of God as the one eternal being, worship without images, and the connection of faith with thought—was something they had already encountered at home in Xenophanes, Plato, Aristotle. And so they found they had something in common with the Jews. And the Jews, in their turn, saw something common between themselves and the Greeks, something spiritual that seemed to promise a common way.

The facts bear all this out. If a Greek philosophy of Judaism was able to arise on Jewish soil; if Jews were able, for the sake of a spiritual mission, to attribute Jewish thoughts and hopes to Greek sages, thinkers, and poets—then Jews must have felt the spiritual association between themselves and the Greeks with deep conviction. It seemed almost natural, therefore, that Flavius Josephus, in trying to show the Greco-Roman world the history and greatness of the Jewish nation to which he belonged, should elucidate the various contemporary trends among the Jews by comparing them—nay, virtually identifying them—with the different schools of Greek philosophy of that period. And on the other hand there was nothing paradoxical in the fact that the Greek philosopher Numenius, a man of repute in his time, should, in his endeavor to offer his own as well as the Jewish people the fullest expression of what they had in common, call Plato a "Moses, speaking Athenian Greek." To repeat, the spiritual, which was what appealed to the Greeks in the Jews, also appealed to the Jews in the Greeks.

Thus the Jewish spirit, which had been directed so long toward the East, was now able to turn its vision toward the West, too. It was all the more able to do this because of the inward assurance and certainty it had gained through the victory of the Prophets during the period of isolation under the Persian Empire. The Jews now knew where they could look and what they might accept, where they should turn away and what they should reject. In these matters they often showed an infallible instinct.

Once, when Antiochus Epiphanes, King of Syria, and his agents tried to make the Jews accept that which, for the sake of their spirit and their religion, they had to reject,

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it seemed as though this trend might be checked and reversed. But a heroic and active struggle won the Jew the right to be himself and to cling to his identity, just as in later times this right was maintained by a heroic and passive struggle in the face of suffering. Yet how little this struggle with Antiochus changed the outlook of the Jews at that time can be seen simply from the fact that one of the two books of the Maccabees, which recorded the conflict after its victorious issue, was set down in Greek, and the other was soon translated into that language —in which version alone it has come down to us. The Jewish gaze remained directed toward the West all during the Hellenistic period, and afterwards, too, when Rome took over the heritage of Hellenism.

On the other side, the Greeks as well would at times strike back at the Jews. Offended cultural vanity in Egypt vented its anger in the streets. Greek and Roman wit sometimes found or even sought occasion to sharpen itself in observations on some odd outward appearance on the part of the Jews. The Roman sense of pride and power, to which all bowed except the Jews, sometimes expressed its disapproval—one need only read Tacitus. But for this reason the respect the Jews met with even in the political sphere is all the more significant. Let it suffice here to point out the almost exceptional position they were accorded by statesmen as certain of their purpose and as self-assured in mind as Caesar and Augustus.

But after almost five centuries this fruitful epoch ended too. The change came toward the middle of the 2nd century CE. Then the Jewish mind and will began to turn away from the West, first in Palestine and then in the colonies; Greek became an alien tongue in the Jewish homeland and Greek science receded into the distance; most important of all, the work of spiritual and religious colonization ceased.

It was a sequence of events, a catastrophe, that had this profound effect. The mother country and some of the colonies had risen against Roman pressure in a second struggle for liberation—the so-called rebellion of Bar-Kochba—after the collapse of a first such struggle two generations earlier. Among the counter-measures of the Romans in the Jewish colonies were organized pogroms against the Jews. And after Bar-Kochba's uprising had been crushed and a bloody vengeance wreaked, punishment continued for years thereafter in the form of severe coercive laws, the so-called Edicts of Hadrian. The spiritual effect, above all, of all this was a deep-reaching one, like the heavy awakening from a dream. What had held their gaze in the past now seemed to the Jews a dazzling and false surface whose true nature, they felt, had now revealed itself so terribly. Now only did they believe they saw its reality, and so they turned away from and solemnly rejected the world toward which they had looked so long. They wished to turn back in their path after having, as they thought, gone astray.

Thus once more, and more decisively than ever before, a new period of Jewish history began, a period of spiritual withdrawal and location. Now the Jewish gaze was directed exclusively toward the East—for there lay the one great power that had so far succeeded in halting the advance of Rome, the Parthian Empire, which was itself at that time turning away from the West inwardly. Perhaps victory over Rome might come at last from that quarter.

Moreover, the Parthian Empire contained the oldest and proudest Jewish colony, dating back to 586 BCE, the time of the Babylonian exile. Originally a settlement of deportees, the Jews of Babylon had become a free colony by Cyrus's conquest of Babylonia in 537, and it was from there that the Jewish mother country had been re-settled and rebuilt in the 6th and 5th centuries BCE. Ezra and Nehemiah had come from Babylon, and it was under that colony's protection that the mother country again grew independent, becoming, as it were, a daughter of its colony. The Babylonian colony had itself acquired considerable political autonomy in the course of time, so that it held almost equal rank with the motherland.

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Now, when the Jewish vision was turning away from the West, this early Babylonian settlement became more important.

Meanwhile, beginning in the 4th century CE, Jewish life in Palestine was becoming more and more curtailed by the powerful pressure of the Christian church, now backed by the might of the Roman state. In order not to succumb to this pressure, the Jews had to retreat, and the center of gravity of their religious and cultural life was increasingly shifted toward the old colony of Babylon, where Jews were safe from both Christian and Roman coercion. Palestine gradually lost its eminence as the heart and center of Jewry. The supreme Jewish court of justice, whose authority was also supreme in the Jewish colonies, was forced to cease functioning; the academies, likewise supreme authorities for the colonies, had to close their doors. Palestine was no longer equal to the functions it had so long filled for the colonies, which now became as though orphaned. But at this juncture the proud old colony of Babylon, outside the reach of Roman power, picked up the torch that seemed to have fallen to the ground and for more than five centuries proceeded to play the role of motherland to the other Jewish colonies, with judges and teachers in Babylon taking over the places that the judges and teachers of Palestine had held. It is more than a mere literary fact, it is a symbol that a Babylonian Talmud should have appeared after the Palestinian one was completed in the 5th century CE. And in the following centuries the Palestinian Talmud was actually almost forgotten, while the Babylonian became *the* Talmud.

THIS new epoch made its mood equally felt in the Western Jewish colonies; their vision, too, was turned toward the East. And the very withdrawal and isolation for which the Jewish genius had now decided, enabled it to keep the width of its horizon undiminished, and even to expand it. Bari in Italy, Toledo in Spain, Worms in Germany, Troyes in the French Champagne—all were spiritually linked together with the schools in Babylon. In remote Jewish communities Sabbath prayer was offered for the constituted authorities in Babylon. Here it was that East and West really met one another.

It was something like a historical presentiment, the prompting of an instinct, that caused the Jewish spirit to turn its gaze eastward again. For the Greek spirit likewise turned itself toward the East. The last home of Greek philosophy, the school at Athens, was closed by the ecclesiastical-minded Emperor Justinian in 529, after more than nine hundred years of existence; its teachers wandered eastward. And their books, and Greek scientific books in general, found their way into the country where the spiritual center of Jewry was situated. There they awoke to a new life, especially when, in the 7th century, a new world culture, Islam, shaped for itself a world empire that extended from India to the Atlantic. And though this empire shortly fell into political disunity, as had that of Alexander the Great, the unity of its culture persisted—which owed no little of its vitality and cohesion to the heritage of Greek science that it had taken over. Arabic now became what the Greek language had once been, a world language, a language of science and philosophy. And again, it was like the signal for a new epoch when the Bible was translated into this tongue.

A peculiar destiny seemed to be at work in this new turn of events. The new Islamic culture had as its first and proper seat the very country that was the center of the Jewish spiritual life of that time, Babylon. It was from there that Greek philosophy and science started on their way in Arabic, and it was there, and spreading from there, that they came anew into the possession of the Jews. And once more Jewish thought and the Jewish spirit went out into the world. The gaze of Islam and that of Jewry were now directed to the same place. They shared a similar way of learning, and Arabic was the language in which both wrote their works, and both, mutually giving and taking, mutually respectful, built up a joint culture.

The Hellenistic era repeated itself here.

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Though the Jewish gaze was now turned to the East instead of the West, the essence was the same, and the content of the culture to which the Jews opened their minds was the same as of yore, and the spiritual links were the same. The only difference may have been that the Jewish spirit had in the interim gained even more self-assurance and strength in facing the new and the strange.

This epoch in Jewish history is generally called the Spanish epoch, and justly, for it was in Spain that the new culture bore its finest fruits. But the epoch had a wider orbit than that; it was the time of a broad and unified Jewish life extending over a large territory, with the Jewish attitude almost everywhere oriented in one direction.

This period came to an end in the 15th century—not, however, because the Arab ecumenical empire lost, in Sicily and then in Spain, two of its main political bastions in the West, but because its inner cultural vigor had faded. The spirit of Ibn Sima, of Gazali, of Ibn Roshd—whose names we encounter again and again in the Jewish as well as the Mohammedan works of that epoch—could no longer produce progeny. And the breadth of vision that had given this culture its strength had succumbed to the sectarian narrowness and meanness with which it had already had to struggle often before. A fanaticism and petty arrogance was directed towards the Jews that was sometimes even worse than that they experienced in Christian countries. Little was left now, little stood out in Arabic culture that could still exert attraction. The Jews lost their foothold in Spain, but even before that—and this was the deciding factor—they had already lost the great Arabic world of culture in which they had once played so important a part.

ANOTHER epoch had come to an end, and again the Jewish genius had to withdraw into itself and turn its gaze elsewhere. Jewish withdrawal and separation had already taken place in the Christian world much earlier. True, some tentatives toward a meeting of Jewish and Christian culture had been made under Charlemagne and his first successor, but the threads spun then were forcibly torn asunder. During the rest of the Middle Ages the Jewish spirit found little in Christendom to which it might look and much from which it had to turn away. It was a paradoxical phenomenon: medieval Jewish philosophy strongly influenced Scholasticism, from Albertus Magnus to Duns Scotus and Master Eckhart, but was not influenced by Scholasticism in return. For there was no common cultural domain, no common outlook. Thus in Christendom Jewish isolation was already inwardly consolidated by the time the process of separation first began in Islam.

The isolation was interrupted only by the Renaissance, which, though it maintained a certain continuity in England and Holland and, in a measure, in Italy and France, represented but a brief episode in those countries where the great mass of the Jews then lived, Germany and Poland. Broadly viewed, the long period up to the 18th century was one of relatively unbroken isolation for the Jewish spirit; the Jews could mean something only by themselves, to themselves, and within themselves. But it must not be forgotten that this isolation embraced a wide realm. Spain and Portugal, England and France had indeed expelled their Jews, but large new territories in Eastern Europe had been added to the Jewish sphere. For a great new movement of Jewish colonization had begun in the 12th century.

Setting out from Germany, Jews had settled in all the countries between the Elbe and the Dvina, the Danube and the Dnieper. All these regions, old and new, from the Atlantic to Persia, were brought together in the Jewish spirit; what was thought and written in one area penetrated, often with astonishing speed, into every other. This alone sufficed to bring movement and animation once again into Jewish spiritual life. And then a new world began to loom on the horizon, and Jewish colonists went forth to North and South America. The Jews lived in isolation but it was an ample one, in which four continents met.

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It was a period in which spiritual powers were gathering, and when a new age came they poured out in a vigorous stream. That new age is the one in which we still live. It began—and this is a momentous historical fact that explains many things—in the British Isles, which was likewise a domain of isolation and yet of breadth; it began there more than a century earlier than on the Continent. Ultimately, however, it penetrated everywhere, and then Judaism again emerged from isolation. Once more could they gaze outwards. And again this turning outwards set them a great task.

A CHARACTERISTIC feature of this new age is that the Jewish and Christian worlds, which the Middle Ages had kept so sharply separated—and for the Jews the Middle Ages lasted at least until the 18th century—now found a common outlook, perhaps even more common than that which Jewry and Islam had shared in early medieval times. Something common invaded and pervaded both worlds. They met each other in new fields of knowledge, in new ideas, new forms, new postulations, new hopes, and they spoke of them in a common language.

Jewish history stretched and widened again. New roads and directions were revealed and required. And with all this, new tensions and new polarities again entered Jewish thought and life. Palestine once more became a focus of Jewish history and Jewish confidence, and again the motherland was colonized by her own colonies, and again East and West met in Jewish history. Thoughts and hopes swung between two poles once more, and all roads led to but two fields. Yet both poles are ready to support and strengthen each other, so that the one, Palestine, be protected against separation from the great new world, and the other, the Jewish communities of the five continents, be protected from disintegration amid the novelties and changes that assail them.

These are what our times are like and it is too soon for history to pass judgment on them. Yet one thing can be said in conclusion. As I hope I have made it apparent, the forces at work in our history are ever and again the same, however much their forms may change. And these forces are ever and again influenced by the world around us, however much the forms of that world may change. In history, too, there is a law of gravity and attraction, and Jewish history can only be understood in connection with the forces that govern the rest of the world. And yet in all this interplay of forces, amid the shifting polarities of isolation and outward vision, amid all its vicissitudes, in the course of which this people has never lost either itself or its horizon, some higher power seems to be speaking, some supreme power from which the laws of history issue, and with them, almost like a law of laws, the law of Jewish history.

The laws of history, like those of nature, tell also of catastrophes and disturbances of laws. Jewish history tells of the like in its own way. We know how our own day has been disturbed by catastrophe. And yet there is the course of Jewish history, the way of ways, a course of centuries. This superior power has led and guided us and, we feel sure, will continue to lead and guide us.

And so let me conclude this sober exposition of the ways of history with a word of poetry—that poetry which, according to Aristotle, "is more philosophical and more permanent than historical research." Let me conclude with some words from the song Moses and the children of Israel sang unto the Lord: "Thou in thy mercy hast led forth the people which thou hast redeemed." In spite of all the trials and tribulations, the torments and the tortures, of which this history recounts more than any other, this nevertheless is the last and everlasting word of every epoch. This, despite all tragedy and the changing course of the days and our outlook, is the eternal poetry of our history.

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AUSTRIA: REBUILDING IN A VOLCANO

Progress Report, with Reservations

G. E. R. GEDYE

VIENNA

JOHN FOSTER DULLES is only the latest of a number of expert eye-witnesses to be impressed by Austria's economic recovery and growing political stability. As Dulles pointed out, there is no tangible evidence to support fears he had heard expressed of a Communist coup.

The political combination of Volkspartei (Catholics) and Socialists has proved a reliable bulwark against the attempts of the small Communist party to stop the alarming revival of this non-Communist state on the borders of Eastern Communism. It has also shown itself fully capable and active in suppressing several minor attempts of irreconcilable Nazis to revive their doctrines.

Abroad, the quarrel between Tito and the Cominform holds out hopes—at present vague enough—that despite momentary shadow-boxing to impress Moscow, Tito may abandon his fantastic and unrealizable demands for Austrian territory, and that a political understanding might well amplify the growing economic rapprochement with Yugoslavia The Communists raised a cry about the visit of the Austrian Foreign Minister, Dr. Karl Gruber, to Rome, saying that its purpose was the conclusion of a customs union which would bring the two countries into the Western bloc. Certainly nothing more far-reaching than a commercial treaty is planned at the moment, but in view of Count Sforza's recent declaration that the two countries ought to be united in a customs union, it is more than likely that its foundations were laid.

The improvement in the economic situation is striking. The contrast between the shop windows of Vienna and Prague provides evidence enough that the one capital is prospering while in the other the economic crisis grows ever more acute. The production of capital goods is already 130 per cent of 1937. That of consumer goods is steadily rising, though it is still less than 70 per cent of the pre-war level, despite the crying need among the population for replacements. Austria's Eastern neighbors, excluded by Moscow's ukase from participation in the European Recovery Program, are eagerly concluding trade agreements with more fortunate Austria on very favorable terms for her. Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, and Hungary are the latest to multiply their volume of trade with their nearest neighbor beyond the Iron Curtain, who three years ago stood cap in hand hungrily appealing for charity to stave off starvation.

THAT is the picture of Austria's progress and improved prospects since 1945. It is a picture of a country rebuilding while neighboring countries to the East are still tottering from political earthquakes. And it must be borne in mind that the Austrians were forced to set their foundations in the crater of a latent volcano—the Russian occupation. It is a measure of the confidence which, particularly under the influence of Marshall Plan aid, has succeeded the complete apathy

IN THE blaze of publicity over troubled Berlin and the Ruhr, the fate of Austria has received little attention. Yet, as G. E. R. GEDYE points out here, Austria is one of the few spots in Central Europe where the democracies have gained a decided advantage in the cold war—an advantage that is not merely military or strategic, but is linked with the renewal of the country's inner democratic strength. Mr. Gedye is one of the most highly regarded reporters of the European scene, and is well known to American readers for his work before the war as Austrian and Russian correspondent for the New York *Times* and for his book *Betrayal in Central Europe*. He was born in Somerset, England, in 1890.

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of the Austrians under the all-Russian occupation in 1945, that the population should have taken heart to plan for a future free from totalitarian tyranny, despite the terror of the shadow in which they live. There is evidence enough that the volcano is there in the constant kidnapings by Russian secret police of citizens who are never seen again, in acts of violence by individual Red Army soldiers for which there is no redress, in the seizure of industrial and agricultural property—so-called "German" property—and the sale of their output for Russian profit.

This is not, of course, the whole picture. Austria is still living beyond her income by the large sum of three billion schillings. The chronic sickness resulting from the reluctance of the peasants to surrender agricultural produce for sale at controlled prices has reached a dangerous pitch. The Chancellor, Leopold Figl, "peasant-minded" as he is, has felt obliged to threaten the peasantry that if they will not voluntarily hand over their produce to feed the cities, they may find themselves compelled to do so as collectivized slaves of kolkhozes. That Figl and several other prominent leaders of the Catholic party should have been driven to talk to their peasant supporters in language of such unusual violence shows the extreme gravity of the situation. The Volkspartei has made of the peasantry the most pampered class in Austria. Only recently their demands for higher prices for rationed agricultural produce were met; and a high proportion of Marshall aid is earmarked for them. But these concessions have not overcome the short-sighted greed of the hoarding peasant who seems to think it the duty of foreign countries to supply the rations to keep the city workers alive, while he sells on the black market. Austria's revival would have been even more striking had she not been obliged to barter many industrial products for foreign foodstuffs.

Suggestions of pending collectivization made by the justly irritated leaders of the Volkspartei are, of course, for local peasant consumption only. So long as there is a four-power occupation of Austria, the more Russia prods the Communists into demanding such things, the weaker that negligible movement becomes. What does threaten the Volkspartei unless they can bring their peasants to see reason, is a premature withdrawal of the Socialists from the coalition under the pressure of the city workers.

ELECTIONS must come constitutionally by next fall and are more likely to be held this spring. There are signs that the present Catholic-Socialist coalition has outlived its usefulness. When Austria was liberated in April 1945, the Russians installed a three-party government of their usual "national concentration" type. Under the guise of a desirable and innocuous coalition of all non-fascist parties, it was designed to give all real power to the Communists while concealing their numerical weakness. In August 1945 the three Western Allies entered Vienna and took over the zones reserved for them under wartime agreements. The elections which followed in November, unlike those in the less fortunate Eastern countries subjected to unrestricted Russian control, were free. Consequently, the electorate left the Communists with a small minority barely entitling them to the one minor ministry which they were allotted in place of the two key posts (Interior and Propaganda) given them by the Russians.

In November 1947 the Communists, committing what they now realize to have been an error in tactics, withdrew their one representative, Dr. Altmann, from the Cabinet, on the flimsy pretext that the law for the stabilization of the Austrian schilling had been drawn up "on the orders of Wall Street." True to their persistent policy of opposing every steadying influence in a country which has turned a deaf ear to their doctrines, the Communists' latest fiasco was still another move not long ago to wreck the now stabilized schilling. Austrian workers, soundly schooled in socialist economics, declined to be lured into a strike campaign by the demagogic Communist slogan of a twenty-five per cent wage increase. They realized that this could never have meant an increase in

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real wages, but rather wholesale inflation.

The departure of the Communists from the Cabinet, depriving them as it did of a listening post and all influence on the conduct of affairs, was welcomed by the other two parties. But it presaged the eventual dissolution of an uneasy partnership. Though the Chancellor, Leopold Figl, and many of his Volkspartei ministers had been through Nazi prisons and concentration camps, they still inherited the "Black" clericalist traditions of the pre-war "Christian Social party." At best they were the younger, more moderate personalities of that party, who had learned by bitter experience that under 1945 conditions it was wiser to pursue their clerical aims by democratic rather than by totalitarian methods. Yet even in the government there were such actual fascist diehards as State Secretary Julius Raab, who took the famous anti-democratic "Korneuburg Oath" of Prince Starhemberg and his Heimwehr fascists in 1933. Others belonged to the reactionary fellowship of the "CV"—Catholische Vereinigung; and many of the party's financial backers are much more reactionary than its ministers.

The Socialists have always felt that their alliance with what they call "the party with a bad conscience" could never be more than a lukewarm defensive pact between two sharply differing *Weltanschauungen* against the threat of Russian totalitarianism.

The Social Democrats have never forgotten that it was the clerico-fascists who suppressed their party and parliament in 1934 and hanged their leaders. They see no more reason to love them than the Nazis who later took over and intensified the terror against social democracy. Thus it is that the Socialists today support the idea of a "fourth party" for which the Communists clamor and which Russia supports. The Western Allies demur, fearing that it would prove a rallying point—despite some imposing "democratic" label—for the former Nazis. The Socialists argue that there were never more than ten per cent convinced Nazis in Austria, that their present extreme weakness would only be shown up if they did rally to a new party, and that this would be much better than that they should be obliged, unwillingly, to make common cause with reaction of the clerical brand and strengthen the Volkspartei with their votes.

That the former Nazis have made common cause with the Volkspartei is obvious. At the 1945 elections, the five hundred thousand old members of the Nazi party who had registered as such were deprived of their votes to prevent their being represented in the first Parliament of the re-born Republic. A few risked the severe penalties for not registering as Nazis and voted illegally. Members of the family of a registered Nazi, who had not themselves joined the NSDAP, were, of course, able to vote, as well as non-party members who, like some big industrialists, had nevertheless backed Nazi policy. It was clear that only those Nazi supporters, generally the worst mob elements of the NSDAP, who had saved their skins by turning Communist would vote for the Communists, and practically none for the Socialists. The party nearest to the remainder was the Volkspartei and it received most of their votes.

This is one explanation of such cases as occurred in 1946-1947 of undue tenderness towards and readiness to rehabilitate former Nazis. These included, among what were generally appropriate judgments, a number of surprising acquittals and light sentences.

The magnitude of the task confronting the Austrian judiciary after the double purge—of Jewish judges in 1938 and of Nazi judges in 1945—was fully explained to me in 1946 by the Minister of Justice, Dr. Gerö, when I challenged him on the delay in trying criminal Nazis. Three figures given me this week by a Viennese Jewish lawyer supplement his explanation. In 1938, Austria had thirteen hundred judges. In 1945, she had just two hundred to prepare cases against hundreds of imprisoned Nazis, against hundreds more on the run, to deal with the wave of criminality inevitable at such a time, and, soon after, to work on countless commissions drafting scores of new

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laws. Even today, with this mountain of work but little reduced, it has only been possible to raise the number of judges to eight hundred.

Among members of the present Jewish community in Vienna one hears many complaints of difficulties in obtaining restitution of confiscated property. There is a general tendency—which, of course, is fully exploited by Communist propaganda—to attribute this to anti-Semitism. Typical is the case of a returned professional man I knew before the war in Vienna. "I admit I am bitter," he told me. "I have no cause to love the Austrians." He had lost his flat and professional equipment on the arrival of Hitler and escaped abroad. His equipment was subsequently destroyed by bombing. On his return he was allotted two small rooms in place of his former spacious flat and his surgery was re-equipped on a loan from the depot in which the property of fugitive Nazis has been collected. When he recently applied to buy this equipment from the state, he was told that this was impossible as it had been proved to belong to the Nazi's wife, who was reclaiming it, and who, having never been a party member, had nothing against her. He was also told that as mere membership in the party was no longer subject to penalties, even the Nazi himself, should he return, would be entitled to put forward a claim to recover the equipment. Naturally my friend was highly indignant. But at the same time, when I asked him whether his non-Jewish patients had returned to him, he said: "Yes, on the whole they have been very loyal. Even two of my patients who subsequently joined the NSDAP to keep their jobs have come back to me."

On the invitation of the Chief Rabbi of Vienna, Dr. Akiba Eisenberg, I went to see a part of the remaining Jewish community of ten thousand persons as they observed Yom Kippur in the well-filled synagogue in the Seitenstättengasse, the only one which escaped destruction during the Goebbels pogrom in November 1938. I had last seen it in March 1938, after Hitler's invasion of Austria, when Jews who had been rounded up and made to put on top hats and praying shawls were forced to perform menial and sacrilegious tasks to amuse the SS.

The first thing that struck me as I entered now was a memorial tablet bearing the names of some three hundred Jews from Vienna's Inner City who had died for Austria-Hungary as soldiers in the 1914-1918 war. It recalled to me the difficulties of generalizing about the attitude of the Jews of Austria towards their non-Jewish fellow citizens and of these Austrians towards the Jews.

Today one must distinguish between those Jews—probably the majority—for whom Austria is now little more than one of a series of transit camps in which they have to spend time before they can reach their goal, Palestine, and those to whom it is still their native country. It is perhaps natural that most Austrians are not prepared to regard those of the former category as anything but strangers within their gates, pursuing purely nationalist aims of their own. There is also a definite tendency to note with smugness every charge of violence laid at the door of extremists in Palestine as a proof that the brutalities of extremist non-Jews can be paralleled by Jews themselves.

There is growing bitterness over what is regarded as a deliberate campaign among a section of the émigrés to seek revenge for Nazi crimes by missing no opportunity of defaming the young republic. It is all the greater because this is the line taken by the Communists. On July 19 last, the Communist paper *Abend* reported, Nazis overthrew and damaged thirty-nine gravestones in the Jewish cemetery in Baden, in the heart of the Russian zone. The outcry of the *Abend* was echoed at the World Jewish Congress, then sitting in Montreux. Next the organ of the Austrian Socialists, the *Arbeiter Zeitung,* received a letter from a Jewish émigré accusing the paper of doing nothing about this Nazi outrage. Hundreds of his friends in America, France, and Britain, said the author, were writing him to say that not another cent, not another parcel

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if they could stop it, should go to "Nazi Austria" where "in broad daylight, two hundred Nazis can invade a cemetery and disturb the peace of the dead."

The *Arbeiter Zeitung* published on September 5 the results of its investigation on the spot. Half of Baden knew the facts, it appeared, but nobody dared volunteer information. An eye-witness of the outrage confirmed the general account that the perpetrators were three drunken Red Army soldiers, who did in fact under cover of darkness overthrow thirty-nine gravestones probably without even knowing whether they were of Jews or Christians. The Russian Kommandatura quickly stopped publicity by announcing that anyone who said that Russians had been responsible would be arrested unless within three days he gave the names of the men to the Kommandatura.

Prominent among the Jews who feel themselves Austrians are those in the Socialist party who returned here from exile as to their native country from which a foreign oppressor had been expelled. As such they were warmly welcomed back in their former positions which their non-Jewish party comrades often had to evacuate for them. They seem to be regarded with particular hatred by the Austrian Communists.

AMONG Jews in responsible positions who have been dealing with the question of restitution since 1945, I heard tributes to the good will with which the Austrian government confronted this task. While understanding the cause, these representative Jews strongly criticized what they called the indiscriminate vindictiveness of many emigrated Austrian Jews against the Austrian state and people. These émigrés, they insisted, had no conception of actual conditions and of the difference between what might be ideologically just and what the Austrian government could perform, for example in the matter of restitution of living accommodations.

The entry of the Red Army in 1945 found Vienna with many thousands of people with no shelter whatever as a result of the destruction by bombing and shelling in the final months of the war, while thousands more were deprived of shelter overnight to accommodate the victorious army. There were many empty rooms and flats—those of fugitive Nazis, those which had once been occupied by Jews, those of prisoners of war and of émigrés who might be expected to return. It was a chaotic period of revolution with much power in the hands of the Communists. The immediate need was to see that all vacant space gave shelter to the homeless. Local prefects, police commissars, local secretaries of political parties, and others began issuing billeting tickets almost indiscriminately to any person who discovered vacant accommodation. By the time that Jewish and other political refugees presented claims for restitution of house property, the housing problem was—as it still is—acute. The Jewish representatives told me they agreed with the officials that only the claims of those actually in the country or intending to occupy the accommodation themselves could be considered.

As with all other property, many complicated changes had taken place since the Nazis seized power. One Jewish leader said to me: "It was impossible to expect that the intervening ten years could be wiped out as though they had never been. The legal complications were far too great." An *Arisierer* ("Aryan-izer"), say, had taken over a Jewish flat and furniture and sold it to a non-Nazi second person who had re-sold it to a staunch anti-Nazi. This man had bought all the flats in the house and at his own expense had turned the lot into blocks of offices, or converted a part for use as a shop. The Nazi *Arisierer* had long disappeared or died. Who was to compensate the Jewish claimant?

Pensions are another problem. After the Hitlerite invasion, Jews who had claims to pensions from the state, private employers, or insurance companies were compulsorily dismissed overnight; a few of the luckier ones received at the most six months' salary. Now claims are pouring in for pensions to which the work or contributions of the claimants

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would have entitled them. Here again, the funds which should have been available for this were removed by the Nazis to Germany.

Another problem is that of inheritance. Under ordinary Austrian law this is possible up to the fourth degree of consanguinity. In view of the extermination of whole families by the Nazis, this would in many cases simply enrich remote relatives who would otherwise have had no prospect of inheriting. With the agreement of the Jewish representatives, the Austrian government has limited such claims to the third degree of consanguinity. Sums claimed by more distant relatives are supposed to be allotted to a fund from which compensation is to be paid to Jewish claimants for property which has simply disappeared. This fund, the Jews suspect, is unlikely to get far beyond the paper stage.

THE above picture of legal complications I obtained exclusively from authoritative Jewish sources. While emphasizing the sincere desire of the Austrians in 1945 to tackle these problems in a spirit of justice, and their continued cooperation today, Jewish leaders are no less definite that with the lapse of three years, the position has deteriorated. Prominent among the reasons is the fact that the five hundred thousand registered Nazis, who were not allowed to vote at the "constituent election" of 1945, will for the most part enjoy the ordinary voting rights of citizens at next year's elections. This is a large number out of a total electorate of between three and four millions—in all it is estimated that there will be eight hundred thousand fresh suffrages to be competed for next year. Politics being what it is, it is inevitable that every party should be careful at least not to single itself out as the most antagonistic to the former run-of-the-mill Nazis.

"I would not even suggest that a big proportion of these people still cherishes Nazi ideals," a Jewish student of politics told me. "In that respect I believe most of them will have learned their lesson. But they are likely, nearly all of them, to remain reactionaries at heart with a strong dislike of 'Jewish liberalism.' Each party hopes to win a good proportion of their votes. All four occupying powers, the Russians no less than the Americans, are concerned now with the future and very little with the past. One feels that they would all like to see the last Nazi trial concluded and the disabilities of all except actual war criminals removed. I do not charge that there is active anti-Semitism in Austria at the moment. But there is certainly no longer the popular desire of 1945 to see justice done to our claims. On the contrary, I feel that most Austrians want to hear the last of them."

There is still plenty of popular interest in the trials of such prominent Nazi criminals as the traitor Dr. Tavs (sentenced recently to fifteen years imprisonment), with large crowds literally fighting to gain admission to the courts. But on all hands one hears it said that apart from dealing with such notorious criminals, the right policy for the country is now to make a full citizen of the mere Nazi party member and to free him even from any odium for the past. Chancellor Figl has asserted, for what it is worth, his conviction that eighty per cent of former Nazis are genuinely converted. More valid perhaps is what a Viennese Jew told me recently:

"As a result of the fearful chaos which followed on the collapse of the Nazi regime and the arrival of the Red Army, the whole Nazi problem has been clumsily handled and it is now far too late to do anything about it. If in addition to the millions who died in the war, there had been summary revolutionary justice done on the worst local Nazis by Austrian anti-Nazis, and some three thousand to five thousand had perished as a result, it would have been no overwhelming horror and a simpler solution. There would then have been no need for futile attempts to establish three degrees of guilt among the several hundred thousand Nazis and they almost all could have been won over promptly to become good Austrians. As it is, I am afraid that most of them will soon have persuaded themselves that it is they and not we who are the real victims."

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WHEN THE SEASON COMETH 'ROUND

A Story

JAMES YAFFE

IT WAS Saturday afternoon, and there was a group of small boys playing baseball in the open space next to the Ninety-fifth Street playground. Sarah sat with her mother on the bench under the tree and watched them. Her Book-of-the-Month Club book was open face down next to her. It was another one of those historical stories, with beautiful courtesans and handsome noblemen, the kind of thing old maids were supposed to like. Sarah didn't like it. Things like that don't happen any more, she told herself positively.

Mama made a gargling noise, and Sarah turned to her. "What's the matter, dear?" she said. "Oh, look what you've done. Now hold still while I get my hankie." From her pocketbook Sarah took out her handkerchief and wiped Mama's chin carefully, while Mama trembled. More and more lately, Mama was trembling. The folds of wrinkles around her eyes, and her blue, loose lips, and her thin hands with thick protruding veins, all of them shook and trembled like custard. After Sarah wiped awhile, Mama edged her face away, and Sarah put back the handkerchief.

"Look at the pigeons," Mama said in her hoarse whisper. She raised her hand and pointed with a shaky finger.

Sarah looked at the pigeons, then looked back at the baseball game. Mama nodded her head, and kept on nodding.

Slowly Sarah became conscious of the short stocky man on the next bench. He had a stiff felt hat, a bow tie, and wide eyes like a dog, and he was staring and blinking at her. She turned and stared back, and quickly he began to examine his fingernails. Then he looked up and stared some more, and then he got up from his bench with a little hop. Sarah had a quick pang of fear and excitement. With a quick little gesture, he tipped his hat and smiled, showing a deep, crooked dimple in his chin. "I hope I'm not mistaken," he said. "Please correct me if I'm mistaken. This is Miss Glazer, am I right?"

Sarah nodded.

He tipped his hat again. "Perhaps you don't remember me, Miss Glazer. I met you several years ago in Miami Beach, Florida. You were there with your mother. She was sick at the time. This is your mother, am I right?" He tipped his hat at Mama. She kept on nodding and didn't look at him.

"You don't remember me, I see," he said. "I'm Mr. Finkel, in furs. Mr. Dan Finkel. I work for I. J. Fox."

Sarah squinted at him through her glasses. "I seem to remember you, Mr. Finkel. Didn't we meet at the Rosenthals' New Year's party?"

"Dr. Rosenthal and his wife. That's right. That was a charming party, as I recall. You left early, if I'm not mistaken. But we talked together several minutes. What was it we talked about? It was a most interesting conversation, I believe. On some cultural topic."

Sarah frowned and bit her lip. "It was some book."

"That's it. *David Copperfield*, by Charles Dickens." He snapped his fingers and beamed happily. "I remember it quite well

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now. I was so pleased to meet a person who had read and loved the works of Dickens. In my business, I meet so few people who have read and loved the works of Dickens."

"*David Copperfield*, of course," said Sarah. "I just read it again last year. My fourth time. Mama," she said, "this is Mr. Finkel."

MAMA turned her head slowly and blinked her eyes. Then she raised her hand to her ear. "What's that?" she said.

"This is Mr. Finkel. We met him in Miami."

Mr. Finkel leaned over and stretched out his hand. "I'm happy to renew the acquaintance, Mrs. Glazer," he said.

Mama blinked at his hand, and nodded her head, and suddenly broke into a thin cackle. "So look at the pigeons," she said.

"Won't you sit down, Mr. Finkel?" said Sarah hastily.

"Thank you, Miss Glazer. I can only stay momentarily. I often come to the park on these spring afternoons. I enjoy the fine weather and the scenery. Only on Saturday, unfortunately. On Sunday I play cards, and during the week I go to my office."

He started to sit down, almost on top of Sarah's book. She pulled it away quickly and blushed. "It's a modern novel," she said. "It's all I could get. Isn't it a pity the trash they're publishing these days?"

He sat down carefully, squatting forward and frowning. "You're right," he said. "And the price of books has increased outrageously."

"Of course," said Sarah, "if one subscribes to the Book-of-the-Month Club, you get them a little cheaper."

"It's a fine idea," he said. "I approve of it on principle."

They smiled at each other for a moment, and he cleared his throat. "Do you live with your family in New York, Miss Glazer?"

"I live with my mother. We're on Ninety-sixth Street and Central Park West. The Philbart Hotel. My whole family is in New York. Two sisters and one brother. They're all married, with their own families."

He nodded and smiled. "Then you have your nieces and nephews."

"Oh, yes. My sister Estelle has two girls, and my sister Ruth has two boys and a girl. And my brother Irving, Dr. Glazer the heart specialist, maybe you've heard of him, has two sons, one married."

"You're a lucky woman, to have such a large family." His smile wavered a little, and she thought his face grew sad. "I was an only child, and my wife was never blessed with children. Last year my wife died, and now I'm all alone in the world." His face looked soft and helpless when it got sad. She wanted to reach out and smooth his cheek.

"That's terrible," she said. "I'm so sorry for you."

He sighed and shrugged his shoulders. "That's life, Miss Glazer." He looked up and smiled again. His dimple was deeper and crookeder. "A man must live on. Well, it's nice to know you're still reading Dickens." He stood up and brushed off his trousers. "Now I must be going. I have a room at the Fidelia Club, and they always serve dinner promptly at six. I've enjoyed our little talk tremendously, Miss Glazer. Shall I see you in the park next week?"

Sarah hesitated a moment, then nodded her head. "Of course you will, Mr. Finkel. We get here usually after lunch. Around two."

"I won't miss you. Perhaps I'll come out a bit early." He tipped his hat at her, and tipped his hat at Mama. "Good afternoon, Mrs. Glazer. It's been nice to see you again."

"What's that?"

He tipped his hat again very quickly and walked off, his little legs pumping.

For a while, Sarah sat quietly, her hands folded in her lap. The baseball game by the playground had stopped, and the small boys were gone. She felt sort of warm and heavy, though the air was getting chillier all the time. There was a tingling in her stomach. But her head was perfectly clear, and for the first time in over a year, she

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thought of Joe Kramer. It was funny, every time she thought of Joe, she stayed so calm and cool. She knew she was a nervous, high-strung woman, Irving was always telling her how nervous and high-strung she was. So how was it she never got nervous or high-strung when she thought of Joe? Maybe because Joe had been so calm and cool himself. Thinking back on him now, it was over thirty years, he seemed like the calmest, coolest person she'd ever known. He was always laughing at things. Things that got her all upset and fidgety, he'd laugh at them. Like that time he took her out to Schrafft's restaurant, and the waiter spilled soup on her lovely dress. She turned all colors, and wanted to run away somewhere and hide, and maybe die if possible; and all Joe did was laugh and laugh. Sarah thought about it now and smiled a little, but she didn't think it was funny then. Poor Joe, she thought, what ever happened to him? When did she see him last?

Mama moaned a little at her side. Then the moan broke into syllables. "Darling, it's cold out," Mama said.

"All right, Mama," Sarah said. "Let me button your coat and we'll go home."

HOME was a block away, but the walk was very slow, and Mama puffed and trembled, and stopped every few yards. Then they reached the familiar gray awning, and went through the revolving doors, and into the dark green lobby. And right away Sarah was hit by the smell. After the fresh air of the park, it always made her choke a little, but slowly she got used to it again. It was a dead smell, not newly dead, but old, decayed, disintegrated dead. It follower her into the elevator, and up to the fifth floor, and into the hall, and through the door of room seven, and right into her own front parlor. It was a smell like old canvas, or old leather cracked and curling, or paint crumbling off an old surface. It was the smell of old women.

Otherwise her parlor was like everybody else's parlor. There were doors leading to the bedrooms, the kitchen, and the toilet. There were books in dark bindings on the shelves. There was heavy green furniture. There were photographs on the tables and walls: Irving and Selma ten years ago, sitting up stiffly, with the two boys kneeling bored in front of them; Estelle and Herman twenty years ago, bent over the baby's cradle (Estelle was giggling, so her face was blurred); Ruth and Mike only last year, glaring out as if they hated everybody. On the mantelpiece was a long picture in a gold frame. It showed them all, much younger, at a long table, and also a hundred more, cousins and great uncles, second cousins and great aunts, everybody smiling as if their life depended on it. At the head of the table were Mama and Papa, also smiling and looking shy in evening clothes. It was their anniversary: Mama could still get around by herself, and Papa had one more year to live.

Mama shuffled over to the easy chair by the window. She sat down in it heavily and steadied her hands on the arms of the chair. "I'll get your dinner, Mama," said Sarah. "Pull up your stockings, will you."

"Darling," said Mama. "Is the family coming?"

Sarah started for the kitchen. "Tomorrow morning, Mama. Just like every week."

Sarah went into the kitchen and set some soup boiling. When she came out again, Mama said, "Darling, is the family coming?"

Sarah went up to her and said loudly in her ear, "Tomorrow morning, Mama. They always come on Sunday morning. You know that."

Mama sighed and leaned back against the chair. Sarah sighed too, and went back to the kitchen. After dinner, Mama had to be undressed. It was getting harder lately, because Mama did less and less for herself; she just sort of flapped around and let Sarah do all the work. You had to know all her tricks, how to unhook the back without pinching her and how long she could keep her arms raised above her head. When Mama was undressed and her nightgown was on, Sarah helped her into bed

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and tucked her in like a baby, and kissed her good night. The smell was always strongest when she put her face close to Mama's. She made the kiss quick and went into the parlor.

She turned on the reading lamp and the radio. It was Jack Benny, then she got tired and turned it off. Suddenly she got an idea and went over to the bookshelf. She looked across the rows of books and found *David Copperfield*. It was a heavy black book; mould cracked off the binding as she pulled it out. She took it back to the chair with her and opened it carefully, and the first thing she saw was the small cramped handwriting on the flyleaf: "David Elijah Glazer, 1907." It was one of Papa's books, one of the books he left her when he died. "My little bookworm Sarah" he always called her, and he left her his books. She remembered Papa's funeral, the long train of cars going out to the cemetery, and Mama weeping softly, and Estelle having hysterics, and Irving home from medical school, looking very tall and handsome. And she remembered afterwards, and suddenly her eyes filled with tears. So she turned the page quickly and began to read Chapter One.

SARAH darling, get some food," said Mama. "They're hungry."

Ruth leaned forward and yelled at Mama in her sharp, shrill voice. "Never mind, Mama! We've just had breakfast!" She turned back to Estelle. "Well, it came as no surprise to me, I must say. I've known Lottie Mendelssohn for ten years, she's been active in Federation, and I've served on several boards with her. She's always been one of the silliest creatures I know, giggling all the time and generally making a fool of herself."

Estelle whined a little and said, "She must be insane or something. I can't imagine anyone doing a thing like that."

Irving was sitting in a chair in the corner, his long legs stretched out in front of him, his white hair gleaming. "So what's so bad about it?" he said. "Plenty of people get married every year. I got married. So did you, Ruthie. And you too, Stellie."

Ruth waved her hand impatiently. "It's not the same thing at all. I was twenty years old when I got married, and Estelle was twenty-one. We got married at a sensible age. Women of fifty don't do that sort of thing, running off and marrying the first man that comes along."

Irving shrugged. "Maybe I heard the story wrong. A minute ago you said he was an old friend of her family."

"It's the same principle. That only makes it worse."

"I understand she broke old Mrs. Mendelssohn's heart," said Estelle. "What goes on in the mind of a heartless, selfish creature like that? What's the psychology? I can't understand the psychology."

"Any woman who gets married over a certain age is a fool," said Ruth, "and I waste no sympathy on her."

Irving shrugged his shoulders again. "Everybody's a fool. And there's more foolish things than getting married at fifty."

Ruth turned on him energetically. "Name one, just name one."

"In some cases," he said, "living to fifty in the first place."

They were quiet for a minute after that. Then Estelle wailed and said, "Well, as far as I'm concerned, the family deserves first consideration. It's a matter of self-sacrifice. The happiness of my loved ones is more important to me than my own happiness."

"That's silly," said Ruth. "How can you talk so silly?"

Estelle sniffled a little and lowered her eyes.

"I'm not talking silly," she said. "I have my opinion."

"It seems to me. . . ." Sarah began in a small voice.

Mama broke in hoarsely. "Sarah darling, get some food. They're hungry."

"Mama, nobody's hungry."

"What's that?"

"Nobody's hungry, Mama."

Mama sighed and her lips worked, and

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she said, "Sarah, darling, there's nice bananas in the kitchen."

At eleven-thirty they all began to say goodbye; at twelve they were gone. For the rest of the day Sarah played solitaire and read *David Copperfield.*

She read all week, whenever she had a chance. Most of the time she was busy taking care of Mama. You had to watch Mama like a hawk because something was always happening to her, her stockings were always slipping down, her nose was running, she was always leaning over too far and falling off her chair. Mama's day was one long round of trembling and nodding and leaning on Sarah's arm and shuffling back and forth to the Park. Then suddenly there were moments of strength in the weakness, moments when she could walk around the apartment all by herself, make her own soup in the kitchen, and read the papers for news about Palestine. The only trouble was, Sarah could never tell when these moments would begin, or how abruptly they would come to an end. Thirty years Sarah had lived like this, ever since Papa's funeral, and still there were things about Mama she couldn't understand.

By Saturday morning she had finished almost half of *David Copperfield,* and they set off for the park after lunch as usual.

She was excited and wanted to walk fast, even to run all the way. But she was forced to hold herself back, to move along at Mama's shuffling pace, and this only increased her excitement. They turned in to the Park at the Ninety-fifth Street entrance. Sarah saw, with a little throb of pleasure and anxiety, that Mr. Finkel was sitting on the bench across from the playground. He was sitting stiff and straight, his felt hat perched on top of his head, his short legs barely reaching to the sidewalk. He had a strange air of both dapperness and forlornness, like a dog sitting up and begging. As Sarah and Mama approached, he smiled and got to his feet and tipped his hat several times.

"Good morning, good morning. I'm so glad you could come. We have a delightful day, am I right?"

He turned and bobbed his head at Mama. "Good morning, Mrs. Glazer, I find you well, I hope."

Mama stared at him.

Sarah settled Mama on the end of the bench and smoothed out her skirt. "Mama, you remember Mr. Finkel, don't you?"

Mama stared some more, made a harsh little grunt, and slowly shook her head.

"Mama, of course you do!" Sarah cried. "You met him last week."

Mr. Finkel laughed, and his dimple quivered. "Please don't disturb yourself, Miss Glazer. Allow me to introduce myself to your mother again." He bowed and stretched out his hand to Mama. She gulped at him. Then suddenly she leaned her head back, and shut her eyes, and her mouth fell open.

"She's asleep," said Sarah. "She goes to sleep quickly these days."

Mr. Finkel sighed. "I envy that. I wish I could go to sleep quickly these days."

"Oh, Mr. Finkel." She turned to him, and her eyes widened. "Are you afflicted by insomnia?"

He nodded his head. "In the last year it's come over me. Before that I always slept like a little baby. But now I toss and turn all night, just thinking about things. I don't know why. I guess it's old age."

"Oh no, Mr. Finkel. You're not an old man at all."

He smiled at her, and his eyes were lowered and sad. "Miss Glazer, in one more month I shall celebrate my fifty-fifth birthday."

"But that's not old, Mr. Finkel. That's young. You have many happy years ahead of you. Why I myself feel younger now than ever before in my life almost. And I'm—forty-seven."

"Miss Glazer," said Mr. Finkel solemnly, "I would never have guessed it."

They sat quietly for a few minutes, and suddenly Mr. Finkel snapped his fingers and said, "Miss Glazer, why don't we go

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for a stroll? This air is invigorating. This is just the day for a stroll."

She shook her head. "I can't leave Mama, Mr. Finkel."

"Of course you can't. We'll go up and down the sidewalk here, in front of the bench. You can watch her every minute."

"Well," Sarah frowned, then smiled. "All right, Mr. Finkel. I could use a little exercise."

He hopped to his feet quickly, rubbed his hands together, and reached out an arm for her. They walked in silence at first. The warm heavy feeling came over her, and she thought: it's been years since a man has walked with me like this. She remembered that other afternoon, it was spring then too, and Papa was sick, but nobody thought it was serious. She walked down Broadway with Joe, and he told her he was going away. He was leaving in a month, at his own request, to work at his father's Chicago office. She remembered she shivered a little, and for a minute she couldn't say anything, and then she said, what was the matter, didn't he like New York? And he said yes, he liked it fine, he liked it too much, the big desk, and the private office, and his mother's kosher dinners; it was holding him back, it was pressing him down, he had to get free of it. And she said, why should he want to get free of it? And he said, he didn't know, he didn't know, but he just had to. Then suddenly they stopped walking, and Joe took her by the shoulders, and turned her so she was facing him, and he said, darling, you've got to come with me. She blinked at him a little, and she felt like crying, and she said, when Papa gets well, I'll ask him. And he said, that's good, that's all I want, and they started walking again. But that night Papa died.

Suddenly they were almost out of sight of Mama. Sarah said, "Mr. Finkel, we'd better turn." They turned and started slowly back. The warm heavy feeling was gone; her stomach felt empty, aching.

"I envy you, Miss Glazer," he said.

"Me, Mr. Finkel. You shouldn't envy me."

"You're such a cheerful person, so well-adjusted, so—well, happy."

"Mr. Finkel, believe me—"

He raised his delicate little hand. "No, no, Miss Glazer. Don't tell me it's not true. I can see it in your eyes. Bright happy eyes. Like a little girl. Not tired, sad, old eyes, like mine." He shook his head slowly. "Miss Glazer, did you ever know what it is to be lonely?"

The cry came suddenly to her lips: I'm lonely, Mr. Finkel, I'm just as lonely as you. But then she saw his sad, soft expression, and the uncertain way he was looking at her, and she said nothing. Instead she squeezed his arm more tightly. "Are you thinking of your wife, Mr. Finkel?"

"I have never stopped thinking of her," he said slowly. "That's why I stay awake at night. Thinking of her. Death, Miss Glazer—" he raised a finger to emphasize his point "—breaks no bonds. It only creates new ones; loneliness and fear. Dickens knew it. This is what I have in common with Dickens."

She looked up at his face, pink and dimpled, but darkened now, and even a little dignified. "Tell me about her, Mr. Finkel."

"I can tell you nothing about her, Miss Glazer, except that she was very much like you."

They reached the bench in time to hear Mama grunt. "Darling, it's cold out."

"I must talk to you again, Miss Glazer," he said in a low, quick whisper. "Come next week, will you? Please say you will."

She hesitated a moment, then nodded her head. Then she turned back to Mama. On the way home, Mama moved slower than ever and kept mumbling under her breath, "Tomorrow the family comes."

"That's right Mama," said Sarah happily.

It's disgraceful," Ruth was saying. "Old Mrs. Mendelssohn got a letter from her yesterday. It's the first letter since Lottie went away. And can you imagine, the woman had the nerve to ask her mother

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to come live with them in St. Louis. No apologies, no explanations. All she said was, come and live with her. I knew she was *tactless*, God knows, from things she said at meetings, but this is absolutely the limit!"

"She's inhuman," said Estelle, shaking her head gloomily. "I feel sorriest for her brothers and sisters. They need their mother. A mother keeps a family together."

"Maybe," said Sarah softly, "she loved the man."

Ruth snorted. "Indeed! What does a woman of fifty who's never been married know about love? That sort of love, anyway?"

Estelle continued to shake her head. "What's wrong with the love of her own family? Nobody loves you like your own family. Everybody else cheats you and falls down on you, except your own family."

Irving chuckled loudly, and Estelle turned red. "I don't know what's so funny about that," she said.

"Is anybody hungry?" said Mama.

They left early. Ruth had an appointment with her masseuse at eleven o'clock, and Estelle always followed Ruth. While they were putting on their hats, Sarah whispered to Irving, he should stay a little longer. "I'm supposed to play pinochle in twenty minutes," he said, when Ruth and Estelle were gone. "What's the problem, sweetie?"

"I wanted to ask you, Irvie. About Lottie Mendelssohn."

He stretched his long legs out in front of him and clasped his hands across his stomach and grinned at her. "Are you thinking of getting married, sweetie?" he said.

"Irvie, don't be funny. I wanted to ask you because I, well, I knew the woman slightly, and I thought maybe I should send her congratulations on her wedding."

He chuckled. "Don't tell Ruthie or Stellie. They'll tear you into small bits."

She leaned forward. "Irvie, is it all right, do you think? I mean, do you believe what they said? Is it wrong that a woman of fifty should get married?"

"I admire it," he said, with a very serious expression on his face. "It's wonderful when a woman of fifty has so much life in her. Can you see Stellie running off with a man these days?"

"Irvie, I'm serious. What about the family, like Estelle said? Is it wrong that she left the family?"

"Who knows? I never met her family." He chuckled again and got lazily to his feet. "You're a sweet, silly girl," he said. "Send her congratulations if you want. I got to play pinochle; I can't bother acting Emily Post." He kissed her lightly on the forehead and left.

She sat on the sofa reading *David Copperfield* until it was time to make Mama's lunch. She overcooked the scrambled eggs, and Mama couldn't eat them; they dribbled down Mama's chin, and Sarah had to use the handkerchief. Then she began to read again, but the print was blurred before her eyes. She thought of next Saturday, of poor Mr. Finkel with his dimple and his hat and his short legs and the dark spot of loneliness in his eyes. One moment he seemed like a comic figure, a funny little dog that you loved because of its funniness; and the next moment he seemed like a pathetic figure, as if the dog had broken its paw or something. Then she thought of Joe, but somehow whenever Joe's face came to her mind, she saw Papa's face instead, his wise sad eyes and his whiskers, and the day of Papa's funeral.

They were all sitting around in the living room; Mama and Papa had a house downtown then, and it was a big living room. Estelle was saying, what a beautiful service it was, and all the lovely things the rabbi said about Papa, and those beautiful flowers from Papa's business associates, and then Estelle started to cry. All afternoon, Sarah remembered, Estelle cried, loudly and shrilly in big gulps, and Herman who was married to her a year then, kept patting her shoulder and tugging at his collar. Irving tugged at his collar too; he stood in the corner, shifting from one foot to another, sweating, looking awfully un-

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comfortable. He wanted to get back to medical school. He wasn't interested in family conferences; he was interested in heart diseases. Then Ruth began to speak, her voice cutting through things like a knife. She was the youngest—one year younger than Estelle, two years younger than Sarah, three years younger than Irving—but as long as Sarah could remember, Ruth acted like the oldest. We better get this over with, Ruth said, while Mama's taking her nap. And Mike her husband nodded his head briskly and business-like, the way he always did.

Sarah couldn't remember the details. There was one big question. They kept moving away from it, and circling around it, but always they got back to it: Who was going to take Mama? Estelle and Herman were living in a small place, and the baby was coming. Ruth and Mike were living in a bigger place, but Ruth was very bad with Mama, she admitted it herself, she was much too impatient. Irving fidgeted, and Sarah could tell what he was thinking: it was a shame, but what could he do? This had nothing to do with him. He was going to medical school. Sarah, darling, said Ruth, you understand Mama better than any of us. That's right, said Estelle, she's always loved you best. Why don't you take an apartment with her? said Ruth, and I'm sure Mike and Herman will pay a little something. We can't send Mama to a home, said Estelle, we've got to keep her with us.

Just for a little while, dear, said Ruth, until some permanent arrangement can be made.

Sarah didn't say anything. She was thinking of Joe; she tightened her fists, and she bit her lower lip.

The memory overwhelmed her suddenly, the horror of it and the aching in her stomach, and she cried out loud.

"What's that?" said Mama, looking up from her chair.

"Nothing, Mama. It's just something in the book." She gripped the cover tightly and turned the page.

But Saturday came, and still she wasn't finished with *David Copperfield*. She was jumpy and excited all week. She couldn't concentrate on anything. She moved around the apartment, straightening things, dusting things, mussing them up again. She was glad when Mama's hooks came undone or her stockings slipped down, because it gave her something to do. On Saturday all through lunch, she felt her heart pounding. She rushed through the meal, and cleared away the dishes, and washed them, and got Mama's coat from the closet.

"Darling," Mama said. "I don't want."

"You don't want what, Mama? We're going to the park."

"I don't want." Mama shook her head slowly. "I don't feel good."

Sarah trembled a little and held out the coat. "Don't be silly, Mama. You haven't been out all day. You need the sun."

Mama shook her head.

"Mama!" Sarah heard her voice rising. "You've got to go. You heard Irving. He said it's good for you."

She held out the coat again. Mama shook her head, and stopped shaking, then slowly began to nod. Sarah gave a deep sigh, and quickly put on Mama's coat.

He was pacing up and down in front of the bench. He stopped when he saw them coming and smiled happily and hopped forward to meet them. "Miss Glazer, you're late. I thought you weren't coming. Please, please. Allow me to help the old lady."

He eased Mama awkwardly onto the bench.

"Mama, say good afternoon to Mr. Finkel. You remember Mr. Finkel?"

Mama stared at him blankly. "You know my daughter?" she said.

"Mama! You met Mr. Finkel last week. Oh, dear."

Sarah turned to him and blushed a little. "She's forgotten you again."

He laughed. "I'm not such a memorable person."

"Mr. Finkel, don't say that." She start-

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ed to sit down, but he put his hand on her arm. She looked up at him slowly.

"Sarah," he said, "my company had a banquet last night. I'm with I. J. Fox furs. They had a banquet last night."

"Yes, Mr. Finkel?"

"Sarah," he said, "that banquet last night was for me. Do you know why it was for me?"

"No, Mr. Finkel." She stared at him and held her breath.

"Because I'm going away, Sarah. I'm leaving. They're sending me to Los Angeles, California, to take charge of the West Coast office. It's a big promotion, Sarah, a wonderful job. Especially for a man my age."

She released her breath slowly. "When do you leave?" she said.

"In a week. Precisely one week. And Sarah," he gripped her arm, "there's something I want you to know. Before I go, I want to tell you something."

She was looking into his eyes, and suddenly she was filled with panic. She pulled away from his grip and sat down heavily. "Mr. Finkel! I can't talk now! Mama's here! I can't talk with Mama here!"

His eyes bulged and his mouth twisted in misery. "When can I talk to you?" he said.

"I don't know!" She clasped her hands and unclasped them again. "Tomorrow!" she said. "Ten o'clock in the morning. My family comes, and Mama won't be alone, so I'll meet you here. You can talk then."

The corners of his mouth twitched, and he tried to smile. "All right. I'll see you then. Goodbye, Miss Glazer."

She stared fascinated at his deep, crooked dimple, and while she stared, the dimple quivered and grew larger and larger, and she realized he was kissing her on the mouth. Then, before she could get her breath, he moved away. She followed him with her eyes, his dapper nervous little walk, his short legs moving rapidly.

She turned sharply and saw that Mama was looking at her dully and trembling. Sarah lowered her head and began to fuss with her pocketbook. "It's cold, darling," Mama said.

That night Sarah lay awake for two hours. Mama was in the next bed, snoring slightly, but Sarah didn't mind. She was lying there concentrating on her own emotions. She looked back on her own life, like a long, gray, narrow path, stretching back as far as she could see, and she was frightened. She looked forward, but she couldn't see forward; she could see only Mr. Finkel's dimple, and she was happy. For two hours, she was alternately happy and frightened, but she was happy when she went to sleep.

AT THREE o'clock the next morning she woke up. For a moment she couldn't see anything or hear anything. She was conscious of the smell, the sharp thick smell that couldn't be scrubbed away, and she gulped with disgust. Then she heard the moaning from the next bed.

Her head cleared quickly, and she switched on the table lamp. The covers on Mama's bed were moving up and down; the moaning was louder now. "Mama! What's the matter?" She jumped out of bed and hurried to bend over Mama. The lips were bluer than ever, the folds of wrinkles were shivering madly, as if they had a life of their own.

"Darling, don't leave me," Mama said. "The family loves you. Darling, don't leave me. The family loves you."

"I'll call Irving," said Sarah. She dialed the phone on the night table, and it buzzed and buzzed, and when she finally heard his voice, she cried out desperately, "Come over, Irvie! Mama's had an attack or something!" She slammed down the receiver and turned back to the bed. Mama was rolling from side to side. "The children," Mama was saying. "That's all I got." Her voice raised. "The children! I got nothing else!" Sarah shivered with fright; in thirty years Mama's voice had never been so loud.

Irving came, and Sarah was sent out of the room. She waited in the bedroom,

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pacing up and down, then sitting in the easy chair, holding *David Copperfield* in her hand, not looking at it. After an hour Irving came out.

"She's quiet now," he said. "She's just got a little fever. She'll do all right." He ran his hand through his gleaming white hair. "I don't know what it is. She's almost eighty. It could be anything." He sat down on the sofa and rested his head in his hands.

"I'll make you some coffee," said Sarah.

He looked up and shook his head. "Never mind," he said. "I want to get out of here. It smells in here. Did you ever notice how it smells in here?"

Sarah stood up slowly, staring at him.

"Sometimes I smell it in my sleep," he said. "It closes in on me. I can't get away from it. You too, sweetie. You can't get away from it."

She spoke in a hoarse whisper. "What is it? Is it Mama?"

"It's all of us," he said. Slowly he got to his feet and shut his doctor's bag with a snap. "But most of all, it's Mama." He waved his hand at her. "Sit down, sit down. Don't walk me to the door. I'll call the family and tell them not to come this morning." He shut the door behind him.

SARAH sat for a while, holding the book in her lap, staring straight ahead. We can't send Mama to a home, said Estelle, we've got to keep her with us. Just for a little while, said Ruth, until some permanent arrangement can be made. But Sarah didn't say anything. She tightened her fists and bit her lower lip. I won't do it, she thought, I won't do it. Joe, darling, I won't do it. Then Irving spoke suddenly from the corner: here's Mama. They all turned and looked, and Sarah raised her head and looked, and Mama was standing in the doorway, holding on to the edge of the wall. She was thin and small and white, her nightgown was white, and her voice was hoarse: I'm sick, she said, get me to the toilet. Ruth and Estelle stood up, and Irving took a few steps toward her. Mama raised her hand and spoke again: Sarah, darling. Sarah, get me to the toilet.

David Copperfield dropped to the floor. Sarah bent down and picked it up, and wiped off the cover carefully. Well, I'll never finish it now, she told herself. She smiled softly as she stood up and walked over to the bookshelf. Then the door of the bedroom opened. Mama stood there, all hunched over, a small, hunched-over blob of white.

"Mama, what are you up for? You're sick. Get to bed."

"I'm better, darling. Get me some soup."

Sarah went over to her and took her arm. "All right, Mama. Now get to bed." Mama leaned on her arm and shuffled back to the bed, and Sarah covered her up.

"Kiss me, darling," Mama said.

Sarah leaned over and kissed her. The smell was stronger than ever, the old leathery smell, it filled her nostrils and her lungs and her stomach. And then she looked into Mama's eyes, and for a moment she was fixed and motionless. Mama's eyes seemed to gleam. They seemed to gleam with triumph and with malice. Or maybe it was only the fever.

Sarah rushed into the parlor, thinking of nothing, only to get out of the bedroom. Then she got her breath and went in for the soup.

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CROSS-CURRENTS IN ARAB NATIONAL FEELING

The Islamic World is Shaken by Modern Tensions

S. D. GOITEIN

IT WAS not until after World War I that the Arabs became conscious of themselves as a people. Before that, all the Arabic-speaking countries of Asia, with irrelevant exceptions such as the British protectorate of Aden in Southern Arabia, formed part of the Ottoman Turkish Empire. It must be remembered that of the present seven autonomous Arab states none existed as an independent state during the school days of most Americans, and among them only Egypt formed a national entity thirty years ago.

If asked, an inhabitant of the Arabic Asia of the early 1900's would have described himself as a Moslem or Christian of such and such a denomination, a subject of the Sultan, a member of such and such a tribe, or an inhabitant of this or that village or town—but it would hardly have occurred to him to call himself an Arab. Today the chances are he would answer quite differently. What has brought about this change in the national consciousness of the Arab?

THE subjection of the Arabs was not confined to the four hundred years of Ottoman rule from 1517 to 1917. In fact, for the last thousand years the Arabic-speaking countries have been almost exclusively dominated by non-Arabs—Turks, Iranians, Mongols, Kurds, Circassians, and others. Nevertheless, the Arabic language and the Islamic religion have persisted as the dominant language and the dominant religion.

When the original Arabs, thirteen hundred years ago, came out of the Arabian Peninsula and swept over the regions east and south of the Mediterranean, they did not—as is often erroneously stated—force their religion, the newly created Islam, on all the peoples they subjected. They simply imposed heavy taxes on the conquered populations and became a ruling class of soldiers and governors living at the expense of the state. This state of affairs lasted for only a relatively short time.

ISLAM, like Judaism—although intimately bound up with the Arabs' language, history, and social habits—did not recognize before God differences of race or color. The subject peoples, attracted by the material and spiritual advantages of adhering to the ruling religion, embraced Islam in ever increasing numbers and in so doing acquired the Arabic language, Arab names, and many of the Arab notions of social behavior. At the same time their own heritage of Hellenistic or Oriental culture was reshaped by all these things, chief among them the Arabic language. Although the comparatively small and over-expanded minority of Arab conquerors soon exhausted their military vigor and surrendered the ascendancy to more warlike outsiders, they had already contributed toward the emergence of a new civilization by mixing themselves with the great mass of neo-Moslems. This new civilization, whatever its ingredients, was

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Arabic in language and, with Islam as its religious base, embraced both Christian and Jewish minorities.

The non-Arab conquerors, not numerous as a rule and with little if any civilization of their own, were easily converted to the dominant religion. Thus Islam and with it the Arabic language survived in the Middle East despite the continual influx of foreign ruling elements. Yet the reliance of the populous Arabic-speaking countries upon successive waves of barbarian soldiers for protection and administration led to an ever deepening decline and made any feeling of national unity difficult. In 1377 Ibn Khaldun, the Tunisian philosopher of history, could write: "The state of the Arabs has been wiped out completely; the power now rests in the hands of non-Arabs, such as the Turks in the East, the Berbers in the West, and the Franks (Europeans) in the North."

Down to the beginning of the present century the stagnation of the Arab world continued almost uninterruptedly in its easternmost part—Mesopotamia or Iraq—and in the Arabian Peninsula. Egypt was aroused from its medieval torpor earlier, by Napoleon's campaign there, and even more by the subsequent activity of an able ruler, Mehmet Ali, the founder of the present Egyptian royal family (he himself was a Turkish-speaking Albanian). Palestine, the Lebanon, and Syria, benefiting early from European influence, stood somewhere between the two extremes of stagnation and awakening.

Thus the Arabs—that is, the Arabic-speaking inhabitants, regardless of racial or cultural ancestry, of the countries where Arabic is the prevailing language—did not on the eve of World War I form a nation in the modern sense. But they did possess elements out of which Western ideas, and even more, Western politics could create the foundations of national states.

In Europe, as a rule, a cultural and social renaissance preceded the political union or independence of the various nations. In some of the newly-formed Arab states, however, the creation of a national government, instead of being the outcome, became the *opportunity* for the freeing of spiritual and social forces.

It was a fundamental change in the colonial policies of the great powers during and after World War I that made this reversal of natural development possible.

In the 19th century the European imperialist powers had aimed at the acquisition of colonies and spheres of influence. Conquest or intervention on the side of minorities—never lacking in an Oriental state—was the means to these ends. Today the trend is to exploit the all-powerful "religion of nationalism." Instead of conquest and intervention, support is given to national states, which are even helped or allowed to oppress their minorities, on the assumption —sometimes precarious—that the satellite state will in return offer itself as a valuable ally. Where no state exists one is invented. Thus the Kingdom of Iraq was conceived and founded exclusively by foreigners in the service of a friendly power. Such experiments, of course, may well prove to be successful in the long run. (Even though in Iraq there have been such unpropitious omens as incessant and often violent changes of regime, the ugly massacre of disarmed Assyrians, the Rashid Ali revolt at a critical juncture of the late war, the slaughter and pillage of the Baghdad Jews in June 1941, and the Kurdish troubles in 1945.)

The new colonial policy was inaugurated most conspicuously by the Germans during World War I when, to strengthen the German-Turkish alliance, they gave the Turks a free hand in murdering Armenian Christians. But no people has benefited from the new policy more than have the Arabs; which helps explain why an ill-defined community of peoples, almost unknown in 1914, could in 1944 form a league of seven states.

But it would be an error to attribute this phenomenal development to foreign hands alone. Egypt was for a while a special case of Arab resurgence, but now Arabic Asia is following rapidly. World power politics

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accelerated rather than initiated what was an otherwise healthy and normal development. It is as if a brilliant undergraduate awoke one morning to discover a doctor's diploma on his table and an appointment to lecture at a great university. He might live up to his new dignity and continue learning—or he might forget that he still had something to add to his intellectual equipment. A similar choice faces the Arab world today.

THE decisive role of foreign politics was felt strongly in a sphere where it was least to have been expected—the development of the Arabic language. The Arab mind meets one of its major difficulties in the question of expressing itself. The term "Arabic-speaking countries," which was used frequently above, needs some qualification.

There is an immense difference between the Arabic actually spoken in each particular country—by everybody, including the most educated—and the literary Arabic used in writing, public speaking, and, as a rule, in the movies and theater. It would be completely misleading to diagnose this as the natural difference between colloquial and literary style, analogous to the difference between spoken and written English or even German. A more accurate comparison would be with the situation of the Romance languages (French, Italian, Spanish) at the time when they were already well developed and yet Latin continued to be regarded as the medium for dignified expression.

Literary Arabic ceased centuries ago to be a living language—no mother in an Arab country would speak to her child in it. Ibn Khaldun, the Arab philosopher of history already mentioned, declared five hundred years ago that literary Arabic did not come naturally but had to be learned in school like mathematics. Salame Musa, a famous modern Egyptian writer, complained in a book written in 1927 that written Arabic had to be studied like a foreign tongue and that hardly any author succeeded in mastering it completely. "Even worse," he goes on to say, "while sitting in my study I am able to name all the things around me in a foreign language but have the greatest difficulty in finding [classical] Arabic words for any of them." This plight was well summarized by Badawi Pasha (former Egyptian foreign minister and perhaps the most prominent figure among the Arab delegates to the San Francisco Conference), when he said: "Our noble language [the classical] has been in a deep torpor for many centuries, like the nation itself, while the local vernaculars, though seldom put down in writing and therefore open to continuous shiftings, often excel in strength and originality of expression." Some Arab writers, particularly in Egypt and the Lebanon, have used the local vernaculars in stories and plays. And as late as 1931, Mahmud Taimur, the best known writer of short stories in Arabic, declared in an address to the Congress of Orientalists in Leyden that he had no doubt that the vernacular used in Egypt would soon become the official and written language of the country, with classical Arabic retained only as the means of communication with other Arab countries.

Left alone, the Arab nations might have continued to develop their separate vernaculars in the direction anticipated by Mahmud Taimur. Had not one of the most conspicuous features of the national revivals in post-medieval Europe been the supersession of Latin by the local vernaculars as the most powerful and complete means of literary expression? But the development of local tongues constitutes an element of separation; and the various Arabic dialects do differ widely from each other. (Dr. Van Ess, in his book *Meet the Arab*, writes: "I was once in Port Said and said to an Egyptian policeman in Iraq Arabic—Arabic in fact: 'When does the next train leave for Cairo?' He replied in French: 'I don't understand English.'") Mahmud Taimur, and those who shared his views, did not want to discard classical Arabic altogether; yet the fostering of the various dialects was suspected of leading to separatism and thus it has become unpopular of late with both Arabs and the foreign parties working to create a strong Arab bloc.

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While heretofore European and American friends of the Arabs have been enthusiastic about the neo-Egyptian and other neo-Arabic languages, these and similar tendencies are now discouraged; and it can be safely stated that the idea has been abandoned, at least for the present generation. Both the social and intellectual implications of this step are very grave. First, it means that the vast majority of the Arabs are deprived of the right to express themselves on public issues, since the mastery of classical Arabic, with its highly complicated grammar, requires many years of schooling such as only a small minority can afford and actually receives. Today even the Communist Arab press, as far as I can follow it (for it has expanded greatly of late), favors the retention of classical Arabic —with the qualification that it should be adapted to colloquial "style," which is a meaningless phrase.

Secondly, the exclusive use of classical Arabic means a divorce between life and literature. Classical Arabic is a noble vehicle of expression, but it tends to become rhetorical and bombastic. As long as abstract and theoretical topics are being dealt with, it can be adequately adapted to modern needs; but in literature it compels people to talk in a way they never would in real life; things are described and given names that vary from those given them in common speech; and the result is an unreality and even an insincerity that irritates the honest reader.

THE question of the use of the Arabic vernaculars in literature is related to the much discussed problem as to whether each Arab country should develop its own individuality along the lines of local traditions and needs, or whether the aim of an all-embracing Arab civilization should come first.

Naturally enough, separatism is strongest in Egypt, the most advanced of all the Arab countries. "As for the Egyptians," says Dr. Van Ess in his *Meet the Arab,* "their interest is Egypt first and all the time; they are basically not Arab in race and their culture is definitely distinct from that of the Arabs in Asia." Some years ago a so-called "Pharaonic" movement arose in Egypt whose content was a nationalism based on the great ancient traditions of the Nile Valley. The outstanding literary expression of this trend was a novel by Taufiq al-Hakim, one of the best living Arab writers, *The Return of the Spirit,* published in 1933. The "Spirit" is that of agricultural and highly civilized ancient Egypt, which is opposed to the destructive influence of the Arabs, the sons of the desert. But the movement, expressed in this extreme form, has collapsed entirely by this time. After some wavering and under strong foreign influence, Egyptian policy has in the last few years made a complete about-face from self-seeking aloofness and now strives for the leadership of the Arab bloc.

A similar tendency is noticeable in Egypt's intellectual and spiritual life. A book called *The Future of Civilization in Egypt* appeared in 1939, written by Dr. Taha Husain, the most representative contemporary Arab thinker, in which it is argued that Egyptian culture has always been essentially Western and not Oriental in spirit and that Egypt should in the future look to the West for inspiration. Yet Dr. Husain's practical proposals stressed Egypt's cultural mission to the rest of the Arab world. And Dr. Husain did, in October 1945, found a monthly that was shortly after regarded as the leading Arabic literary magazine—*al-Katib al-Misri* (the Egyptian Writer). As an emblematic seal a small picture of the famous statue of the Pharaonic Scribe appears on the magazine's cover. Nevertheless it is thoroughly Pan-Arab in spirit; and the title of a comprehensive article in one issue, "Egypt is a Link between East and West," characteristically illustrates the retreat from Dr. Husain's earlier Western outlook.

On the whole it would be all to the good if a modernized Egypt assumed the intellectual and spiritual leadership of Arab Asia. Yet it remains to be seen whether she would then stick to her mission or adapt herself to the level of her less advanced followers.

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Iraq is a case of the opposite. When it was founded in 1920—as was said, under foreign initiative—some Arab poets and savants lived in Baghdad, but the land had no intelligentsia of its own and, in so far as its more advanced Christian and Jewish minorities were unable to render the services required, it had to rely on people drawn from Egypt, the Lebanon, Syria, and other countries for its educational and medical institutions and other public services. But all this has changed now. The minorities are being ousted and the country is rapidly becoming cantonal in its outlook; the services of a non-Iraqi Arab are dispensed with as soon as the shadow of a local candidate appears. Iraq is at present markedly militaristic and aggressive and, despite her small, heterogeneous, and largely illiterate population, already dreams of expansion.

In the other Arab countries of the Middle East, separatism, in so far as it exists, has its roots more in objective historical facts than in contemporary developments. The Christian inhabitants of the Lebanon—who are the Arabs with the smallest proportion of illiterates—are still wondering whether their survival requires the emphasis upon or the surrender of their identity. In any case no other Arab group of so small a size—the Lebanese number less than half a million—has contributed so much to the revival of Arab culture.

The two principal states of the Arabian Peninsula, Yemen and the Saudi kingdom, are cut off from the rest of the Arab world by their geographical position, their still completely medieval constitutions and administrations, and by the fact that the dominant population of each country adheres to a non-conformist Moslem sect different from its neighbor as well as from the chief denominations of Islam at large. The great military successes of the Saudis during and after World War I were considered by many European observers the outcome of a religious revival; and it was thought that similar revivals would spring up in other parts of the Moslem world. So far this expectation has not been borne out.

But this question brings us to the last and most important aspect of contemporary Arab life that is to be dealt with in this article: the fluctuation between an old and predominantly religious way of life and a new and essentially foreign world of ideas.

A GENERATION ago two distinct civilizations, each with a fixed scale of values of its own, lived side by side in the Middle East. A minority, very small, usually preferred a foreign language—in most cases French—as a medium of conversation, and believed in and sometimes strove for the then unquestioned Western ideals of progress, enlightenment, democracy, emancipation of women, and so forth. The majority, largely backward and illiterate, suffered from its own superstitions and the corruptness of the Turkish regime, but was compensated by the spiritual comfort of unshaken religious belief. In the East itself East was still East, and West still West.

After two world wars both of these civilizations are disintegrating in the Middle East because of the workings of inner processes and because they are approaching each other more and more. True, the great majority of the Arabs are still illiterate, still cling to medieval superstitions, still practice polygamy, child marriage, and other such things, and still countenance the oppression of the weak. On the other hand the upper-class Arab still survives, with his complete French education or his manners of an English gentleman; and even more significant, a considerable part of contemporary Arab literature, written by the élite, is so much Western in point of view and even in atmosphere that if translated—or rather, *re*-translated—into French, with the names changed, one might imagine that what was being described took place in Paris, not in Cairo or Beirut.

Nevertheless there can no longer be any doubt that the two extremes are moving toward each other rapidly; they lose indeed much of their respective inherent value by this process, yet they thus prepare the ground from which something new may rise. West-

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ern civilization has lost much prestige in the last twenty-five years and no longer offers its Oriental followers a well-defined and undisputed example that needs only to be learned and practiced like a lesson. This, together with the hitherto undreamed of political successes of the new Arab states, has given rise to a popular slogan which proclaims that, except in technical matters, Western guidance can be dispensed with.

At the same time millions of Arabs have learned to read and write in the last quarter-century; the masses are not as inarticulate as they used to be, and the élite has to adapt itself to the—supposed—inclinations and passions of the lower classes in order to maintain its ascendancy. Islamic fanaticism, so strongly decried by enlightened Arabs only a short while ago, is now openly encouraged. The same writers whose altogether Western style was mentioned earlier have been vying with each other for some time in compiling books on the heroes and the virtues of Islam. Some years ago the Arab press mocked at this phenomenon; there is nothing of that sort today. What has now become possible in educated circles may be gathered from the following quotation from an issue of the *New East,* an Arab monthly periodical describing itself as the "organ of the academic youth of the East": "Let us fight fanatically for our religion; let us love a man—because he is a Moslem; let us honor a man—because he is a Moslem; let us prefer him to anyone else—because he is a Moslem; and never let us make friends with unbelievers, because they have nothing but evil for us."

A movement called "The Moslem Brotherhood," although in existence since 1928, came into prominence in the summer of 1945 and now claims to have over 500,000 organized members in Egypt alone—though it has just been outlawed after the assassination of Nokrashy Pasha. The ultimate political goal of this movement—as prescribed by Moslem law—is the subjugation of the world to Moslem rule. Its social orientation is best revealed by the demand of its reform program that the salaries of lower officials be raised, with a corresponding reduction in those of the higher ranks. The only advance in theology, however, that I could find in the pamphlets published by the leader of the movement is that *Fana,* the central idea of Islamic mysticism, which once meant the absorption of the individuality of the believer into the all-embracing essence of God, now designates the unlimited sacrifice of one's time, health, and means to the service of the movement. Alas, this demand has become only too familiar to us from other quarters.

Thus we see that Islam has not ceased to be—or is again becoming—a social force. It still remains a question whether it continues to be a source of creative religious inspiration. It would be rash to answer with either a categorical yes or no. For any observer would confirm us in saying that, despite the talk about the eclipse of Western civilization, it is still to Western thought and Western fiction that the young Arab turns for enlightenment and edification. It is not through business efficiency alone that the publication *Al-Mukhtar,* an Arabic edition of the American *Reader's Digest,* has become the most widely read magazine in the Middle East. The awakening Arab mind still appears to be too preoccupied with assimilation of the Western heritage to be able to fructify the remnants of its own essentially religious civilization. This task, if it is to be done at all, is obviously reserved for a future generation.

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THE ARABS' PECULIAR "ANTI-SEMITISM"

An Old Hostility Takes a New Form

ANONYMOUS

FROM recent events, we know that the Arab holds an attitude of hostility to the Jew strong enough to produce political impasse and war, together with sporadic pogroms in the Arab countries. But the nature of this Arab hostility toward the Jew is an enigma—an unknown of far-reaching importance both as a force to be reckoned with in the future of the Israeli state and as a factor in present negotiations.

There is a popular Arab folk story that tells a great deal about the Arab attitude toward the Jew. In World War I, an Ottoman general created an all Jewish division, and completely trained and equipped it for active service. A review was held to display this new division on the eve of its departure for the fighting front. All present were delighted at the fine training, alertness, and enthusiasm of the Jewish troops. At the end of the review, two Jewish spokesmen stepped out of ranks. The governor—pleased with the performance he had just witnessed—promised to grant any favor the division might ask. The spokesmen asked the governor for a police escort to accompany the division to the front as protection against molestation by non-Jews along the way.

This compound of a little hatred and enormous contempt characterized Arab anti-Semitism until recently. The Arabs regarded the Jews as the weakest, most cowardly, and despicable creatures in the world. The myth of a world-plot brewing in dark Jewish circles, so prominent in European anti-Semitism, was never believed by the Arab world. To them, the Jews were incapable of strength—too pitiably impotent, too ridiculously stupid.

By 1947 the Arabs had added to their scorn for the Jews a great amount of hatred. But more recently, this hatred had been transformed into morbid fear. This shift from contempt, to hatred, to fear, has its explanation in the history of Arab-Jewish relations.

IN the 6th and 7th centuries, the Arabs left their homes in the desert for countries which they quickly occupied and Arabized. They imposed on the nations they occupied a religious and political regime. Polytheistic groups were given a choice between Allah and the sword. Jews and Christians, faring slightly better, were allowed to keep their religion provided they paid a tax and accepted, without qualification, the superiority of their Moslem conquerors.

During this period the Jews and Christians were forced to live passive, humble lives in the midst of a Moslem world. So long as they showed no signs of rebellion, they were undisturbed. This relatively peaceful—if subservient—life was ended when the Arabs were conquered by the Ottomans.

The new Ottoman regime was despotic and cruel. By the clever maneuver of adopting the Moslem religion and by going through the formality of "legally inheriting" the Caliphate, the Turks gained the Arabs' cooperation. The Arabs, thus subdued, and

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The violence of Arab refusals to recognize the new Jewish state has seemed quite disproportionate to many observers. Can we explain this, and other aspects of Arab-Jewish relations, by the peculiar history and psychological character of Arab-Jewish relations in the Middle East? The author of this article asserts that the Arab feeling towards the Jew is quite different from the European. He is qualified to speak by many years residence in the Middle East, in the course of which he has come into contact with Arabs of all classes and backgrounds.

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unable to fight back because of religious bonds, as well as other less spiritual reasons, had to find something at home to maintain their psychological balance. This they did by developing a superiority complex toward non-Moslems, both Christians and Jews.

After a few centuries of Ottoman rule, this situation hardened into a well defined Arab-Jewish pattern. The Arabs, who could not be lord and master over their own fate, at least had the opportunity to assert their superiority over Jews and Christians. Following World War I a change took place in the status of the Christians; after long centuries they began to be treated almost as equals. The position of the Jew, however, declined.

The psychological mechanism that produced this low estate for the Jews is apparent. The Arabs, who themselves had no real power or status, could only maintain their inflated self-image by constantly degrading the Jew. Two images stood uppermost in the Arab mind; the strength, courage, and manliness of the Arab; the sniveling, weak cowardice of the Jew. This view was substantiated by the Jews' passive life, and indeed, by the Koran, where the Jew is described as a man whose hands are paralyzed and who cannot fight. (The Koran also relates that the Jews told Moses that they expected him and his God to do all the fighting for them.) This belief in the Jews' inability to fight, was maintained in life by repeated physical attack against Jews.

Although the Jew was regarded as sly, cunning, and untrustworthy, these qualities evoked contempt from the Arabs rather than fear. It is still customary for a Moslem to warn a Jew with whom he has business dealings against cunning. But the Arab warns the Jew with complete self-confidence that he will not be outsmarted, and that should the Jew overstep his bounds the Arab will severely punish him for his indiscretion.

The Jew was accused of being greedy for money. But the essentially materialistic Arab did not stress this point as much as he did the picture of the Jew as a miser. This view was counterposed to the Arab's highly-prized hospitality. The Arabs, however, were not averse to making profit from the Jew. In fact, many corrupt civil servants welcomed the opportunity of passing Jewish documents and any sort of official business through their hands, since they could always create obstacles in order to get bribery and gifts for carrying out their normal duties. These civil servants, if not courageous enough straightforwardly to ask an unknown Jew for money, often dealt through bribery brokers to carry out the "transaction" in an expert and safe way. In the Middle East these bribery brokers were very influential and the Jews among them were often sought out by even the most overtly anti-Semitic civil servant.

Arab contempt took yet another form, namely in making fun of the Jew and in treating him not as a cunning human being but as a funny, clever animal who could sometimes be pitied but rarely petted. Many Arabs still enjoy playing practical jokes on Jews, who have to pretend to be fooled in order not to arouse the anger of their "audience," and it is customary, in the Arab idiom, to say to anyone suspected of mockery "Am I a Jew for you?" Still, it must be remembered that the Arab's motivation springs from his desire to confirm his superiority and from his wish to be more clever than the Jew rather than from his hatred of the Jew. The absence of real hatred was sometimes shown in pity for the injured Jew.

By 1918 the Ottoman Empire had been dissolved and Turkish rule over Arab countries ended. The Arabs were intoxicated by this event. Together with the partial Westernization and industrialization of Arab countries, and the cultural and national renaissance in Arab lands, it had enormous influence on Arab psychology. The news that the Jews were seriously considering establishing a state in Palestine was met with incredulity. The Arabs were annoyed, but their image of the weak Jew, and the enhancement of the image of their own strength, did not admit a real threat to Arab psychological security.

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Gradually, however, the Arabs became alarmed about the intentions of the Western powers, and Britain especially became the Arabs' public enemy number one. Jewish and English were made synonymous adjectives, but even then the Arabs concentrated their energies largely on getting rid of the British with the understanding that the Jews would be easily taken care of once the British had gone. The English, with their changing policy toward the establishment of the Jewish state in Palestine, unwittingly antagonized the Arabs so much that their present favorable attitude towards Arab aspirations is strongly suspected and astonishingly unappreciated. Thus Britain is considered not only as the imperialistic foreign intruder but also as the protagonist of Zionism, that most despicable and abhorrent of all movements to every Arab.

The net result of the Zionists' activity between 1925 and 1947 was to create Arab hate for the Jew against the background of contempt, a hatred that approached extremes reached only in Nazi circles. Yet all of Hitler's propaganda did not shake the Arabs' confidence, or change their opinion of the Jew's fighting ability. The Arabs viewed Britain, and later the UN, as a protector of the Jews from Arab extermination. Arab self-admiration and scorn had never been checked, and while stories began to be told of Jewish atrocities, very few people in the Arabic countries really felt threatened or menaced in their own homes by a possible Jewish invasion. Everyone had fears for the future of Palestine, it is true, but the Arabs took for granted their ultimate victory.

Complete self-confidence and scorn for the Jews sent thousands of volunteers to the Palestinian front, but as soon as the effect of the Jewish modern training and modern equipment, as well as desperate Jewish determination to fight, were felt, panic spread among Arab volunteers. The massacre at Deir Yassin and other extremist acts were an infuriating blow to the Arab's older image of the Jew. The Arabs felt inwardly threatened by the greatest of all dangers: the loss of their self-respect and their self-admiration. The Jewish military victories that followed terrorism and the UN's partition plan marked the beginning of the third and present phase of Arab anti-Semitism: fear, added to scorn and hatred.

TODAY dangers beset the Arabs on all sides: the world is marching fast and the Arabs are just beginning to realize that at least in some respects they have a long distance to go before they can overtake their rivals. More effective contact with the external world is becoming increasingly disquieting to the Arabs. In addition, there is a Holy Land which they have possessed for so many centuries and defended against the concerted attacks of crusading and fanatic Christendom, about to slip away from their hands. Now is the time for consolation and a psychological safety-valve, but where is the historical scapegoat?

And it is the last turn of the screw that it is the Jew, whose very position as a scapegoat was the cornerstone of Arab security, who is now suddenly the source of the greatest immediate danger. Fury is their response to such a completely "unjustifiable" frustration.

No wonder the Arabs could not understand why others should urge them to have peaceful negotiations with the Jews. The very idea of having to consider dealing with the Jews on an equal footing and thus abolishing the long-standing and blissfully relieving contrast between themselves and the Jews, was galling. Now every Jewish offer of friendliness is viewed as the insulting and immensely damaging jest of a wicked and contemptible upstart, whom justice demands to be immediately destroyed.

THE Arabs must soon choose between the employment of their undoubted potentialities to their best advantage, or a poisonous hatred and morbidly lingering destructiveness which may spread far beyond Palestine. Our brief survey is not encouraging as to which path the Arabs will choose, yet there are some hopeful signs. One such sign is the essentially friendly nature of the Arab, a

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nature so strong that even the British, the intensely hated enemy of the Arab, sensed and counted on it. The Arab tends to be friendly, but first he must be approached and "handled."

In the process of "handling," the Jews must understand, and consider as a serious factor, the peculiarities of Arab psychology. Relations of force, business, financial, or working-class contacts, will not alone do away with the gap separating Jews and Arabs. Nor are the temptations of economic and materialistic gains enough for the Arabs to accept the existence of the Jewish state. The root of the trouble goes much deeper than any of the single-minded theorists of peace have guessed. Subtle, profound, and sensitive methods will have to be evolved by the Jews if they are to live in peace.

While one can point out some of the roots of the trouble, as I have attempted to do here, it is not easy to offer specific suggestions as to how the Jews should approach the Arabs. This will have to be based on an understanding of the background of Arab attitudes toward the Jew, and on the specific situations in which Jews and Arabs come together. Whether the politically inexperienced Jews, whose extremists have already committed glaring political errors, will be able to rise to this situation, still remains to be seen. What other means to use and how to use them, continues as an increasingly pressing challenge to Jewish imagination and resourcefulness, indeed perhaps its most crucial and difficult test. Now that Israel has demonstrated its military prowess, it is hard to see how further use of force alone can solve either the problem of present conciliation or future peace.

MOVING-PICTURE SHOW

MILTON KAPLAN

You draw the blanket up and stretch out tall;
The day is over but it flickers by
Reversed, disjointed on the preview film
That promises design. You curl up small
To hush the intermittent hum of your
Projector-mind. Your eyes are closing now.
The theatre is dark with sleep, and locked within,
The audience waits, intent upon the screen
Of longing. Somewhere a machine begins
To grind: the mind lights up and focuses:
The moving-picture show is on.

It starts
Sporadically—the usual accidents,
Speeches, the ceremonies stiff with smiles;
The newsreel, immunizing distance, ends
And now at last the picture is announced,
Co-starring Love and You, and featuring Fear;
Scenario, production, and direction,
And technical montage effects by You.
There is no tedium. The film is art.

Each scene, cut short, dissolves into the next.
The actors lust and weep and look perplexed
As they reflect you in the screen's huge mirror;
The hero staggers through the jungle-terror,
Seeking Love frantically from scene to scene,
And at the climax, Murder slits the screen,
And gleaming knife upraised, he steps into
The screaming audience to take. . . .

The picture ends and interrupts the warning.
You stumble through the exit eyes and break
Into the bright delirium of morning.

MILTON KAPLAN's poetry has appeared in *Poetry, The New Republic, Partisan Review,* and a number of other magazines. Mr. Kaplan was born in New York City in 1910 and now teaches English at Textile High School.

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FROM THE AMERICAN SCENE

"KOCHALEIN": POOR MAN'S SHANGRI-LA

A Bungalow Built for Two—or More

HARRY GERSH

IN THE good old days when my great-uncle Zissel came to America (circa 1904) the word "fix" had two distinct meanings. If you "fixed" a house or an umbrella, you built it up. But if you "fixed" a person, then it was just the opposite—you tore him down. Is it any wonder that my great-uncle Zissel had trouble with English?

But Fetter Zissel and his generation bided their time. As soon as they had settled down a bit in America, they gave "fix" another meaning. In a way they fixed "fix." They built it up, so that the verb was no longer a threat to living persons. As in: "She went to the country to fix herself."

I have always felt that their deep faith in the healing power of the country was in some way connected with our mothers' passionate worry about eggs. In our house (in yours, too) an eating egg—very, very different from a baking or cooking egg—had to be rushed into the icebox within twenty-four hours after it was laid or you could get poisoned. Nature's foolproof packaging miracle, and it wasn't good enough for mama. (That it remained in the icebox for four or five days didn't matter.) Mama had a conviction about color, too. Wyandottes, Plymouth Rocks, Barred Rocks—whole families, divisions, generations of chickens lived to no purpose—they laid brown eggs. Definitely not for human consumption. But in the country you got fresh, white eggs. You could eat them before the cackle died out. A little smelly and dirty, but in the country that's healthy.

And milk. To a growing boy nothing tastes worse than warm, bubbly milk fresh from the teat. But it's healthy—Pasteur to the contrary notwithstanding.

Air. In the city every vagrant breath of air is evil. Any air in motion is a draft—an immediate threat of pneumonia, influenza, pleurisy, and *lung-untsindenish*. In the country you go outside in a half-gale, with the dew thick as sour cream, half-naked, to enjoy fresh air . . . fresh from the North Pole. That's healthy. *A meshugas.*

Yes, a lunacy indeed, but in the old days reserved strictly for rich people. It cost money to go to the country and who had money? But the yearning for the unattainable therapeutic Mountains remained in the Jewish breast, and in due course from the womb of time came the *kochalein*, the poor man's Shangri-La, where he, too, could "fix" himself, like any millionaire, almost. . . .

SCATTERED through the Mountains since my great-uncle Zissel's time, it was not until the 30's that the kochalein flowered into the big business it is today. Child from

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HARRY GERSH here continues his very informal sociological explorations of some of the basic institutions of Jewish living. Our readers will remember his studies of "The Jewish Paintner" (January 1948) and "Mama's Cooking: Minority Report" (October 1947). Now Mr. Gersh turns his attention to that unique phenomenon of the Catskills, the "kochalein." Harry Gersh is with the publicity and education department of the Textile Workers Union, CIO. He was born in New York in 1912, and studied at the Drexel Institute of Technology, Brookwood College, New York University, and the University of Paris.

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its beginnings of the shrunken pocketbook, the decade of the Depression was its opportunity. Suppose stocks plunged downward and the dresses hung customerless on the racks, a man must still fix himself—indeed all the more reason. . . .

Today the kochalein population exceeds that of summer camps and hotels combined.

I know this fact because I recently overheard a well-known hotel owner admit it, in an argument with a kochalein entrepreneur.

The hotel man had been citing a long list of illustrious inns and equally sumptuous summer camps, their history and loyal following.

"Hotel people are hotel people," the hotel man contended. "Your kochaleiniks are just people who can't afford a hotel. Give them a few dollars and a taste of a hotel and they'll never go back to you."

The kochalein owner was wily. "How many rooms you think in all the hotels and camps in the Mountains?"

The hotel owner deliberated. "Forty thousand."

"*Nu,* and how many kochalein rooms you think?"

The hotel owner bit. "Twenty, twenty-five thousand."

"All right, so I'll agree with you," the kochalein landlord said. "Forty thousand hotel rooms and twenty-five thousand kochalein rooms. Now tell me, how many people live in a hotel room and how many in a kochalein *shtall?*"

That was the end of the argument. It takes a shrewd man to run a Catskill hotel. He had established the figures, now he had to accept the conclusion. Anyone knew that in kochaleins, as compared to hotels, you have twice as many people in one-half as many rooms.

TO THOSE who know it best, the word "kochalein" means "crowded." "Cook by yourself"—but live together. And what a together!

The price of a hotel room is determined by the number of people using it. But once a kochalein is rented—it is the same money if mamma and the kids come up alone, and it is the same money if the whole family comes along. So one can afford to be a sport. For the Fourth of July week one has brother Jake and his family as guests and two weeks after that Joe and his kids. It sounds very nice, "Come up for a couple weeks to my summer place."

So kochaleins are crowded. That holds for deluxe accommodations, semi-deluxe, ordinary, and sub-ordinary. The differences in classification have to do with how many people use the same bathroom and whether there are private or community facilities for cooking. (It's more trouble, but a lot more fun, if everybody uses the same kitchen.) These classifications, it should be noted, are for researchers only. By common consent of rentiers and renters alike, no kochalein is ever spoken of except as "strictly deluxe."

There are all kinds of sub-classifications, too. But kochaleiniks are not interested in words. They come to fix themselves.

Towards the end of winter, any winter, ads appear in the metropolitan dailies. Something like this:

"BUNGalows, hskpg apts, all impvmts, all spts, 75m N. Y., reasonable."

It's all abbreviated except the reasonable. Uninitiated kochaleiniks sometimes argue about those abbreviations. But it doesn't do any good. If the landlord couldn't win arguments he couldn't stay in business. Not that business, anyway.

I heard one such argument last summer. The potential renter was being a bit critical of the housekeeping potential. The landlord was not amused.

"My own wife keeps house like this," he said. "How many maids you're expecting to bring up?"

How about the "all spts"?

The landlord had a ready answer. "Sure, we're all sports here." When the customers still insisted on specifications, the landlord was not embarrassed. "So what's missing? Polo and horse racing? Such sports we aren't."

That renter must have been an outlander of some sort. He should have known that the sports list at a kochalein is standard—pinochle, mah-jongg, gin rummy, and backbiting. The 75 miles from New York is not too inaccurate. So it's 91 miles from George Washington Bridge. Which means that during the season, in a good, fast car, with a hungry New York City taxi driver at the wheel, you can make it in six hours and twenty minutes.

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"Reasonable"? Well, really, what's reasonable these days?

As soon as the ads appear the customers come up to look. They may have spent the last ten summers at the same place and still they come to look. That's a funny thing about kochaleiniks. Some things they never learn. Each year, when they leave, the landlord tells them of next season's wonders. The new swimming pool, the new refrigerators, the new sinks and stoves. And each year the same overflowing brook, the same overflowing refrigerators, sinks, and stoves. But each year they come to look.

First to come up are the cautious souls. They come early, sometimes before the ads appear. They come because they know that the good places go early. And maybe the owner hasn't figured out what kind of a season it will be and will let the first one go cheaply. They're silly.

In April and May the second group appears. They just happen to be passing by on a picnic and so they stopped in to take a look. No one is fooled. These middle-of-the-roaders hope that the landlord is getting worried about the lateness of the season, or maybe he's getting soft-hearted, or maybe he has only one left and wants to close his books. They're silly, too.

The gamblers come in June and even early July. They figure that if there is anything unrented this late in the season, they'll pick it up for peanuts. They're just as silly as the rest.

After renting, the next step is moving. There are three groups here too. These groups divide up according to children. One week before school closes half the renters arrive. Their kids are smart—so what if they'll miss a week? And anyway, what can they learn in the last week?

The day after school closes the other two groups come up. The families of the really smart kids—you have to work at being smart—and the households of the not-so-smart ones. Why should you take a chance just for five days?

As for transportation, there are cars, trucks, taxis, station wagons, limousines and a peculiar vehicle known as a hack. Hacks are 1928 model Cadillacs, Lincolns, or Packards, the biggest sizes made. They appear only during kochalein season. The rest of the year their owners spend in Florida. They can afford it.

The luggage compartments of all bulge with trunks, suitcases, handbags, satchels, Gladstone bags, and old-country wicker *kezinehs*. Strapped on the roofs are baby carriages, playpens, cribs, mattresses, and high chairs. Crushed into the front seat with the driver are the adults—the children ride precariously on a mound of bedding, dishes, coats, food, and toys in the rear.

Police in the back country roads used to do all right with such charges as overloading, freighting without a license, obscuring the driver's vision, and other assorted infractions. But even the police can stand only so much. In one town on Route 17 the officers admit they hide during the first two weeks of September and the last two of June. It isn't worth it, they say.

Arriving at their home-away-from-home, the kochaleiniks unpack while the landlord stands by. He is there to forestall complaints. The newly arrived householders now see that the new bed (guaranteed) was not moved in; that the mattress (absolutely) is the same one they rebelled against last summer; and that the sink (I give you my word) is still rusty. If the landlord waited until mamma had the whole list in her head and came looking for him, he'd have trouble. This way, as she calls out her complaints one by one, he escapes trouble with the same answer.

"Don't worry, we'll take care of it as soon as you're settled."

In a kochalein the settling process takes until August 1. After that you're thinking about going home. Obviously, then it's too late to do any major repairs or changes. As for next season, he'll have it all fixed up by then.

To fix yourself and the kids (that's the reason for all this, remember?) you need food, air, and loose clothing. The air is already there and the clothing you start loosening on the way up. So food becomes important.

The first days' meals are no problem. In the load of furniture, clothing, and kids there was a long paper bag. The poundages vary from kochaleinik to kochaleinik, but the ingredients are standard: a dozen large rolls, a pumpernickel, a pound of corned beef, a half pound of pastrami, pickles, mustard,

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sauerkraut, sour tomatoes, bagel, lox, cheese, and a large smoked white fish. It's quite satisfactory. When this is gone, about the time the husband leaves to go back to work, the real struggle to keep alive begins.

This struggle with the elements takes a good part of the time and thought of the female kochaleinik. (In kochalein country the local farmers and food purveyors are part of the elements.)

Milk is easy to come by. For not a penny a quart more than you pay in the city you can get fresh, whole, country milk. But healthy.

Eggs and chickens are no problem. The landlord or the farmer next door has a few chickens. The eggs are so fresh they're still stuck with feathers and dirt. Once a week, on Thursday or Friday, the local *schochet* comes to *koileh* the chickens. And who needs chicken except on Friday night?

Vegetables, home grown, and staples, city imported, are available from the landlord's own store. It's not really a store. The landlord is the first to admit it. It's a service to the renters run—almost—without profit. The vegetables are good, vine-ripened. They come from the farm down the road. By some peculiarity of capitalist economics they cost just a little more than the same vegetables—picked, packed, and shipped to New York—bought at a high-rent greengrocers.

The landlord explains it this way, "But this is fresh picked. All the vitamins. It's not worth a penny more?"

Sure it is.

Meats are a bit more complicated. To get kosher meat the women have to go to the Village. (In the Mountains it might be a bustling city of twenty-five thousand with six five-and-ten-cent stores and two movies. But to the kochaleiniks it's always the Village.) The butcher will deliver a phone order but what kind of a *berieh* will buy a piece of meat without seeing it cut and weighed? Who can trust those butchers?

Twice a week the women go to the Village to shop. Probably they need only two lamb chops for the baby, but they go to shop. In the butcher shop they meet all the other women from all the other kochaleins, all in to see a piece meat. While they're there they step into the ten-cent store, the department store, and the specialty shoppe to price that shorts and halter set.

PREPARING the food involves the real heartbreak. The facilities are limited, the children are underfoot when they should be outside, and four miles away when they should be eating. And there are too many women anyway. The competition is terrific.

This kitchen in one kochalein is in a great, overbuilt farmhouse. The place is big enough to feed a large hotel. But it has more cooks. It serves fifteen families. Against opposite walls are two rows of stoves, seven on one side, eight on the other. Over each stove is a cupboard. The third wall has five sinks and against the fourth are food closets from floor to ceiling. Each food closet door has large staples with burglar-proof locks. Down the center of the room runs a large worktable. The layout, with some minor differences, is fairly standard.

At breakfast the kitchen is almost seemly. Breakfast depends on so many factors—the age of the children, the weight of the mother, how simply exhausted she is, and what did she do last night. Lunchtime varies too. And anyway, did anyone come up to the country to spend the day in the kitchen? The kids won't sit still long enough to eat a hot meal. The store carries several well-known brands of salami, baloney, and wurst.

Suppers follow a weekly pattern. Monday isn't so bad. The mothers are tired from the weekend and there's always something left over from Sunday. It doesn't spoil in one day. Tuesday, some energy returns and hot meals appear. Wednesday is movie night in the Village. And when it's hot what can be better than sour cream and farmer cheese? Thursday you eat lightly because tomorrow is Friday. On Friday—the men are coming—all week they ate in restaurants, you don't know what *chazerei*—and there's only two days to fix them up.

ON FRIDAY it starts after a hurried lunch. Fifteen women assisted by assorted older daughters and female relatives working over fifteen stoves and five sinks. Plus a recapitulation of the week's events, mamma's favorite recipe, and that Mrs. Field down the road. As an overtone, each cook deprecates her own *meichel* while all tied up inside trying to outdo her neighbors.

The job is harder than it appears at first. The competition. Friday night these women all have chicken because the *schochet* comes

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only once a week—and once a week you need chicken, no? Fifteen different ways of preparing chicken, each way better than the other fourteen. It's impossible in the city—in the country, in a kochalein kitchen, it happens.

There are other niceties and excitements on Friday in the kitchen. That's the day for healing old wounds, ending established feuds—and starting new ones. Fifteen female cooks and at least fifteen female helpers—it's impossible.

Mrs. Miller has just pulled the innards out of a chicken and she runs to the sink with her hands held far out in front of her. She wants wash water and she wants it fast. (The only drawback to killed-on-the-farm chicken is that it comes complete.) The first sink she gets to, they're all taken, is the one where Mrs. Berg is carefully running cold water through a sieve filled with *luckschen* for *kugel*. Mrs. Berg cannot stop this process because if she does the *kugel* won't have the proper crispness on the outside and the proper softness on the inside. Mrs. Miller, however, can't wait because her hands are so dirty and smelly she'll get sick. That's enough to start this week's feud.

The words that start the imbroglio are unimportant. They depend on the chronological age of the participants, their ages relative to each other, and their respective social stratum both at home and in the kochalein.

(Mostly the kochalein is a sound democratic force, a leveler, with divergent social and educational groups meeting on an even plane. Mr. Berg is a cloaks' operator, Mr. Miller is a candy-store owner, Mr. Levine owns a dress factory, and Mr. Goldquist is a doctor of medicine.)

The Miller-Berg feud is on. When Mr. Miller and Mr. Berg arrive that Friday evening they are at a loss. All last weekend they had played pinochile and all the way up on the train they had discussed pinochle. Now their wives get mad if the men as much as look at each other.

On Mrs. Berg's left is Mrs. Blatt. Two Fridays ago they had a misunderstanding about accidentally spilling some hot chicken fat over some cold tomatoes. Since then there had been a cold, voiceless haughtiness between them. But tomatoes are tomatoes and a *kugel* is a *kugel*—right is right. So Mrs. Berg explains the whole thing to Mrs. Blatt. Mrs. Blatt is properly sympathetic. She remembers a ruined *kugel* herself.

For all that the dinners get cooked—and well cooked. At seven they are simmering redolently on fifteen stoves awaiting fifteen work-weary and restaurant-starved husbands.

Men going to the country for a weekend pack according to a peculiar pattern. Their clothes they carry in packages, while their suitcases bulge with treasure from the delicatessens and appetizing stores. Blame the landlord—he doesn't hold with food from the city. It's not that he minds losing the business, but bringing food from the city is a personal reflection on his prices and quality. City food brings mice, too. The landlord's displeasure is important when it comes to small repairs—the rent is already paid. So the lox and corned beef ride in the suitcase.

When the men have paid their three dollars a head for a three-mile ride from the station they look for their wives in the line of women on the porch. It's not always easy to find your own wife right away. The clothes always differ from last week's ensemble, and are unfamiliar anyway.

The men wash and change into slacks and sport shirts, the dining room fills up, and the festivities begin. (Mr. Green doesn't change into a sport shirt. He wears a white shirt and tie all weekend. There's a Mr. Green at every kochalein.)

It's a close fit in the dining room on Friday night. The old customers are near the windows and near the kitchen. The new Mrs. Litwin, it's her first year, is over in the corner. Mr. Litwin is inconsiderate. First he complains that by the time his wife brings the soup it might as well be cold borscht. Then he complains that it's so hot in his corner that everything tastes fried.

The decibel level in the room is high. Fifty per cent adult women noise. Forty-nine per cent piping children noise and one per cent "yes," "hum," and "uhhuh" from the men.

After supper the men drift outside and lower themselves onto the porch rockers. In the dark they surreptitiously loosen their belts. If their wives have really outdone themselves, they open the top pants button. The women and children—that is, those children whose parents believe in the *potch* and *frosk* method of raising children—clear

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and wash the dishes. A half hour of the clean piney air and the men are ready for the evening's entertainment.

At an unspoken signal they drift back inside to the dining room. In a few moments the tables have been rearranged and two large poker games, six pinochle sets, three gin groups, and one persistent mah-jongg game are going. One foursome plays bridge. They don't really belong.

Shortly after the games are started the windows are closed against drafts. As the night progresses the cigarette, pipe, and cigar smoke solidifies. At twelve there is a break for coffee, tea, and cake. Of course, there's always some *balagoleh* who demands a thick sandwich. The refreshments do not interrupt the important business of cards. But eventually they all go to bed; you sleep well after a day in the country.

Saturday night's entertainment is different. It's a peculiar fact, but with all the space in the Mountains ninety-three per cent of all kochaleins are within walking distance of a hotel or summer camp that has professional entertainment and a dance band. One explanation is that the rent of kochaleins is determined in part by the quality of this nearby—and free—entertainment. One enterprising entrepreneur even used it in his advertising. But that's misrepresentation. He couldn't guarantee entrance.

In the old days—at least eight years ago—hotel owners didn't mind the Saturday evening visitors. True, they took all the front seats at the show, they filled the bar with beer drinkers and discouraged the scotch drinkers, but it helped to have some men around. It looks bad when most of the couples on the dance floor are women. But like all good things, it was overdone. This explains why high-priced, high-entertainment-level summer places are more closely guarded than Fort Knox. It doesn't help, though. Kochaleiniks are smarter than guards.

This perennial struggle has been known to precipitate serious diplomatic incidents. There are two fine camps up in the Mountains within a mile of each other. One belongs to an international union, the other to a school. The school camp, open to anyone with the steep price, is known for its shows. It is, therefore, surrounded by a stout wire fence and patrolled by private guards.

One summer Saturday night the union president, a frequent visitor to the White House, walked over to the neighboring camp. His union and the school were quite friendly, and he knew the manager of the camp personally. A private policeman, complete with Sam Browne belt and large pistol, stopped him at the gate and asked for his registration card.

"I'm the president of the union over there," the labor leader explained.

"Can't get in unless you're registered," the cop answered brusquely. He knew all, or almost all, the dodges of kochaleiniks.

"But I'm Phillip Philipson, president of the union," the visitor cried angrily.

"I don't care if you're the President of the United States. You can't see our show for nothing." The cop was a Republican

They say that Mr. Philipson hasn't visited his friends since.

Too bad the union president didn't succeed in getting in. He would have found most of the adult population of the dozen kochaleins in the neighborhood calmly watching the show—many of them members of his own union.

How they get in is a secret. Some know the right combination of dress and manner to awe the cop. Some have boats cached away and know of secret landing places. There are even claims that kochaleiniks train their children to open secret holes in the steel barricades. But mostly it's a secret. And when the camp owners discover the latest loophole, the visitors invent a new one. For every new defense there is always a new, more powerful offense.

ALTHOUGH the kochalein comes alive to the husband only on weekends, it still goes on during the week. In his absence, it fixes his wives and children. Most important are the wives, in kochaleins, as elsewhere.

Some wives take the whole-summer-in-the-country idea seriously. They shepherd the kids through planned activities, play games with them, sit in the sun, and go swimming. The first year they even bring their tennis rackets along. This kind of progressivism is accepted by the other women with knowing smiles. They were young once themselves. But can you live and bring up children with books?

As for older and wiser women, either they

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play mah-jongg when they should be taking care of their children, or they play the latest variation of gin rummy until long-after-they-should-have-been-in-bed-already. For casual dress, bathing suits are worn. But the bathing suits cannot be of knitted cloth. They must be of woven material. I think they're called dressmaker suits. For more formal occasions they wear shorts and halters or slacks and halters. Usually the ones who wear slacks should wear shorts and the ones who wear shorts should stay home.

The conversation is pretty stylized, too. "Did the baby go from baby foods to junior foods and why doesn't my Leslie eat like your kids." "David got the same spots after eating tomatoes as your Philip got from peaches." "I could never use Birdseye diapers on my babies. They have such tender skins."

In between there's always a youngster who comes crying because he lost his toy or because he didn't lose his toy.

SADDEST denizen of the kochalein is the husband on vacation. Two weeks of ease and comfort and not another human being around who even cares how the Dodgers are making out, or who can intelligently meld a pinochle hand. He gets up early because the kids are in the next room and the walls are paper thin. Fourteen days in the whole year when he can honestly sleep late, and he has to spend them at a kochalein.

During the day he wanders about looking, he doesn't know for what. Nothing is as it should be. In the evening you can't get a *News* or *Mirror* for a dollar and in the morning there's some kind of skinny paper with a strange name. He plays with the kids for a while but there are too many of them, and you can't slap someone else's kids. So he goes and talks to the landlord about the price of new sinks. As if he cares.

In the afternoon he tries to take a nap. It's easier to sleep in the zoo. Later he wanders into the kitchen for a glass of tea to pass the time away. Once inside the door, once he hears the noises of thirty women preparing dinner, he rushes out. It's a long time till Friday when the rest of the men come out.

Lately some of the progressive mothers have introduced new "improvements." In one community they now have weekly "cookouts." It's for the kids. And the kids weren't happy before they invented "cookouts"?

First they badgered the landlord into building an outdoor grill. Now he has the job of providing charcoal for the fire. In mid-morning of cookout day the women start gathering before the grill. As soon as they are all gathered they break away to bring half their belongings to the cookout. They bring most of what is in the icebox, also tables, chairs, silverware, and dishes, plus things to keep the children quiet.

For years these same women sterilized bottles, toys, and everything that went in or near their kids. Now they drag them through the cinders to the cookout.

No one knows how to build a fire, so either there's a roaring furnace that engulfs everything on the grill or a puny little flame that won't even warm your hands. And while the fire is abuilding the kids are underfoot and half inside the firebox. Why don't women ever get ulcers?

Main cookout dish is hamburgers. Very healthy when cooked on an outdoor grill. These hamburgers, we would have you know, are made of the finest beefsteak chopped.

Unhappily, they are charred black on the outside and dripping raw on the inside. But in the country it's healthy.

From all this you guess that the march of progressive education and scientific child upbringing is beginning to be felt by the world of the kochalein. The cookout is only a harbinger of aberrations to come, novelties that if continued will wipe out the whole *geshmak* of kochalein living. For either you have kochaleins or you have Dr. Gesell. You can't have both.

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CEDARS OF LEBANON

TALMUDIC PROVERBS

Dreams, Money, Free Will, Heaven, and Other Themes

"Rav Nahman said: [This is] like a great palace with many thresholds, so that all who enter become lost and cannot leave the palace. Till a clever man comes and takes a hempen strand and ties it to one of the thresholds and enters the palace through that threshold, and leaves by the same threshold; then everyone begins to enter and leave through that threshold with the strand. Thus, before Solomon's time, no man could comprehend the words of the Torah; after Solomon's time, they all began to understand the Torah" (Midrash on Eccles. 12:9).

The following proverbs, culled from the 2,301 proverbs collected and annotated by Bialik and Revenitzky in the sixth volume of their *Sefer Ha-Agadah,* stand in the Babylonian and Palestinian Talmud as well as in the apocryphal volumes of the same period, alongside the essentially legal and homiletic matter. They represented more than just "homely common sense" to the Talmudic editors; they had the authority of Solomon's divine wisdom. As the midrash puts it, they were the guiding threads through the labyrinth of the Torah.

A single glance will reveal that these are not traditional moralisms, but authentic folk wisdom, disturbing, hard, sharp, and vehement. The epigones' comment on their inferiority to the heroic patriarchs is not oriental reverence; it is the strongest sort of self-appraisal by a people shaken with the advent of Christianity. Heaven's indifference to humanity, to whom it gives, but from whom it rarely takes back, is tragic and unpathetic. The famous Jewish wit is already present, and in this respect there is a direct line from these proverbs to the Yiddish. But it also stands in contrast to later Jewish humor: it is throughout wry, but not bitter; objective, but not tangential; and most important, incisive, and not violent.—Jacob Sloan

Anti-Semitism

One Haman is worth six hundred thousand prophets.

Everyone who persecutes Israel ends as a leader.

Consequences

Tie a broken pot to the tail of a dog, and he will do his part.

The ox has fallen—sharpen the knife.

If there were no mouse, what would the hole do?

Dreams and Sleep

Sleep is the beginning of ruin.

In dreams, men are shown the thoughts of the heart.

One dream in sixty is a prophecy.

Epigones

Our fathers said: "We have forgotten the good things that were"—we have never seen them with our own eyes.

Our fathers wrecked the ceiling—we have shaken the walls.

The men of old plowed and sowed—we have not the mouths to eat.

Better the fingernails of the men of old than the bellies of the men of today.

The wisdom of the men of old was as wide as the threshold of a hall, that of those who followed them like the threshold of a house—and we and our wisdom are like the eye of a needle.

The ill-temper of the fathers, rather than the good-temper of the sons.

In the past the asses used to pull the wagons—nowadays the wagons pull the asses.

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Free Will

She began under compulsion, and ended of her own free will.

Humility

Be cursed, but do not curse.

God

Would that the Compassionate One might become angry enough to redeem us, against his will!

Would that they deserted Me, and kept My Torah!

What have you to do with the secrets of the Compassionate One?

Heaven

We do not listen to voices from heaven.

Audacity helps even in things that have to do with heaven.

We have learned that Heaven gives but does not take back.

Illusion and Delusion

At night, a burning coal—in the morning, nothing but a worm.

He who translates a verse literally is a liar.

He who cannot beat the donkey, beats the saddle.

Money

Money purifies bastards.

Misfortune

Poverty follows the poor man.

There isn't a penny for food, but there is for misfortune.

Mortality

No man dies save it be from boredom.

It were better for a man not to have been created than to have been created.

Paradoxes

If a man profit, he gains a cinder; if he loses, he loses a jewel.

Stripped naked, and making beautiful shoes!

Power

Every revolution that does not proceed from the great is no revolution.

The magnitude of the error according to the brilliance of the errer.

Flay carcasses in the market place, and deal in money, and do not say: I am a great man.

Proportions

The well is not to be filled by its pit.

No tree is ever cut down, save it be by its own kind.

Here is the boat; now bring the river.

Break the jug, and guard the wine that is in it.

When a dog barks at you, go into the house; a lion—run out.

Reality

Words that remain in the heart are no words.

Reputation

When a man from Narsha kisses you, count your teeth.

Men are recognized by three things: their pockets, their cups, and their anger.

Scholarship

Whores rouge one another—how much more so scholars!

Self-Interest

No man sins for the sake of anyone but himself.

No man divorces the wife of his fellow.

No man is forward with his creditor.

No man thinks himself wicked.

Men will be led on the path they wish to take.

First beautify yourself, and then beautify others.

The Sexes

There is no legal guardian over sex.

Woman carries her weapons on her.

If he is lucky, his wife is his helpmeet; if he is unlucky, she is against him.

While you're protecting the foolish women, come and protect the clever ones as well.

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Scepticism

Respect him and suspect him.
All this—and perhaps!
Everyone is considered blind.

Youth and Old Age

The construction of the young is destruction; the destruction of the old, construction.

The cow wishes to give suck more than the calf to suck.

Torah

The Writ spoke in terms of the reality of things.

In the hour of oppression the Law is different.

Torah that comes from no school is no Torah.

Custom annuls law.

Truth and Falsehood

A lie that is not a truth to begin with cannot stand.

Wisdom and Folly

The camel went looking for horns, and had its ears cut off.

Woe to him who has no courtyard, and makes a courtyard-gate!

It is easy to go up to the stage, and hard to go down.

Social Relations

It is permissible for a man to describe himself in a place where he is not known.

I know myself I am no priest; if my fellows say to me, "Go up to give the priests' blessing"—I shall go up.

Not the mouse but the hole is the thief.

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ON THE HORIZON

A YEAR OF JEWISH MUSIC

Creative Effort in Concert Hall and Synagogue

KURT LIST

JEWISH musical life in New York in the past season did not differ markedly from that of the previous one.* However, it seemed to highlight more sharply the perennial problems and the inherent contradictions of Jewish music in the American scene.

In general, there was somewhat less activity this year than last, noticeable mainly in the reduced volume of newly-composed or published Jewish music. Performances, however, went on as previously. The old-established Sabbath Eve Festivals at the Park Avenue Synagogue, the Festival of Jewish Arts at Carnegie Hall and the Music Festival at Temple Emanu-El were the most publicized events. In addition, there were the expanded activities of the Vinaver Chorus, whose concerts grew from one in the previous season to three, with each one repeated, as well as several recitals at the newly-founded Jewish Museum. The activities of the music section of the National Jewish Welfare Board proved, also, to be of great significance, not so much for what they were—mainly the publication of bulletins, the awarding of prizes for compositions, and the active steps taken to encourage large symphonic organizations and radio stations to perform music by Jewish composers during the month of the Jewish Music Festival—but because of its assumption of the role of "official" spokesman of Jewish music.

The present article, let me warn the reader in advance, does not attempt a complete survey of all musical activities in the Jewish community. It did not seem profitable to investigate the routine performances of sacred music that have been conducted in the regular synagogue services in Orthodox, Conservative, semi-Reform, or Reform manner, respectively, for many decades now. Nor is there much point in evaluating concerts unless these indicated a definitive trend toward either the solution or the negation of the problem of a symbiosis between Western and Jewish culture. Accordingly the events discussed here are not necessarily the ones that involved a majority of the community, but they are certainly those which for either external (investment of time, money, and publicity) or internal reasons (experiment toward aesthetic solutions) will

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THIS department—in which cultural and social trends and events are reported—this month presents an analysis and survey of activities in the field of Jewish music during 1948. One of America's most stimulating and scholarly music critics, KURT LIST is well known to COMMENTARY readers for his articles on George Gershwin, Jerome Kern, Jewish music on records, and most recently (November 1948), his report on Arnold Schoenberg's latest work. Dr. List's writing has appeared in many periodicals; and his musical compositions have been performed by the International Society for Contemporary Music, at Town Hall, and over the radio. He is at present preparing a book on Edgar Varèse.

* See "The Renaissance of Jewish Music" by the same author in COMMENTARY, December 1947.

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have the strongest influence on the evolution of Jewish cultural life.

To one who, like this writer, has taken great pains not to become involved in the internecine organizational struggles or politics of the Jewish musical community, it is sad to see how many of the performances and how much of the quality of the music itself was colored by factional considerations. Even the veteran music critic, fully acquainted with such widely different bodies as the League of Composers, the National Concert and Artists Corporation, and the Metropolitan Opera, is amazed at the extent to which intrigue seems to preoccupy those engaged professionally in Jewish music.

The lack of ambition—that is, the basic lack of interest in the material itself—shown by those who regard their functions as Jewish music directors or composers as just jobs, is responsible for the mediocre scores and performances that, by and large, have become so characteristic of Jewish musical events. But even greater damage is done by those artists who seem to consider their positions primarily as vantage-points for self-aggrandizement. Their commercial attitude is all the more anomalous since the Jewish scene is practically the only place left in America where music is not a mere commodity, tailored and processed by managers and large industrial interests such as radio networks and record companies. Jewish music is an ideal and a cause on which many patrons are willing to spend a great deal of money, and make real sacrifices regardless of the eventual results. It is doubly heartbreaking to see it become the object of self-seeking exploitation.

This commercialism is not restricted solely to the composer who wants to make his product pleasant and acceptable to a public which he apparently conceives of as a conglomeration of simpletons; more often it is manifested in priority given to their own publicity by organizations supposedly sponsoring creativity in Jewish music. The music section of the National Jewish Welfare Board recently rejected a prominent conductor's offer to have the prize-winning symphony of its contest performed at Hunter College, on the grounds that "the press does not go to these concerts." It is this hunger for publicity that not only deprives composers of performances that might be important to them, press or no press, but also leads to the choice of only such works as are apt to meet with the widest critical—i.e. uncritical—approval. The hope of such approval will hardly inspire any truly serious artist to ambitious work.

In general, the craving for publicity in the Jewish musical world reflects the yearning for recognition by those who know fame and fortune in the world "outside." What better way to do this than to commission prominent American composers for Jewish festivals? It hardly matters that their work has nothing to do with the problem of Jewish music in a Western world. No matter, either, whether the music itself is good or bad; if the composer is well enough known, the performance will attract attention. Thus in the music festivals of the Park Avenue Synagogue and the Temple Emanu-El, we hear music that distinguishes itself from the drab evenings of the League of Composers or any other middle-of-the-road musical organization only by the fact that some of it is written to Hebrew words or decorated with Hebrew titles, and that some professional Jewish composers participate—often on the strength of organizational connections. The Park Avenue Synagogue distributes parts of its Sabbath Eve services to composers of international fame, such as Darius Milhaud, Leonard Bernstein, Kurt Weill, Douglas Moore; other parts to composers prominent in the community, such as Max Helfman and Frederick Jacobi; and still other parts to a few who have reached prominence in Israel, such as Yedidiah Gorochov, Salomo Rosowsky, and Robert Starer. The result is an unbelievable hodge-podge, with as many divergencies of style as composers. Thus only a very small amount of good music comes out of this (as always, Ernest Bloch's *Va-anachnu* was the most in-

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teresting this year). And certainly no coherent sacred service emerges—and surely that should be a prime consideration in a house of worship.

One has less fault to find with the efforts of the Temple Emanu-El, mainly because its music director, Lazare Saminsky, is a musician of taste and experience. Three concerts, of music from Scandinavia, the Northlands and America, and the Celtic North, respectively, proved mildly interesting. The performances were fair, and the compositions by and large up to the level of most concerts of contemporary music today. True, it is a nice gesture for a synagogue to encourage the dissemination of folk and uneventful contemporary music. On the other hand, one fails to see what Temple Emanu-El aims to accomplish for itself with these replicas of Museum of Modern Art concerts. Certainly they do not further Jewish culture; nor do they offer encouragement to the more advanced contemporary composers. The schools of music that have shown a path-breaking, experimental attitude—that is, the expressionist composers under the inspiration of Schoenberg, the composers who have explored the possibilities of sound such as Varèse, or even composers who write in their own froward and individualistic styles—such as Charles Ives, Roger Sessions, and Carl Ruggles—have remained consistently and conspicuously absent from the programs of the festivals of both temples mentioned above.

THERE is one sector of Jewish life where music is definitely a commodity, and this is among the people who frequent the Yiddish theaters, cabarets, and vaudeville houses. They often show appreciation for the well-turned virtuoso phrase of a cantor from East Europe, but seldom for musical quality as such. The bulk of published scores of Jewish music falls into this category of cabaret music. It is of little direct influence on the American Jewish community, although the texture and sentiment of such songs as *Meidel, Meidel, Hob Mich Lieb* can often be found in more serious contemporary Jewish compositions that try to achieve a certain "authenticity." At best these tunes are related to the modern Jewish community the way a cowboy song is to some of the more populist American compositions, like those by Elie Siegmeister and Ernst Bacon.

More interesting is the attempt of some of the cabaret composers to break into the serious field, of which the *Quartet in C minor* by Sholom Secunda, performed under the auspices of the School of Jewish Studies, was a most significant example, mixing cabaret *schmaltz* with the austerity of the Brahmsian conception of chamber music. That it was accepted by its audience can be attributed partly to the public's familiarity with current mixtures of folk tune and art texture in recent "progressive" American scores, and partly to the nostalgia such music engenders in the older generation of American Jews. It would be a serious blow, however, were the American Jewish community to adopt such music as an authentic Jewish style, an eventuality that is, alas, not as far-fetched as it seems. This combination of the strictly commercial prowess of cabaret musicians with a sentimental plucking of the heart-strings can contrive the appearance of a certain sincerity and genuineness that may have charms for the less initiated listener who is proud of his *heimishe* background.

IN ADDITION to an excessively commercial and monolithic approach, it is often merely plain musical ignorance that helps keep Jewish music on such a deplorable level. A vivid example of this was given at the celebration of the first anniversary of the Jewish Museum, at which Dr. Simon Greenberg, acting president of the Jewish Theological Seminary, stressed the importance of high aesthetic standards in the Jewish community —standards to which he pledged the Museum. His speech was followed by an interlude at the organ that consisted of about the worst possible medley of cheap Israeli melodies, thrown together in a texture of half-popular, half-Second Avenue electric-organ effects that reminded one painfully of matinees at the Paramount. No doubt, the

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Museum is sincere in its desire for high standards, but there seems also to be no doubt that its leading executives have not the faintest idea of what music is, nor the taste to judge it. (This writer did not attend a series of organ recitals offered at the Museum by Alexander Richardson. But the announced choice of composers, ranging from Jacob Weinberg and Lazare Saminsky to A. W. Binder and Joachim Stutchewsky, follow the routine uninspired pattern of most affairs of this kind).

THE behavior and attitudes of the persons who form the theory and practice of Jewish musical life may perhaps improve with time. But the political attitudes of Jews, as Jews, today form a more serious stumbling block to a natural development of Jewish music. One felt this increasingly as the tension in Palestine heightened. Israeli music played a substantial role in the Jewish concerts for the first time in the 1947-8 season; and what was presented will undoubtedly exert a strong influence on musicians.

Israeli music first appeared hand in hand with the idea of Jewish solidarity. But that solidarity has become identified, in the context of music, with the inferior variety of Palestinian music that first came to our ears, and there is danger that a new myth of "authenticity" has been developed on the basis of this. Whether it was out of ignorance or lack of real interest, or whether no other scores were available, the fact remains that what one heard of Palestinian music was of the worst kind, and most frequently reminiscent of cheap and antiquated Continental café music. (This is as yet the only music of Israel with which the writer is acquainted. But Dr. Peter Grandenwitz,* a first-rate musician and working music critic of Tel Aviv, informs me that the Israeli music performed here is not at all representative of the younger generation of Israeli composers, who are deeply conscious of their artistic responsibilities and combine experimental spirit in aesthetic questions with the desire to create a new national Jewish music.)

Thus the works by Joachim Stutchewsky, Robert Starer, Nachum Nardi, Yedidiah Gorochov, and Salomo Rosowsky that were performed at an evening of the Jewish Music Forum, held at the Society for the Advancement of Judaism, all had one thing in common: despite individual differences, a complacent, comfortable expression of musical ideas that were as old and shabby as the cheap semi-Oriental, semi-Slavic salon music of the 19th century from which these works obviously took their inspiration.

The one piece that formed an exception was Mordechai Starominsky's *Choral Suite,* performed by the Vinaver Chorus, which proved to be an ambitious effort in its sensitive application of modal harmony, driving rhythm, and originality of atmosphere. It is by no means iconoclastic (none of the Israeli compositions heard here seemed occupied with the combined problem of polyphony and rhythm), but at least it recognized the necessity of approaching one facet—the rhythmical—of contemporary music.

Conversely, when our own composers try to work in what they call the "Israeli medium" they show themselves prone to imitate the cheap music of Israel they hear in American performances. This is only natural: with the political issues involved close to one's heart, and lacking acquaintance with any but the worst of the Yishuv's music, aesthetic barriers come down and political sentiment wins out. Thus Jacob Weinberg's oratorio, *Isaiah,* which was performed at the Festival of Jewish Arts, did not sound substantially different from the works of the Israeli composers Starer, Rosowsky, Gorochov, and Nardi heard on the same program. This, despite the fact that Mr. Weinberg is a far more experienced and accomplished craftsman than most of his colleagues.

Similarly, as Dr. Gradenwitz informs this writer, the music of our own American Jewish composers that is performed in Israel represents only the very lowest level, and the younger generation of Israelis has become,

* Peter Gradenwitz's appraisal of American-issued Israeli music and his observations on Israeli music itself, will appear in a forthcoming issue of COMMENTARY—ED.

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on the basis of this evidence, contemptuous of our music. Occasionally, however, superhuman efforts are enlisted to perform a more valuable and experimental piece of American Jewish music in Israel. Thus Dr. Gradenwitz is preparing a performance of Schoenberg's *Kol Nidre* for the next season there. But these more adventurous enterprises are rare and seldom reach the public limelight. In any case there is a lack of contact between our serious musicians and those of Israel. Although both here and there some Jewish composers write good and ambitious music, they remain unaware of one another. Thus, while we have come to assume on the evidence heard so far that there is no creative originality whatsoever in Israel, our more sensitive Israeli colleagues seem to assume the same for us. So Jewish music written in America is degraded not only at home, but apparently abroad in equal measure.

EVEN though what has been said adds up to a very gloomy picture, one need not wholly despair. There are some hopeful phenomena in Jewish musical life, notably in those spheres relatively free from vested organizational interests.

Most important here is the work of Ernest Bloch, which was heard *in extenso* at a festival of his music held at the Juilliard School and at an evening of the Jewish Museum. The release of the recording of his *Second String Quartet* (International Records IM-302) and the republication of his *Trois Poèmes Juifs* (Schirmer's) made the past season a veritable, and very welcome, Bloch year. (It was only slightly spoiled by the low performance level of the concert at the Jewish Museum.)

Bloch is both an exceptional case as a creative artist and a typical phenomenon in the alternate acceptance and rejection he has experienced from an ungrateful audience. He has been hailed as the typical American composer for his *American Rhapsody;* as a significant Swiss composer for his symphonic fresco, *Helvetia;* and as a typically Jewish composer for such works as the *Israel Symphony,* the 'cello rhapsody *Schelomo,* the sacred service *Avodat hakodesh,* the symphonic poem *Voice in the Wilderness,* the violin-piano sketches *Baal Shem* and *Avodah,* the 'cello-piano pieces *From Jewish Life* and *Méditation hébraique,* and the already mentioned *Trois Poèmes Juifs.* In the early 20's his music was considered chic by the pseudo-bohemians, who have now quite abandoned it. True, Bloch is neither a visionary of the stature of a Schoenberg, nor a percussive Orientalist of the dimensions of a Stravinsky, but he is of extreme importance to Jewish music because he so consciously endeavors to render for us his musical experience as a Jew.

Bloch writes music with Jewish flavor—that is to say, music into which there is infused the melos of the service, of the Hasidim, even of the theater—not for extraneous reasons, but because of a logic that emanates from his inner experience. His use of traditional Jewish melos, no matter how watered down it may be, does not amount to mere excerpts from a melody but is an invariably essential interweaving of his own musical originality with the borrowed folklore. In his works folklore themes sound as representatively Blochian as his freely invented Jewish themes sound authentically folkloristic. This is accomplished, in the main, by tremendous solidity of craftsmanship, a solidity no other professional Jewish composer can match, and this carries Bloch through all his works, whether impressionistic, nationalistic, or Jewish. The climate may change slightly, but first and foremost stands the fact that each work is unmistakably Bloch.

BLOCH'S weak point lies in an occasional wavering between atmosphere and the use of experience that has not always been fully apprehended or digested. Yet his great talent helps him almost always to remain true to himself, and thus he is able to fill his chosen role as the *modern* Jewish composer. Bloch himself defines his aims and attitude in these words: "It is not my desire to attempt a 'reconstitution' of Jewish music.

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. . . It is the Jewish soul that interests me, the complex, glowing agitated soul that I feel vibrating through the Bible. . . . In my work termed 'Jewish' . . . I have not approached the problem from without—by employing melodies more or less authentic (frequently borrowed from or under the influence of other nations) or 'Oriental' formulas, rhythms, or intervals, more or less sacred. No! I have but listened to an inner voice, deep, secret, insistent, ardent, an instinct much more than cold and dry reason, a voice which seemed to come from far beyond myself, far beyond my parents . . . a voice which surged up in me on reading certain passages in the Bible, Job, Ecclesiastes, the Psalms, the Prophets. . . . This entire Jewish heritage moved me deeply, it was reborn in my music. To what extent it is Jewish, to what extent it is just Ernest Bloch, of that I know nothing. The future alone will decide."

This dependence on inner experience reaches its height in the *Sacred Service,* where the composer is little concerned with liturgical formalism or the emulation of *hazanic* practice. Of this *Service,* he says that in it "the words express the hope, the ardent desire, that one day men may at last recognize that they are all brothers and may live in harmony and in peace." It was this humanist idea, and not an institutionalized religious approach, that enabled him to create a great modern Jewish service.

If Jewish composers ever needed to be taught the lesson that great music, Jewish or otherwise, can come only from the inner self, they certainly needed it in the past season. And if ever one man could give them this lesson, it was Ernest Bloch. That such non-Jewish organizations as the Juilliard School, Schirmer's Publications, and International Records were instrumental in bringing his music to life only proves how negligent our Jewish institutions are with regard to the truly modern tradition of Jewish composers.

BLOCH was not the only bright spot. The announcement of the projected publication of a *Jewish Song Book,* a compilation of the songs of the entire Jewish religious year for Orthodox, Conservative, and Reform communities arranged by the late A. Z. Idelsohn, to be distributed here and abroad, proves that certain sections of the community are still aware of the necessity for standards and tolerance. Although it is impossible to evaluate this work before examining it carefully, the fact that it is based upon the work of so eminent and unassailable a scholar as Idelsohn, and that it attempts to encompass all shades of Jewish worship, testifies to the integrity of its sponsors.

That the publication of this book has encountered very many material difficulties so far is characteristic, once more, of a situation in which money gets thrown about on all sorts of fashionable and organizationally entrenched enterprises, most of them worthless, but in which nobody seems to want to take a chance on serious ventures.

Definitely on the plus side is also the publication of Volume III of the *Cantorial Anthology,* compiled and edited by Gershon Ephros (Bloch Publishing Company). This volume deals with the *Sholosh R'golim,* the chants of the three festivals, and assembles the various musical prayers widely used in present-day synagogue practice. Traditional and contemporary settings are juxtaposed and give the reader a vivid picture of the divergency and essential disorientation of contemporary religious life.

Mr. Ephros' rich knowledge of Jewish music and his scholarly thoroughness have helped to make this volume a valuable cross-section of modern religious practice. If the music is poor in most of the contemporary examples and if the notation is not always representative of the real qualities of the traditional specimens, this is hardly Mr. Ephros' fault. In the first case, the modern composer himself is to blame, and in the second it is the rigid modern notation system that is at fault: it makes no allowance for the subtle variegation of rhythm and pitch for which the traditional melisma is noted.

Mr. Ephros' anthology should prove highly valuable to practicing cantors, but it is more

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than a mere reference book. It is a true replica of sacred Jewish music. Whether it be for good or for bad, it shows us the kind of music we have today in our synagogues.

THE impression that good music alone is of consequence was further confirmed by the performance at the Temple Emanu-El of the *Ballade* (for cello and piano) by Ben Weber, a young composer who is not concerned with Jewish themes. *Ballade* was written in 1943, with no idea in the composer's mind that the work would ever be performed at a temple festival. It is a simple, touching piece and had more effect on the audience than any of the consciously nationalist pieces performed that same day. It testifies to Mr. Saminsky's fine taste that he scheduled it for performance at the Temple.

One may object to the inclusion of *Ballade* on the ground that it has nothing to do with any revival of Jewish music; and, except for its demonstration, once more, that emotional impact is more necessary to music than anything else, it certainly throws no light on the problems of Jewish music. But if the Jewish community must embark on a musical inter-faith program—an undertaking whose value seems questionable to this writer because it again puts the emphasis on rather extraneous grounds—then only performances of accomplished and sincere pieces will have beneficial results. If there is any sense in an inter-faith program, it must lie in the demonstration of a concern on the part of the Jewish community for the maintenance of Western culture above and beyond its own necessarily narrower ends as a community.

THE First Annual Conference of the Cantors' Assembly and of the Department of Music of the United Synagogue of America, which was held at the Jewish Theological Seminary, showed a serious concern with the problem of modern Jewish culture. The discussion obviously arose because of the cantors' practical needs: they have to present the religious community with music that will hold its interest and still remain within the flow of tradition. The sincerity of this concern was demonstrated not only by the liveliness of the discussion, but also by the demand for a music school for cantors in which theoretical and practical training would lead to a deeper and more professional use of the ancient and modern sources of liturgy. And it is indeed absurd that the Jewish community should have no funds for the professional training of its cantors.

The problems inherent in the vital issue of sacred music were discussed from various angles, of which Mr. Chemjo Vinaver and this writer presented the most extreme and opposite views.

The main problem presented itself as follows: The great tradition of authentic cantorial music is gradually dying out, partly because of the reforming tendencies of the 19th century, partly because of the decreasing interest among modern worshippers in the qualities proper to it. Undoubtedly, our time offers us the last chance to preserve this tradition in writing, for so far it has been handed down only orally. (Tradition has also lost its foothold among both Catholics and Protestants, who seem to prefer the fireside ballads of the 19th century to the early Gregorian or simple Baroque hymns. But at least their music is preserved in notation.) Whether a written compilation of cantorial music will command more than a musicological interest in the modern community seems doubtful.

It is true that some of the modern composers, among them most notably Mr. Vinaver, have drawn much inspiration from cantorial sources, but it is equally true that the community has remained unaffected. For the synagogue is visited today by worshippers out of touch with the ancient sacred sources and acquainted almost exclusively with the modern textures of late 18th-, 19th- and 20th-century music.

Yet the new trend toward a more spiritual, ritualistic approach to religion should demand a new music to move the soul of modern man. But then again, America does not seem truly interested in music. Of course, people go to concerts, collect records, be-

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come enthusiastic about jazz. But for a hundred intellectuals who go to great lengths to absorb the more hermetic works of James Joyce, there is hardly a single music lover who will go to equal lengths to become acquainted with a similarly radical piece of music.

The deeper mysticism now felt stirring in Jewish religion should demand higher aesthetic responsibility toward sacred music. We have seen this happen lately in the Catholic Church. In the synagogue, specifically, we are faced with the problem of how to combine tradition with advanced art. Schoenberg has demonstrated one possible solution in a few individualistic works. Bloch has given us a faint inkling of the difficulties involved. But by and large the problem is not solved. In the absence of an interested audience, and given the complacency of most professional musicians, the rabbis should be those most concerned with this problem, simply out of their desire to retain religious music as a vital factor of Jewish community life. By using the reformed tune of the 19th century, or even mere archaeological tradition—as Mr. Vinaver wants them to do—they banish music to the realm of musicology, and in doing so reduce one of the important emotional aspects of religion to an abstraction separated from life and reality. Perhaps this is the final destination of religion. But if this is so, we must anticipate a final parting of the ways between artist and synagogue. If, however, this destination can be avoided, then there must come at least a real recognition of the problem as a foundation on which some common work between the cleric and the musician can be done.

That such views as these could be aired and discussed without bitterness at the Cantors' Assembly gave this writer the feeling that the existence of the problem was keenly sensed and that at least some practicing Jewish musicians were working toward a solution.

In this respect the Assembly was indeed one of the most reassuring events of the season.

But gratifying as such events are, it is their very nature as exceptions that indicates how small a part of the community is seriously interested in music. Possibly the real salvation of Jewish musical life lies not so much in these exceptional enterprises as in the maintenance of the many solid, if neither unusual nor daring, musical endeavors that go on year in and year out—not noticed sufficiently, but convincing proof of the seriousness of some parts of Jewish musical life.

Under this heading the concerts of the Vinaver Chorus rank high. Although they are not uniformly satisfactory, their wide selection of sacred music from many different times and religions, always with emphasis on the purity and authenticity of Jewish tradition, gave the listener a full feeling of the richness of the musical past and of the many national strands that contributed to it. Mr. Vinaver's catholic taste is both his strength and his weakness. It is his strength because, guided by a rarely erring devotion to high standards, such catholicity gives one a kaleidoscopic view of music. It is his weakness because it permits Mr. Vinaver to be unselective in those fields in which he is not fully at home—as, for instance, in the music of this century. Thus discords in point of quality are thrown into the otherwise carefully planned programs of his chorus by the inclusion of such things as David Diamond's insipid *Young Joseph*, Frederick Jacobi's tired *Prelude for Organ*, and Vaughan Williams' excessively conventional *Hundredth Psalm*. At least one or two pieces of more adventurous modern music and a fuller representation of medieval choral pieces might have served better to round out the picture.

Mr. Vinaver's first concert of the present season (this time at New York's Town Hall) followed more or less the same pattern, with modern music completely absent—although it is true that several mild pieces are announced for the two subsequent concerts. Again one asks oneself why Mr. Vinaver does not avail himself of such splendid material now at hand as the more substantial and daring *Kol Nidre* by Schoenberg, the *Rhapsodie hassidique* and the *Jewish Madri-*

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gals by Erich Itor Kahn, and the searching compositions of Paul Dessau and Herbert Fromm. The Vinaver Chorus is practically the only organization around that is devoted to an authentic recreation of Jewish tradition, and which at the same time functions on a high performance level. Such high standards also impose responsibilities. In neglecting those it has toward contemporary music—which can demand the same seriousness and musical veracity as traditional music—the organization is at fault.

But once inside the Jewish field Mr. Vinaver's selections are excellent indeed. The work of A. B. Birnbaum, with its perfect blending of East European and Oriental melismata; Seidel Rovner's music in the authentic *hazanic* tradition, despite arrangements that occasionally lapse into Western sequences; and some of Mr. Vinaver's own compositions, whether in contemporary style or in a pure, traditional climate, were the interesting and inspiring highlights of these concerts. Above all, the music is performed on the highest possible level and with consistent sureness of execution. This feat probably counts for just as much as anything else, in view of the frightful dilettantism in performance of most Jewish concerts.

The continuing publication of compositions by Heinrich Schalit is another hopeful sign. Schalit is not a great master, nor is his music advanced. But his *98th Psalm* and his choral piece *O Lord! What is Man* are sincere efforts, drawn from inner experience and carried by a noble emotional intent and serious and solid craftsmanship. One regrets that the composer himself has to publish his music and that no official organization has yet undertaken to do so.

IN RECAPITULATION, we see the situation of Jewish music *in nuce* as one controlled all too largely by personal ambitions and political and nationalist sentiment. It is a state of affairs made possible only by the indolence of the community itself. Jewishness is not served, music is not furthered, and the problem of tradition versus modernism is not solved—all this, despite the great financial support some branches of Jewish music have been receiving from the community.

One recalls Mr. Vinaver's words in closing his remarks at the Cantors' Assembly: "In the Old World, the *rebbe* was a *rebbe,* the *hazan* was a *hazan,* and the community was a community. The only thing that was a fiction was the budget. In the New World, the *rebbe* is not a *rebbe,* the *hazan* is not a *hazan,* and the community is not a community. The only reality is the budget."

Obviously, this reality is not enough. Only if the community as a whole develops a true concern with music will it be able to develop musicians who can give both sacred and secular music a new and more valuable content. Then, only then, will the reality of the budget become real in terms of culture.

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THE STUDY OF MAN

THE DOWNWARD TREND OF JEWISH POPULATION

An Examination of Some Vital Statistics

L. HERSCH

DISCUSSIONS of the Jewish future: of the Jewish religion, of Jewish culture, of the new Jewish state, become ever more subtle and complex. Yet there is one factor dominating the potentialities of Jewish life which is rarely introduced into these discussions: the Jewish birth rate. If Jewishness is to survive, there must continue to be Jews. But how many Jews will remain to carry on Jewish religion, culture, politics in fifty or a hundred or five hundred years? If the available statistics and indicated trends give no certain answer, they at least offer sufficient evidence to further disturb those concerned over the Jewish future. Here, in any case, is a question that promises to push more pressingly to the fore with the passage of time.

Demography—the science of the study of population, its natural growth and decline—is like individual health: as long as one is well, one hardly thinks of it. And in the same way, as long as a people continues to increase, one rarely pauses to project the exact curve of the future. After the recent mass extermination of Jews in Europe, surely there were few Jews who did not find themselves speculating about the chances of their people's survival.

To the demographic expert, the prospect must inevitably seem even more precarious. For he knows that when the great catastrophe struck the Jews, its "normal" population movement already showed very disquieting symptoms. The fact is that, even before the war, the natural increase in the number of Jews had almost ceased. More than that, it was on the verge of a steady decline.

The century before 1939 had seen the greatest natural growth of Jewish population in history. In the most flourishing periods in ancient Jewish history there were not more than four million Jews, fewer than in the United States alone today. About 1840, world Jewish population again stood at this figure, about 1880 it rose above seven and a half million, and in 1936 it stood at about sixteen and a half million—more than four times as many Jews as there had ever been in the ancient world.

And yet, even before the First World War attentive observers had begun to point out grave signs in Jewish population developments in certain countries. In 1911, Theilhaber published *The Decline of German Jewry*. The facts first noticed among German Jews shortly after manifested themselves among the Jewish populations of other West and Central European countries: Bohemia, Moravia, Italy, Hungary, and elsewhere, and in the United States,

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AFTER the war, and the extermination of two-fifths of the Jewish people, the question of Jewish survival on the simple physical level has come to the fore: how many Jews will there be in the future, will the number of Jews increase or decline? L. HERSCH is professor of statistics and demography at the University of Geneva, Switzerland, Vice President of the International Union for the Scientific Study of Population, and is perhaps the world's leading authority on the demography of the Jews. He was born in Lithuania in 1882, and studied at the University of Warsaw. His activity in the Jewish workers' movement forced him to leave Czarist Russia, and he completed his studies at the University of Geneva. Just recently, he delivered the opening address at the World Jewish Culture Conference in New York. He is the author of many books, and of the articles on Jewish migration and demography in the Yiddish *Algemeine Entzyklopedie*, and *The Jewish People: Past and Present*.

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whose Jewish population came to resemble more and more that of Western Europe. It was only the enormous natural growth of the Jews of Eastern Europe that accounted for a rapid over-all increase in the total Jewish population of Europe and the world. And it was the emigration of millions of Eastern European Jews overseas or to Western Europe that more than covered the deficits that might otherwise have taken place, with the natural decline of the autochthonous Jewish population of these countries. The extermination of the Jewish populations of Eastern Europe, therefore, signified more than the loss of millions of individuals: it also meant the drying up of the most important reservoir for the natural growth of the Jewish people.

The Jewish population of Czechoslovakia offers us, in regard to population movements, a miniature image of the Jewish world in general. Here East and West were found within the borders of a single state without either losing its distinctive characteristics. The Jewish populations of its Eastern provinces, Subcarpathian Ruthenia and Slovakia, presented the typical characteristics of Eastern Jews, and those of its Western provinces, Bohemia and Moravia, revealed the characteristics of Western Jewry. Comparing births and deaths in 1930 and 1933, for the entire country and for each of its provinces, we may quickly discern some significant facts. Graphically, the picture is in the following table:

For the moment let us note this one fact: while, in the period considered, the Jewish population of Czechoslovakia still showed a considerable natural increase (almost 2,500 in 1930 and almost 1,400 in 1933, or 7 per thousand in the first year, and 4 per thousand in the second), this increase was due entirely to Subcarpathian Ruthenia and Slovakia; the Jewish population of Bohemia and Moravia showed a decline.

What these figures demonstrated for Czechoslovakia was and is true for Jews all over the world.

The decline of the Jewish populations of the West before the war was caused by the exceptional decline in the number of births, rather than by an increase in the number of deaths. A mortality rate of 12 to 15 per thousand, such as was the case in Czechoslovakia, is rather low and is only found among the advanced European peoples. For a population to grow the birth rate must exceed this figure, and only among Eastern Jews did it do so. Among the Jews of Subcarpathian Ruthenia, the birth rate reached the figures of 35 (in 1930) and 31 (in 1933) per thousand against a death rate of about 12 per thousand. In Bohemia and Moravia, as in the Western countries in general, the birth rate fell to half the death rate in 1930 and to almost a third of the death rate in 1933.

The fall in the birth rate is not a specifically Jewish phenomenon: it characterizes all the populations of Western civilization. However, in almost every area for which we have statistics

		1930					
Number of Jews		(Per 1000 Jews)			(Absolute Figures)		
Census of 1930		Births	Deaths	Difference	Births	Deaths	Difference
Bohemia	76,301	8	15	—7	625	1,157	—532
Moravia	41,250	8	15	—7	317	576	—259
Slovakia	136,737	18.5	12	+6	2,525	1,656	+869
Subcarpathian Ruthenia	102,542	35	12	+24	3,608	1,189	+2,419
Czechoslovakia	356,830	20	13	+7	7,075	4,578	+2,497
		1933					
Bohemia		5	14	—9	399	1,055	—656
Moravia		6	15	—9	261	622	—361
Slovakia		16	12	+4	2,140	1,584	+556
Subcarpathian Ruthenia		31	13	+18	3,152	1,304	+1,848
Czechoslovakia		17	13	+4	5,952	4,565	+1,387

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we find a lower birth rate among Jews than among the surrounding non-Jewish population. The canton of Geneva, with a birth rate of 9.2 per thousand in 1936-39, is one of the most sterile regions of the globe. What shall we say then of the Jewish population of Moravia and Bohemia, which in 1933 already showed birth rates of 6.3 and 5.2?

The reader may perhaps have been surprised to notice that the Jewish death rate in Bohemia and Moravia was rather greater than in Slovakia and Subcarpathian Ruthenia. Yet were not the Jews of the first two provinces much wealthier and much more "advanced" than those of the last two?

The cause is to be found in another factor extremely serious for Western Jewry: its extraordinary aging. As a consequence of the fall in the birth rate, the number of young people had been reduced to a very small percentage of the total. This fall in the birth rate did not affect the over-all population figure too much because of a simultaneous fall in the death rate. But the prolongation of life increases still further the proportion of old persons, already increased by the reduction in the number of infants and children. The result is an age composition which has dangerous implications for the future: the pyramid of the population by age, instead of being wide at the base, for infants and children, and narrowing as one reaches advanced age, is quite narrow at the base, and, with age, becomes wider higher up.

The phenomenon of the aging of the population can be observed in varying degrees among all Western populations, but again, among no population is this "reversal of the pyramids" as striking as among the Jews.

The percentage of the total population constituted by children up to the age of fifteen, around 1930, was: 22.9 in France, 23 in Prussia, 23.8 in England, 25.4 in Switzerland, 22.8 in Bohemia, 26.3 in Moravia. Among the Western Jews corresponding figures were: 15.8 in Prussia, 13.7 in Switzerland, 13.1 in Bohemia, 14.3 in Moravia. The percentage 60 years or over, around 1930, was 11.5 in England, 12.8 in Prussia, 13.9 in France, 10.9 in Bohemia, 10.2 in Moravia. But among Jews corresponding percentages were 15.7 in Prussia, 15.6 in Moravia, 16.4 in Bohemia, and so on. Western Jews thus formed a population much "older" than even that of France.

The differences in age distribution between Western and Eastern Jews on the eve of the last war could hardly have been more striking. In the case of Czechoslovakia, the percentage of those above sixty was only 7.6 per cent among Jews in Subcarpathian Ruthenia and 11 in Slovakia, but this figure was 15.6 in Moravia and 16.4 in Bohemia. And while among the Jews of Subcarpathian Ruthenia the proportion of those above sixty was only one-fifth the proportion of children under fifteen (7.6 as against 36.6 per cent), in Bohemia and Moravia there were more persons above sixty than children (16.4 against 13.1 per cent, and 15.6 against 14.3 per cent).

Eastern Jews were not only more prolific, but younger, than Western Jews, and this is why the Jews of Bohemia and Moravia, while having at each age level a much lower mortality than the Jews of Slovakia and Subcarpathian Ruthenia, showed an over-all death rate considerably higher. Consequently, between the two world wars, the death rate among the Jews of Central Europe, which had fallen to a very low level, began to rise again, as a result of the higher proportion of the aged.

We have touched on one of the essential reasons why the difference between the number of births and deaths, while showing whether a population has actually increased or declined, and by how much, gives no idea of the biological vitality of a population. The simultaneous fall of a birth rate and a death rate, which has occurred in most Western countries, may leave unchanged the actual surplus of births over deaths, but by lowering the proportion of youth and increasing the proportion of the aged it must involve, in the long run, an increase in deaths and a fall in the number of future procreators, that is, a decline in births, even if the fecundity of the procreating population (the average number of children born to each woman) does not decline with time.

This is what was happening to the Jews of the West before the Second World War, and this condition was certain to be accentuated with the persistent decline in the number of children.

To emphasize the ultimate effects that a given demographic situation implies, it has become the practice to compare the number of births, not with the number of deaths, but with the number of persons in the population of child-bearing age. One thus calculates to what degree the procreating population reproduces

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itself. More concretely, one calculates the number of female children who will reach child-bearing age for each thousand women fifteen to fifty, according to the fecundity and mortality rates of the given date (Kuczynski's method): if the number is 1,000, the population tends to remain stationary; if it is higher than 1,000, it tends to increase; if it is lower than 1,000, the population of child-bearing age is not reproducing itself, the new child-bearing population will therefore be less numerous than the present one, and, even without a new decline in the fecundity of females, will give birth in its turn to a procreating population less numerous than itself, and so on generation after generation. In the last case, the population tends to decline even if the number of births is at the moment greater than the number of deaths.

The present writer has proposed a more refined measure of the vitality of a population, which takes into account the differential life expectancies of individuals of different ages and the different age compositions of different populations—the method of "life potentials." Using this method the disastrous regression in the vitality of Western Jewry, as a result of its extraordinary aging, would stand out distinctly.

Unhappily, for no country do we possess the necessary statistical information for the accurate calculation of the "reproduction rate" of the Jewish population (Kuczynski's method) or for its "life potentials." Nevertheless, for some countries one can approximately calculate the reproduction rate of the Jewish population. Here is what the writer has calculated for the different provinces of Czechoslovakia in 1933 (the figure "1" indicates that the child-bearing population is just reproducing itself):

Subcarpathian Ruthenia	1.58
Slovakia	.72
Moravia	.28
Bohemia	.23
Czechoslovakia	.83

These figures, interpreted, mean that before the last war the Jewish population of child-bearing age in Bohemia and Moravia was replacing barely a quarter of itself. That is, even if the decline in the fecundity of the Jewish population had abruptly stopped after 1933, after a single generation there would have been only a fourth the women of child-bearing ages there were in 1933, at the end of another generation only a sixteenth, and so on.

The Jews of other Western countries showed a similar demographic picture, in varying degrees. Thus, even without the Hitlerian persecution and exterminations, Western Jewry seemed to be slated for virtual disappearance at the end of a few generations.

The phenomenal rise in the number of East European Jews, and consequently of the world Jewish population, in the 19th century—itself part of a phenomenal "explosion of population" in Europe—was due above all to a rapid decline in mortality; this was the result of the advance of science, both in its direct effects through medicine and sanitation and indirectly by making possible a great increase in the food supply. But any decline in the death rate has natural limits. A stationary population in which everyone lived to the age of one hundred would have an annual death rate of one per cent or ten per thousand. The decline in the death rate will obviously tend to grind to a halt somewhere before that figure. Our table of Czechoslovak Jewish population showed that the annual average death rate had already fallen in 1930 to 12 per thousand for Slovakia and Subcarpathian Ruthenia. The figures for the rest of Europe were the same or even a little lower. No further important decline in mortality could be expected.

At the same time, since the beginning of the 20th century, and more markedly after the First World War, the birth rate of Eastern European Jews had begun to fall, at first in the big cities and then everywhere. In Galicia the Jewish birth rate at the end of the 19th century stood at the extraordinary figure of 40.4; in 1931-35 (when Galicia was part of Poland), the Jewish birth rate in Poland was 19.3. In Bulgaria, the Jewish birth rate dropped from 30.8 in 1909-12 to 16.9 in 1933-36; in Lithuania, it fell from 16.5 in 1925-7 to the extraordinarily low figure of 12 in 1931-5; and so on. Subcarpathian Ruthenia itself, whose Jewish population was among the most prolific in Europe, saw its high birth rate begin to decline in the last years before the war: it fell from 35.2 in 1930 to 30.7 in 1933.

The fall in the birth rate was particularly marked in the great cities. In Warsaw, the Jewish birth rate fell from 28.6 in 1900-03 to 13.1 in 1930-36; in Budapest, from 30.0 in 1896-1900 to 7.8 in 1931-34.

As for the reproduction rates of the Jewish populations of the East, we have already seen

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that in Czechoslovakia, on the eve of the Second World War, a growing population was indicated only in the province of Subcarpathian Ruthenia, a potential decline was indicated in the population of the Western provinces and even in Slovakia, where the reproduction rate fell to .72. For Poland as a whole, the reproduction rates in 1931-5 forecast no decline in the population. In Bulgaria, about the same time, the reproduction rate among Jews had dropped to .71; in Hungary to .44; in Warsaw to .47; and in Budapest to .33.

The margin between the ever-falling birth rate and more slowly declining or relatively steady death rate narrowed among Jews all over the world. The average annual increase in world Jewry fell from 200,000 at the beginning of the 20th century to below 100,000 on the eve of the Second World War.

The difference between Western and Eastern Jews was fundamentally only a difference of time. The Jewish populations of the West had entered the path of the double drop—of birth rate and death rate—somewhat earlier. On the eve of the Second World War, East European Jewry was still able to show a surplus of births over deaths, but the growth of the population was already accompanied by its aging.

Such was the situation created by the demographic development of the Jewish populations when the Second World War intervened, and with it, the mass exterminations. We still do not know exactly how many Jews perished, and we will not know until new censuses are taken in Europe. At the moment it seems that the number was about six millions. From a people of about sixteen and a half million on the eve of the Second World War we have become a people of about ten million. And from an essentially *European* people we have become today an essentially *American* people.

The enormous Jewish emigration from Europe, we can now see, in the brief space of a generation (1880 to 1914) saved the Jewish people from certain doom. As the Yiddish proverb has it: God prepares the remedy before the plague.

A portion of the people was saved. If one believes the Bible, the seventy souls who made up Jacob's household when he arrived in Egypt became, after 430 years, a nation which counted 603,000 men above the age of twenty, not including Levites. And four million Jews in 1840 became sixteen and a half million in 1939. But with the demographic situation that characterized the Jewish people before the war, it is completely impossible—unless some unforeseen reversal of trend sets in—that the Jewish population will ever rise to sixteen and a half million, or even maintain its present reduced numbers.

We have already shown that the Jews of Europe, what with their low reproduction rate before the war, and the wiping out of their most prolific branches, can only diminish in the future. For non-European countries, our conclusion must be less categorical, for we possess relatively little sure information about most of these Jews.

On the Jews of the United States, who form today almost half of the Jewish population, there is practically no information. However, the main demographic characteristics of the Jews in America can hardly be open to doubt. It is true that the vast majority of American Jews are in their origin East European and might be expected to show a higher fecundity than the Jews of Western Europe. But the higher fecundity of the Eastern Jews was a transitory historical phenomenon, and newer historical developments were already leading to its disappearance in Europe, particularly in the cities. This historical development has undoubtedly been more rapid in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia—which among them hold two-thirds of American Jewry—than in the cities and towns of Poland, Lithuania, and Rumania. We know, too, that the American Jews are middle class, not lower class; produce a high proportion of college-educated persons and professionals; and show other social characteristics associated with a very low birth rate. One can hardly suppose that Jewish fecundity in New York is higher than in Warsaw before the war; and in the latter city the Jewish population of child-bearing age was then reproducing barely half of itself.

The situation appears at first glance more favorable in Palestine, where Jews, also mainly of East European origin, have shown a very high birth rate, scarcely lower than that of the Jews of Subcarpathian Ruthenia: 34.3 per thousand in 1926-30, 30.3 per thousand in 1931-35, and 25.8 in 1936-40. But the importance of this fact should not be exaggerated. First, Palestinian Jewry, even after the war (but before the recent large-scale immigration), made up only 6 per cent of the Jewish people. Then, as the figures just quoted show, the birth rate

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tends to decline in Palestine too. Finally, the present relatively high birth rate of the Jewish population of Palestine is due in very large measure to the fact that, as a population of very recent immigration, it includes a very high proportion of young adults: its high birth rate indicates therefore neither a fecund population nor a high reproduction rate. The net reproduction rate of Palestinian Jewry on the eve of the Second World War (it was .88) already indicated it would not maintain its numbers without immigration.

One must also take into consideration the fact that the Nazi exterminations struck Jewry at a time when the birth rate was not only already too low to ensure the maintenance of Jewish populations, but still further declining. It was falling in the West despite the very low level it had already reached. It was falling rapidly in the cities in the East. It was falling in every country in the East with the exodus of the young populations from towns and villages and their concentration in urban centers or their departure overseas. It was falling among the "masses," and above all among the intellectuals and upper classes who saw in birth control a means of social advance and a mark of cultural progress. The continuation of pre-war demographic trends can then be counted on to make still wider, in the future, the great gaps cut in the Jewish people by the Nazi devastation.

Aggravating further the postwar Jewish demographic problem is the extermination of the children. Evidently the Nazis concentrated with particular emphasis on the destruction of Jewish children. Too, young children naturally succumbed more easily to the insupportable conditions of life under Nazi occupation. Figures for the Jewish population of many countries, broken down according to age, reveal that the situation proved much more disastrous in the East than in the West, where the Christian population showed much more interest in helping save Jewish children. But even the children thus saved are not all saved for Judaism. Many of those taken in by Christian families, by monasteries and other religious institutions, have so won the affections of their foster parents and have become so attached to them that they do not wish to be taken away.

In considering the future of the Jewish people in Europe, one must finally take into account the inevitable consequences of being a small, scattered population. The assimilatory effect of the surrounding non-Jewish milieu in Europe is necessarily much greater if the Jews form smaller, less dense concentrations. This fact alone helps increase the number of conversions, mixed marriages, and so on. Mixed marriages do not necessarily signify the abandonment of Judaism; but when they occur among Jews scattered in small numbers in non-Jewish populations, mixed marriages mean a loss of future generations for Judaism.

It is the same with cultural life. The small number of Jews makes more difficult the carrying on of cultural activities, education, and so on, and insofar as cultural life does exist, it must be poorer. But even leaving aside the assimilatory effects of the non-Jewish milieu, and looking only at the specifically demographic aspect of the problem, a very small population dispersed in a larger one can be shown to have serious difficulties in maintaining itself.

The Italian Committee for the Study of Population Problems, created and directed by Professor Corrado Gini, organized a series of studies of small, endogamous populations. Certain of the observations made in the course of one of these studies, in which the present writer took an active part, that of the Karaites of Poland and Lithuania, throw light on the conditions Jews may now have to reckon with.

These Karaites number about nine hundred, and they form both an ethnic and a religious group, speaking their own Turko-Tartar language and are strictly endogamous. Those marrying outside the group are considered apostates. This population is on the way to extinction, precisely because of its small numbers. Normally the number of persons of each sex in any population is almost the same. But when we deal with small groups, temporary but sizeable surpluses of one sex or another are likely. Among the Karaites, spread in small groups of rarely more than a hundred, it was often necessary to travel from one end of Poland to the other to find a suitable marriage partner. The proportion of unmarried persons of both sexes was extraordinarily high among them. The average age at marriage was high, and this too reduced fecundity. Marriages between near relatives or between old men and young women, and old women and young men, which are also less fecund, were numerous. Finally, as life is stronger than tradition, mixed marriages among the Karaite community was abandoned by a portion of the youth.

Obviously, this example of the effects of small

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numbers, as seen among the Karaites, is an extreme case. European Jews are as yet far from the Karaite situation. Yet even before the war, the proportion of the married among Jews was considerably lower than that among the surrounding population. Who can doubt that today the difficulties of finding marriage partners in the Jewish community is considerably greater than it was before the war, particularly in small communities, and that one will find a higher proportion of unmarried, more mixed marriages, a higher average age at marriage, more marriages between old and young persons, and consequently a reduction in fecundity?

Already before the war, the small number of persons of marriageable age made itself painfully felt in the small Jewish communities of the West. The Nazi exterminations have now transformed all the Jews of Europe, in this connection, into communities of the Western pattern.

WHAT chance is there now for a recovery of world Jewry to its pre-war numbers, or even the maintenance of its present numbers? Under the circumstances described above, none at all. The Jews of Europe, reduced as they are, can only decline rapidly in the future, even without taking into account the effects of emigration, and in a few generations, if no other causes intervene, will be tiny communities. In the lands of immigration—America and Israel—we have seen that, insofar as we have statistics, the reproduction rate has already fallen below the minimum necessary to maintain the population—especially among Jews of European origin in Israel—and there is no reason to believe conditions are different for those areas for which we have no definite information. Even in these countries, we must expect at the end of a generation a decline in the number of native Jews, though this may for a time be covered by the immigration of the European remnants.

The prospects, however, are much more favorable for Jews of Asiatic or North African origin. The high birth rate of the Jews in these countries is now accompanied by a very high death rate. But in Israel, where this high mortality is reduced, and where statistics are available, broken down for countries of origin, we can see that the net reproduction rate of the Jews of Asia and North Africa is very high: it stands at a figure of 2.02.*

*See my article on "The Jewish Population of Palestine," in *The Jewish People*, Volume II, New York, Jewish Encyclopedic Handbooks, 1948.

Since the end of the war, a marked increase in the birth rate has been noticed among the remaining Jews of Europe. Is this the awakening of some instinct for the conservation of the race? Or is it only the transitory phenomenon which habitually follows big wars? It is still too early to say.

But perhaps this phenomenon should indicate to us that even in an area so apparently removed from possibilities of human control as population growth, some redressing of the situation is possible. After all, the demographic problem today is not only a Jewish one. Before the war, the reproduction rate had fallen below the minimum necessary to maintain the population in France, in almost all the countries of Central and Northern Europe, and in many other countries in the sphere of Western civilization. The last war struck everyone with the importance of population for national security, and in many countries attempts are being made to maintain or raise the population by maternal benefits, family allowances, and so on.

The Jews in the countries in which such measures are being undertaken will presumably also benefit from them. But for the Jews certain special measures would seem necessary. First, to know where we are and where we are going, we must have statistics as exact and detailed as possible on Jewish demography. This involves getting national censuses to collect information for nationality, religion, and national origin—depending on the country in question, and the way Jews consider themselves there. And where this is not possible or not sufficient or seems unwise for considerations of public policy, these statistics should be collected independently by Jewish organizations. Second, Jewish health work should be strengthened to reduce mortality among Jews, particularly among the survivors of the Hitler regime in Europe, who even today suffer from the effects of those years. Third, there should be an expansion of the work of such organizations as OSE, which have since the end of the war been involved in the work of caring for Jewish orphans, improving the health of Jewish children, taking up the Jewish orphans from the places where they were concealed and raising them as Jews.

But all these measures are obviously palliatives, and only a large rise in the number of births can radically change the situation. And this depends directly on one single basic factor: the will toward Jewish survival of the present generation of young Jewish adults.

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LETTERS FROM READERS

German and Jew

To the Editor of Commentary:

I have just had the opportunity to read the controversy over "German anti-Semitism" in some of your recent issues, and I wish I knew how to tell you how distressing I found it. There is so much that is terribly right and terribly wrong about Samuel Gringauz, and so much that is nice and naive about J. Glenn Gray, that one scarcely knows how to take sides any more.

But perhaps a story would illustrate the only point I would care to make. It is as true and as compelling as Gringauz's horrible tale of the anti-Semitic murder in Kleinmachnow.

Several months ago here in Berlin a huge political meeting had been called to protest the new Communist wave of terror in the Soviet sector. I imagine there must have been some seventy or eighty thousand people there. I was standing in the press box not very far from Ernst Reuter (Berlin's *Oberbürgermeister*) when a small interruption from the far end of the stadium came to our attention. It was difficult to make out exactly what it was. Within the course of a few minutes the faint noises from the rear became a gigantic applause, and we saw the figure of Jeannette Wolfe coming forward to take her place on the speaker's stand. The day before she had been caught in the Communist riot against the Berlin City Assembly and Soviet-inspired hoodlums on the street had beat her up to the cry of *"alte miese Juedin."* It was a shocking incident, the ugly details of which had appeared in the morning papers. Frau Wolfe was an old anti-Nazi who had been in the underground and who had sat for years in concentration camps. How deeply some Germans felt about the matter came spontaneously to the fore in these moments. Franz Neumann interrupted Reuter and explained to the whole of the meeting what the bursts of applause were about. The tens and tens of thousands rose to their feet. The greeting was well-nigh deafening for several minutes. I must confess that I for one had tears in my eyes.

This might mean, according to Dr. Gringauz, that those devilishly clever German masses know how to fool sentimental American observers. It might mean, for Dr. Gray, that Germany is, after all, sound, that the people (or at least the Berliners) are good. I am not sure. For my own part I find both formulations rather boring, one in its naivety, the other in its bitter wrong-headedness. And if my story has a point at all it should help to suggest that the problem of Germans and Jews, especially in the pages of so honest and sophisticated a journal as Commentary, should be approached more subtly, more tentatively, more originally.

Melvin J. Lasky

Berlin, Germany

Left Zionism

To the Editor of Commentary:

Nathan Glazer's account ["Rumblings on the Pastoral Left," December 1948] of the mass meeting sponsored by the Hashomer Hatzair and the Progressive Zionist League in New York City on October 20, 1948 is a superficial, cynical, and grossly prejudiced report.

Mr. Glazer sets out to investigate "the extent of the infiltration of Communist thinking and personnel into a rather large and important Palestine party. . . ." The general conclusion which Mr. Glazer reaches seems to be that the young members of Hashomer Hatzair are idealistic youngsters not to be confused with "Stalinized youth," but that the "Progressive Zionist League is a different matter . . . it is easier to 'infiltrate,' and perhaps this has already happened; in which case it is hitched to the Stalinist wagon for good." To convey this and similar impressions, Mr. Glazer does not hesitate to make or imply statements with an ulterior motivation that becomes quite clear.

1. "Dr. Sneh . . . looked much like the Hollywood image of a Russian commissar." Dr. Sneh must have changed in his physical appearance since he arrived at his conclusion that the left-wing labor movement in Israel accurately represented the interests of the Jewish people and of Zionism. While he was commanding the Haganah and participating in the executive of the Jewish Agency as a *General Zionist,* nobody discovered in him the features of a "commissar."

2. "Helping the easy jumper to conclusions was the known fact that a week later Dr. Sneh was to speak at an 'Israel Independence Dinner'

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sponsored by the American Committee of Jewish Artists, Writers, and Scientists, at which the ambassadors of Poland and Czechoslovakia . . . were to speak, and which was without question being run by at least fellow-travelers." Not so very long ago, the same American Committee of Jewish Artists, Writers, and Scientists organized a USSR-Palestine-US Friendship Dinner with the participation of the Soviet Ambassador, and which was addressed by the president of the Zionist Organization of America, Dr. Emanuel Neumann. As an easy jumper to conclusions, Mr. Glazer ought therefore to consider Dr. Neumann perhaps even more than a fellow-traveler.

3. Only one of the political groups which joined with Hashomer Hatzair to form Mapam had previously been in the Mapai, that is the Ahdut Ha-Avoda. The other, the Left Poale Zion, had never been a part of that party. Nor is it true that Hashomer Hatzair as such has "completely abandoned its bi-national line." To quote from the Unity Platform of Mapam: "It is absolutely necessary to strive for the physical and political integrity of Palestine as a whole, its liberation from imperialist rule and the guarantee of its factual independence." Mapam points to the danger of foreign annexation of the Arab part of Palestine, and to the need for close economic and political ties with a truly independent Arab state leading to the reestablishment of the country's physical and political wholeness. To Mr. Glazer that is "nothing more than a whisper."

4. Congressman Isacson is reported to have denounced the Bernadotte Plan. Zionist leaders all over the world had attacked it, fought against it, and defeated it. Furthermore, the connection between American oil interests in the Near East and the betrayal of Israel is universally recognized. Congressman Isacson was not the first to discover or to expose it. Only the "well-informed" Mr. Glazer would find this line of argument "obscure." What we resent, and we share this feeling with the overwhelming majority of the Zionist movement, are the attempts of the British Foreign Office and the State Department, echoed by Mr. Glazer, to discredit the justified criticism of Bernadotte's role in Palestine as "defamation of a murdered man." The murder of Bernadotte was denounced by all progressive friends of Israel as an act of a fascist group from within and a comfort to all enemies of Israel. But the political last will of Count Bernadotte was not less of a danger. . . .

5. Mr. Glazer's ignorance of the subject to which he devotes his article becomes evident to anyone with the most elementary knowledge of Mapam and the Hashomer Hatzair. Shomrim did not "jump eagerly on the Soviet band-wagon once Russia shifted to the support of the Jews." An even superficial study would convince Mr. Glazer that even before the Soviet "shift" Hashomer Hatzair had a positive attitude toward the socialist achievements of the USSR. It did not give its unreserved support to all Soviet policies, but had always defended the Soviet Union as a bastion of socialism. . . .

6. As for Mapam's attacks on England and America, perhaps Mr. Glazer can point to one Zionist group which has not been continuously attacking the betrayal of Israel by the representatives of those countries at the UN.

But Mr. Glazer did not come to find out what Mapam and the Progressive Zionist League represent. He came to probe extent of infiltration of Communist thinking and personnel into a rather large and important Palestine party." He does not seem to have found what he was seeking. His tone and his inaccuracies brand him as one of that handful of disillusioned Jewish intellectuals whose main purpose seems to be to "debunk" everything that is vital and vibrant in Jewish life.

AVRAHAM SCHENKER
Progressive Zionist League
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

1. When I say "Dr. Sneh looks like the Hollywood image of a Russian commissar," I am trying to evoke Dr. Sneh's appearance economically for my readers. Conceivably, if Dr. Sneh had been smoking a cigar, I would have said he looked like the Hollywood image of an American businessman. In neither case would I have been making a political criticism.

2. Emanuel Neumann undoubtedly had his own reasons for speaking at a meeting sponsored by the American Committee of Jewish Artists, Writers, and Scientists. However, when an organization is headed by that faithful defender of Soviet policies, B. Z. Goldberg, a reference to it as "at least" fellow-travelerish is conservative.

3. I see nothing in Mr. Schenker's quotation from the platform of Mapam that disproves my point that Hashomer Hatzair has "completely abandoned its bi-national line." The quotation seems rather to show that the Ahdut Ha-Avoda was successful in imposing on the united party a formulation which could be interpreted in accord with its own point of view, which was a Jewish state in all of Palestine, as against a bi-national state. At the meeting I covered, only one speaker—and that one not officially connected with Hashomer Hatzair—referred to the need for Arab-Jewish cooperation.

I did not mention Left Poale Zion because it is much less important, in numbers and influence, than the two other groups.

4. Mr. Schenker seems to find it difficult to

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distinguish between my reporting and my analysis. Isacson both attacked the Bernadotte Plan and impugned Bernadotte's motives—which is what I reported, in the hope that the perceptive reader would recognize the stigmata of the fellow-traveler, since Zionists contented themselves with the first. However, I gave no indication of my opinion of the Bernadotte Plan.

5. Mr. Schenker insists that Hashomer Hatzair's sympathy for Russia antedates Russia's support of partition. I tried to indicate that this sympathy was indeed of long standing, particularly in Palestine. But in the American part of the party at least, there has been in the past few years a very decided turn from an almost Trotskyite, and anti-Stalinist position, to one that supports the present Russian regime. And Russia's shift on Palestine permitted this sympathy to become much less restrained.

6. Here Mr. Schenker, again confusing reportage and analysis, seems to imply that I attack his party for attacking England and America: I reported that they did so, and did not try to say how justified they and other Zionist groups are in their attacks.

I am sorry that Mr. Schenker was so blinded by the violence of his reaction that he did not select more clearly the target of his attack. Since I tried to show that Mapam, despite appearances, was not Communist or Communist-dominated, the only effect of Mr. Schenker's reply, and its content and tone, can be to indicate otherwise. However, I also tried to show that the Hashomer Hatzair has always been very naive politically; it is possibly this naivety to which Mr. Schenker's violent attack testifies.

NATHAN GLAZER

New York City

Violence in the Comics

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I would like to correct two inaccuracies concerning my own opinion of comic books, as represented by Norbert Muhlen's article "Comic Books and Other Horrors" [January 1949].

First, Dr. Muhlen states—in an attempt to show a contradiction—that "Dr. Wertham himself rejected this simplistic theory of causation," [when he wrote in his book *Dark Legend:*] "Apparently anti-social impulses do not *originate* in that way." I have never advocated any "simplistic theory of causation." I do not claim that juvenile delinquency "originates" in comic books. On the contrary, in my article in the *Saturday Review of Literature,* "The Comics—Very Funny," from which he quotes, I state very clearly: "We are getting to the roots of *one of the contributing causes* of juvenile delinquency when we study the influence of comic books."

Secondly, Dr. Muhlen misquotes me. He attributes to me the statement that "the increase in juvenile delinquency has gone hand in hand with the distribution of comic books." That is not what I wrote. What I did write (in the same article in the *Saturday Review*) is that: "The increase *of violence* in juvenile delinquency has gone hand in hand with the increase in the distribution of comic books." That is something very different.

I think it is significant that the author of your article leaves out the very word "violence" in the sentence he quotes, just as so many people nowadays leave out the subject of violence, which I consider one of the most important problems of our time.

FREDRIC WERTHAM

New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Whether the subject of violence is or is not one of the most important problems of our time, it certainly is the basic problem of comic books, as I attempted to show in my article, in which the word "violence" recurs twenty-six times. This figure might be censured by a professor of journalism, but it certainly answers Fredric Wertham's strange reproach that I did "leave out the subject of violence." As a matter of fact, the very conclusion of my article was that mass entertainment by violence tends to become the child's education to violence.

I disagreed, however, with Dr. Wertham's often-repeated opinion that "comic-book reading was a distinct influencing factor in the case of every single delinquent or disturbed child we studied. *And that factor must be curbed as it steadily increases.*" (*Collier's,* March 27, 1948.) Dr. Wertham asks for censorship against the comic books; this infringement upon the freedom of the press is—logically as well as legally—based on his opinion that the comic books present "a clear and present danger" as *one* cause of juvenile delinquency; and he claims to be able to prove his point by—so far unpublished—case material.

While preparing my article, I asked Dr. Wertham to give me an opportunity to let me see the case material on which his opinions are based. Dr. Wertham replied that "it is physically impossible for us to comply with [such a request]. As far as I know there are quite a number of people in different parts of the country wishing to write the type of article you propose." Without access to his materials, I based my conclusion on my own socio-statistical deduction that his charges against the comic books are not verifiable and not corresponding to the facts.

NORBERT MUHLEN

New York City

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

Hasidism and the Modern Jew

TALES OF THE HASIDIM: THE LATER MASTERS. By MARTIN BUBER. Schocken Books. 352 pp. $3.75.

ISRAEL AND THE WORLD. By MARTIN BUBER. Schocken Books. 256 pp. $3.75.

HASIDISM. By MARTIN BUBER. Philosophical Library. 208 pp. $3.75.

Reviewed by LESLIE A. FIEDLER

THERE is a sense of *lastness* about Hasidism that gives to the movement its tragic stature and ambiguous import: the last creative gesture of the ghetto community, the last prophetic extension of Jewish orthodoxy. In a way it is posthumous, coming after the end of the world to which it properly belongs. In 1648, the kabalists had long predicted, the Messianic Era would see the dissolution of this world into the next; but the Baal Shem Tov, founder of Hasidism, was not born until 1700, midway in the Sabbatian movement between Sabbatai Zevi and Jacob Frank, those false Messiahs, who had begun by attempting in despair and self-deceit to *force* the end that would not come as had been foretold, and had finished up in apostasy. Hasidism was in part a response to these pseudo-Messiahs, a way to go on living for a people who, weary of time and of their own seventeen-hundred-year-long denial of those who merely *seemed* what most desperately they desired, had committed themselves to apocalyptic ecstasy. "The Messiah *will* come," Hasidism teaches, reasserting the endless futurity of the verb, which alone makes it possible for the Jews, as Jews, to persist.

But from a different side, too, the Jewish community was just then being assailed: by Spinoza and his radical denial of the distinction between man and God, of the possibility of divine-human colloquy. Another aspect of Hasidism reaffirms the possibility of the dialogue with the Infinite, even of the argument, the wrangling interchange. "Don't you think," cries Rabbi Shalom to God over the dead body of his wife, "that if I could wake her, I would! And You, who can, why do you not awaken Israel?" To be able to maintain this tone to a Deity whom one is also able to call the Limitless, even Nothing, is to preserve the absurd balance proper to Judaism.

But as Zevi is the last of the false Messiahs *in* Israel, so Spinoza is the last of the philosophical heretics in any sense *within* the Jewish community; he, at least, could still be excommunicated. Since the mid-18th century there have been, with the exception of the leaders of Hasidism, no prophets, true or false, in Israel; and Hasidism itself was able to produce major figures for only three generations. For a hundred years at least, believing Israel has been abandoned to its priesthood, without the counter-impulse of prophecy that has historically mitigated sit-fast tradition with the impact of a continuing revelation. The great religious minds of modern Jewry have become neither heretics nor teachers among us, but rather Apostles to the Gentiles, engaged in Europeanizing the spiritual heritage of Judaism: Freud (sex as the ultimate mystery, the Redemption of the Evil Urge, the "miracle" cure); Marx (messianism, collectivity, indignation as a virtue); Kafka (the magical tale, Galut: exile or alienation as a universal fate).

IN THE generation of the Baal Shem Tov and that of his St. Paul, the Maggid of Mezritch, these three clusters of belief, atomized in our world as psychology, politics, and art, were for the last time lived in unity as an integral myth—and they eventuated in that famous Hasidic *joy*, which, we can now see clearly, is the only human response adequate to the terror that eventuates in Belsen and Dachau. In the secular heretics, Marx, Freud, and Kafka, that joy is not present; they are men of extraordinary hope and melancholy; and it is their stubborn rationalism that stands between their hope and ecstasy; for not reason but passion is the mode of redemption.

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Rationalism was from the beginning the enemy of Hasidism, keeping it isolated in a pocket far smaller than the extent even of the Sabbatian heresy. It was only in East Europe that the movement was able to take root, in the most materially backward areas of Jewry. In the West there was already beginning the new rationalism of Moses Mendelssohn; and a few years after the death of the Baal Shem Tov, the French Revolution, in the name of Reason, was to tear down the walls of the ghetto, making possible the Jewish enlightenment, that sent forth the *maskilim* and the "German" Jews to attack Hasidism as delusion and superstition. The Jewish past became the enemy of the Jewish intellectual, and the visible symbol of that past was the pertinacious hasid in his shameless poverty, his outlandish garb, his ridiculous abandonment to enthusiasm, his contorted gestures of prayer and dance. Reason wore an unruffled toga, raised a face of classic calm, and spoke, if not French, at least German.

In the name of the Brotherhood of Man, and later of science, socialism, assimilation, political Zionism, Reform, etc., etc., rationalism joined the fight against Hasidism on the side of rabbinism, which had from the first jealously battled the followers of the Besht. In the standard history of the Jews by Graetz (a copy of which was sent just yesterday by the Jewish Chautauqua Society to the library where I am writing), the disavowal of Hasidism, lumped indiscriminately with the *Zohar,* Isaac Luria, and Sabbatai Zevi, finds classic expression: "It seems remarkable that, at the time when Mendelssohn declared rational thought to be the essence of Judaism, and founded, as it were, a widely extended order of enlightened men, another banner was unfurled, the adherents of which announced the grossest superstition to be the fundamental principle of Judaism. . . . As ugly as the name Besht was the form of the founder and the order that he called into existence. . . ." From there, Graetz launches into charges of drunkenness and spying and robbery, finally working himself up to the pitch of disapproval he usually reserves for those flighty German Jewish ladies who were led by reading Goethe into sleeping with Gentile poets.

This is the attitude to which we were brought up, those of us who were sent to Reform or Conservative Sunday schools in this country; of Mendelssohn we all knew and were supposed to approve; but if we had heard anything at all of the Besht it was calumny. The *shechina* (the Divine Presence), *tikkun* (cabalistic unification), *kavvanah* (mystical intention in prayer), these words were not on our Hebrew School vocabulary lists; as concepts they would have seemed alien to what we knew as Judaism. The way was open before us to Joshua Loth Liebman and *Peace of Mind!*

It is Martin Buber's extraordinary achievement to have brought out to those peripheries of Jewish life which we inhabit, to have made available to those without adequate Hebrew or Yiddish, even to the utterly un-synagogued, the heart of Hasidism. This he has done in a series of remarkable essays, and especially in his translations of the Hasidic tales, translations which impose an order and an interpretation upon the remembered legendary material in the moment of transmission. There have been other interpreters at work, Simon Dubnow, S. A. Horodetzky; and in this country there is Louis Newman's *Hasidic Anthology,* primarily a source book for sermon material in its topical arrangement; but Buber stands alone as a first-rate philosophical mind, for forty years working out in his own Western European development an alternative route to the truths of the zaddikim. If there is a neo-Hasidism, it is the creation of Martin Buber, and we must be grateful to those publishers who have given us at last the essential documents in English.

What is neo-Hasidism? It is an attempt to secure from the testaments of a way of life (vanished now, even in its late degenerate forms) its intrinsic doctrine, so that it may again inform a mode of living. As a detached dogma, except transitionally, there is no excuse for Hasidism; it is, in Buber's phrase, "mysticism become *ethos.*" "Mysticism" is, however, a misleading word in two senses. First, it rather implies the lonely pursuit of the immediate knowledge of God, and Hasidism is actually a communal way, opening outward from the zaddik to the hasidim to the whole folk. Second, "mysticism" suggests a denial of this world, a turning from the sensible universe to immersion in a realm of pure knowing and unity; but the zaddik embraces and sanctifies not less but more of the material world, even that aspect of it we call "evil." Prophetic pan-sacramentalism is an apter name for a faith that in the teeth of rabbinical opposition rescued for the people the Law appropriated by scholars, and redeemed for

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God the drinking of whiskey, the telling of tall tales, the making of music, and the dancing of dances. That which can inspire joy, the hasid teaches, is capable of redemption to holiness, and in all things are the potentialities of joy. When all has been redeemed from the Evil Urge, all the "sparks uplifted," this world will have become the next. The job of the Messiah is the job of everyone, and we are at once in time and eternity.

There is much in the older Hasidism that is repugnant to modern sensibilities: the petty rivalries of the Hasidic schools; the fantastic theories of metempsychosis, the magic world of amulets and cures for a price. Yet we must be careful of rejecting entirely the miraculous, of making the whole thing too modern, too easy, "merely ethics," just like rational Judaism but more traditional. In Newman's anthology all "magical" stories have been thoughtfully expurgated; and even Buber admits them only provisionally, as it were, prefacing tales of "the unreal aspects of reality" with the phrase: "it is told." It is an evasive strategy, perhaps necessary, but still ambiguous, blurring the need for the leap past rational scruples to belief, which alone can turn Judaism from a system of metaphors into a living faith.

A contemporary intellectual, conditioned by the profaned and disintegrated Judaism of Marx, Freud, and Kafka, is prepared to a degree he does not really suspect to accept the formulations of the zaddikim; and the Jewish American intellectual, one or two generations removed from East Europe, has been further conditioned in ways of which he is even less likely to be aware. The whole structure of his family life represents however vulgarly, "on a lower rung," the essential mysteries of this way of life, whose very name he may not know. Let me touch briefly on three critical aspects; the Jewish meal, the Jewish joke, and Jewish attitudes toward sex.

It is well known that the last nostalgia of the assimilating Jew is for—hot pastrami and *gefilte* fish. "Kugel Jews" the scornful phrase calls them; and yet there is in their last trivial loyalty, as there is in the Jewish conviction that "*goyim* don't know how to eat right," and in the incredible portion of their income that even the poorest Jews spend on food, a scarcely conscious memory of the sacramental nature of the Jewish meal, fully realized in Hasidic life. And are there not in those midnight suppers, those conversations of second-generation intellectuals over tea and rye bread, memorialized in the stories of Delmore Schwartz, a dim shadow of the third Sabbath meal at which the great zaddikim spoke the living Torah. The Rabbi of Ger, explaining why the hasid eats rather than studies after prayer, said, "Though I am not yet like the ox who knows his owner, I can at least emulate the ass and stand at my master's crib."

That there is a specifically Jewish joke—in every quip, as it were, the whole fate and meaning of a people demanding to be understood before laughter is possible—memorializes on a secular level, the realization of the hasidim that in the perception of absurdity a man is closest to God, in laughter most open to him. It was the practice of some zaddikim to get their disciples roaring with the grossest jokes before expounding the sublimest wisdom. And the joke crept into the homily. Even the old plea, "Oh Lord, if you are not yet ready to redeem Israel, redeem at least the *goyim*," is a wry jest as well as a declaration of universalism; and the whole meaning of the story is in the humor of the answer of the Ropschitzer to his wife's impatient query as to whether his long day of prayer had at last convinced the rich to give generously to the poor. "I have been half successful," he reported, "the poor are ready to accept!" There is a sense in which the Baal Shem Tov survives his degradation in the Jewish comedian who blats at us from every screen and radio in America; and where the authentic Yiddish joke is told—he has never died.

Especially in his attitude toward sex, the Jew in America is closer to the hasid than to his Gentile neighbor. Copulation is not to him a furtive extra-marital pleasure, but the very sanctity of marriage; not for him, as for the Calvinist, forbidden on the Sabbath, but enjoined as a special grace of the day. I remember once during the war feeling the eyes of a cabin-mate on me as I was writing home to my wife. "You must be a Jew!" he blurted out, with the air of an ingenious discovery. "Only Jews write home *that way*. Jews are funny about their wives—take them too serious." Behind him, unknown but effective, was the Pauline tradition of celibacy as the greatest good (it is only "better to marry than burn"), and the sentence of St. Jerome: "He who loves his wife passionately

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is an adulterer!" And behind me, though then I knew it as dimly as he his own tradition, the teachings of the *Zohar:* that wisdom will not come to the virgin, that he who lies with his wife brings God and his *shechina* together. The whole astonishing theology of *shechina,* popularized by Hasidism, secretly transformed the pattern of my life, made me recognizable as a Jew.

BUBER has made available to us the texts of a mode of belief for which we have been intellectually prepared, and to which we are predisposed by the fallen ritual pattern of our lives. It finds us at a moment when, disinclined to choose between available avenues of accommodation and alienation for its own sake, we are casting about for a new way. Whether neo-Hasidism is a completely satisfactory answer, who can tell short of trying—and what else is there in sight?

There is a Hasidic tale of a man who coming into his house found a robber before him, and between the two of them, lying on a table, a gun. Whether he could use it effectively, he doubted. "But," he thought, "after all, there is nothing else, and, who knows I may even hit the mark—and if worst comes to worst, in the smoke and the confusion, I can run out."

Primer of Complexity

AN ACT OF LOVE. By IRA WOLFERT. Simon and Schuster. 577 pp. $3.95.

Reviewed by ISA KAPP

THE "act of love" is a blind run by an anonymous little American soldier into the face of Japanese machine guns, for the purpose of diverting a threat to the rest of his group. A dissociated act—with recognizable moral value, but with no past, future, or identity for its actor—it is used in this novel as *the* moment of insight, the transforming vision which gives the meaning of life; and it is the concrete therapy for the distraught hero. This choice of symbol is the key to Wolfert's quality.

There is a corresponding sense of isolation and drift in the hero's situation. Sole survivor of a torpedoed American ship, Harry Brunner, in his physical and emotional disablement, sees the island natives who nurse him back to health only as instruments of life. The family of an American planter with whom he stays are instruments of escape from the war; and the women, native and white, instruments of a corrupting sexuality. The plot from here on is subsumed under the conflict between a "regressive" mother attachment and a "progressive" urge toward maturity—fought out in a prolonged free association. The battleground is Harry's wavering relationship with the planter's daughter, who is simultaneously a pawn in the tension between her parents. American reconnaissance forces intrude into the civilian crisis, and the narrative erupts into a climax of heroism, violence, and catharsis.

MR. WOLFERT seems to have written his book under the pressure of several immense though misunderstood obligations. The greatest of these is the need to be a Jew, to regard Jewishness as a major condition of life. Harry Brunner studied to be a lawyer because "when you have a profession you have something 'they' cannot take away from you"; he would have liked to be an architect, "but Jews find success difficult in that field." He sees the ghetto everywhere. His "torpedoed ship is the Jew made to feel he must not be Jewish," the actual waves of the sea demand that he yield his individuality. Harry is a Jew not so much in experience or aspiration as in the violated spirit, an imaginary and inauthentic Jew: the anti-Semite *makes* him.

It should be pointed out that the author treats Harry's feelings as compulsive. Wolfert believes that the main enemy of those Jews who tried to "prove" themselves in the war was their self-imposed acceptance of an inferior status; he himself regards such conformity to the anti-Semites' universe with disdain, and is indeed outwardly hostile to all conformism. Nevertheless, in differentiating himself from Harry's defensive Jewishness, Wolfert drops his protagonist into a void. A phrase places him—"he was a middle-class boy, growing up in a middle-class home in a middle-class city." But we never see the closets of the home or hear the machinery of the city. Harry rejects his world before he inhabits it. He discovers that he is an underdog by reading the newspapers, and what is wrong is that he gets his education from the hindsight of the editorial page. Thus, his neurotic life is the only life he has, and *it* constitutes his Jewishness.

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WOLFERT'S second obligation, learned from Freud, is to show that the nature of reality is ambiguous and contradictory. Here, in intent, he is so close to the real function of the novelist, that it is almost impossible to explain the sort of glamorous irrelevant confusion that he finally generates. One explanation is that breaking the stereotype of good-versus-evil is for him simply a way of keeping up with the avant-garde Joneses, and Freud becomes the source of capsuled complexity: "Women were a cave to him . . . he had invented this cave to protect himself from the world of warring life . . . he was afraid of life." The psychoanalytical vocabulary, which *can* induce precision and a reverence for specific fact, here only creates the unwholesome allure of Salvador Dali's collapsing watches and pregnant machines. In *An Act of Love* you are face to face with the Id in one easy lesson. Love equals passion equals anxiety equals repression, and all roads lead to the womb. The humility that accompanies true insight here turns into equal parts of self-hatred and self-love.

There are some ways of telling the truth that partially transform it into a lie, just as it is possible to be ingenuous and give the impression of vulgarity. Wolfert has fallen into both those traps, and perhaps this is due to his dissatisfaction with the simple naturalism that he handled very competently in his earlier novel, *Tucker's People*. That naturalism, which showed a wonderfully alert familiarity with the manipulations and characteristic language of urban business and with the knot of dependence and rejection of two Jewish brothers, is not to be confused with the talent for war reporting which won him a Pulitzer prize. There is a good portion of such bright, imagist, *Time*-molded, and far from simple reporting in *An Act of Love*. Though this writing deals presumably only with sensations, there is no literary objectivity about it. It uses death, not as an integral part of life, but as the extreme stimulant, and one senses behind it an understandable but still frightening exultancy at survival (as soldier or Jew?), as when Harry Brunner screams to himself, "'I'll tell you, I'm the boy who can tell you now about flying with the seat of the pants. . . .' He was a drunken boy all alone two miles high in the sky. 'Hot damn!' he cried out loud to the cockpit," etc. And as the guns of his ship begin firing, a different stage of intoxication takes hold, a frenzy of pity for the Japanese: "You if you avail yourself of our service. . . . will find that no human hand will touch you. There is no fumbling. . . . You are dead before we can say take that!"

Harry's bitter pity is one more caprice in a novel of dissociated acts, persons, and feelings. But to some extent it prepares the reader for the ultimate obligation that Wolfert imposes upon himself and his hero. Harry, armed with his own "act of love," the logical sequel to Irwin Shaw's "act of faith," joins the brotherhood of man. "Harry was no longer a minority of one on earth, seeking a cave in which to hide from both organic and inorganic life, from the hostility of man and of nature. The whole society of man became a cave for him. He was not of a warring herd any longer, warring within itself and on other herds. He no longer had to be of a herd to feel secure. He had only to be of the human race. There was nothing hostile to him any more in human life. He was one with it, and so his fears ended."

At every point the rhetoric of autohypnosis violates the assertion of fraternity. No trace remains of the struggle and incongruity that are elements of any real commitment; we are offered in one hysterical stroke the solution to all problems. Mr. Wolfert's confected ardor melts man and the world into a standard gelatinous mold.

The Mind of Jefferson

THE LOST WORLD OF THOMAS JEFFERSON. By DANIEL J. BOORSTIN. Henry Holt. 306 pp. $4.00.

Reviewed by GEORGE N. SHUSTER

MR. BOORSTIN is the kind of historian who has long been nourished in the womb of academic time. Others have explored the impact of economic interests, religious prejudices, and alien literary standards on the development of the United States. The hour has now come for consideration of ideas which the contemporary American has largely been weaned away from—those philosophic views of the world which suggested to the "founders" and their successors the kind of political doctrine they sought to express in law. Mr. Boorstin has singled out the views of Jefferson and his friends. I believe that he has struck a rich vein, and that if he can continue to study and write with enthusiasm he may affect the outlook of students of

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American history as profoundly as did Beard and Parrington.

Like all youthful thinkers, he will not be severed from his thesis, but this doesn't greatly matter because he has read a good deal carefully and imaginatively. He culls from statements and letters Jeffersonian comment on the nature and purpose of the universe in order to find out what Jefferson then went on to think about man's place in the scheme of things. In addition, he offers an admirable, though (in my opinion) often unconsciously tinted account of what the distinguished members of the American Philosophical Society, over which Jefferson presided, believed and thought. Men like Paine, Rittenhouse, and Peale did not always agree with the Sage of Monticello, but the cleavages hardly ran very deep. All of them were Deists, which means that they held the cosmos to be the complete and satisfying expression of the divine personality. And they were here in America with a new continent at their service, which they could proceed to make over in accordance with the "Great Architect's" plans. It was not apparent to them that they should be unduly concerned with the mysterious soul of man, its yearning for spiritual insight, and its agonizing anxiety to be cleansed. There was work to be done. The human race, over here at least, was to be made happy and prosperous by following rules which the Creator had embedded in the material universe.

Mr. Boorstin's decision not to discuss the philosophical and religious milieu in which Deism took its rise was taken because this discussion would have greatly enlarged the scope of his task. But as a result the reader is not shown how the Deists altered the concept of the "Great Chain of Being" by which the medieval world had lived. In both philosophies the universe was rich in consonances, but for the Jeffersonians and their precursors these were radically different in character from those studied by a thinker like Duns Scotus or a poet like Edmund Spenser. In Philadelphia it was believed, for example, that where a disease broke out in the realm of nature there was sure to be a remedy close at hand; that the animals had been created for man's use, so that they might not become too prolific; and that man finally was to be viewed as one step in the natural scheme of things rather than as a congeries of individual persons each with a destiny quite his own. But while in older thought the order and hierarchical disposition of natural phenomena was assumed to reflect the divine mind, the central fact was the manner in which the single human spirit mirrored through its moral decisions the creative purpose. When Othello says that "chaos is come again" if Desdemona's conduct belie her seeming character, he was uttering a conviction which Jefferson would have understood as little as men of the present day understand it.

"The Jeffersonian view of nature was in this sense anthropocentric without being humanistic," Boorstin notes, and it is a brilliant observation. He goes on to show that what was meant by equality had precious little to do with what is deepest in older ethical thought. The human species, said the Jeffersonians, formed one link in the universal scheme of things, and therefore being born a member of that species was automatically to be given the role assigned to man. There was no separate species of rulers appointed to wield power, and therefore monarchy was unnatural. All other differences between human beings were traced to environmental influences. Thus though the Indian was descended from the same Asiatic couple to which the white man was indebted for his origin (said Jefferson), he had acquired certain group characteristics by reason of having lived long in a specific environment. Men were equal because they couldn't help being so, and therefore they had a "right" to equality.

This right was singularly divorced, in Jeffersonian thought, from responsibility. Man's job was first to reckon with his own good and bad characteristics, seemingly foisted upon him by the Creator. Next he was to seek the environment in which the good would be developed. The closer to political equality the race came, the better it would be for all, and so it followed that democracy was the proper social environment. And again, the nearer to nature one lived, the more likely it was that one would be healthy and moral. Accordingly cities were bad and the country good. Boorstin notices very keenly that as a result Jefferson was without an adequate theory of community building. He believed in equality but he distrusted the people; he was heartily in favor of using every available means for the attainment of human welfare, but he was afraid of power and therefore concerned with hedging it in with carefully defined limitations.

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What in the final analysis lent his personality and his thought abiding significance was his profound faith that in America the "human species" would be able to create a habitat by comparison with which all that had previously been accomplished elsewhere would pale into insignificance. By pushing into the background all "metaphysical and poetic" concerns, the citizen of the New World would free his mind for the wrestling bout with nature which was his proper destiny. Here the Jeffersonian shared the mood of the Prophets. For him, too, God's will was to be done, and in some ways at least he interpreted that will in the spirit of Amos. As time went on, the natural philosophy of the 18th century was undermined by Darwinism, which raised ugly concepts of conflict and inequality. But the dominant trends in American thought went on from Jefferson's "materialism" to Pragmatism, and it was believed even more resolutely than the Philosophical Society ever believed, that to get results was to find truth.

But though the progress of this view of the world through successive generations of minds is not without its grandeur and greatness, it was also a perilous commitment to the principle that through the known, one can triumph over the unknown. "When man should conceive himself his own Creator," Boorstin says at the close of his book, "the full danger of what Mead called 'the will to power through the understanding of nature' would be laid bare." People would begin to wonder whether giving man weapons without insight into what he could be persuaded to do with them, was not a question which somebody would have to answer.

MR. BOORSTIN is a scholar, and so there is always some danger lest what he writes should seem designed for the learned fraternity only. I hope that very many Americans, workingmen and teachers and editors, will read him. They will find that he can think deeply about the great problems which arise out of our historic notion of the nation's destiny, and they will also learn that he has the power to move them and stir them. In short, this seems to me a genuinely significant book. It sometimes succumbs to the temptation to be merely brilliant, and it is occasionally a little more abstruse than need be. That, the Jeffersonian would probably say, is proof that all men are alike.

Images of a Lost World

POLISH JEWS: A PICTORIAL RECORD By ROMAN VISHNIAC. Introduction by Abraham J. Heschel. Schocken Books. 17 pp. + 31 plates. $3.75.

THE VANISHED WORLD. Edited by RAPHAEL ABRAMOVITCH. New York, The Forward Association. 575 pp. $10.50.

Reviewed by ISAAC ROSENFELD

POLISH JEWS is a handsome book of thirty-one photographs in which most of the subjects have a posed look or a look of having just become aware of the presence of a camera, though the photographer assures us that the contrary is true. A dreamy, tolerant expression in the eyes of a storekeeper, focussed on something behind your head, a petitioner gazing dead-level at the shutter, a peddler's attention, caught sidelong, and the uniform happiness and exaltation of most of the men and boys photographed in religious activities further bear out the impression. This is a small point, worth mentioning only as a means of making the more important one: that the book as a whole has the quality of posing, of putting on show an aspect of the life of Polish Jews so much out of relation to the context of their entire life (as if this were their entire life, or the only thing valuable enough to preserve in memory), that even the natural looks unnatural.

Abraham J. Heschel sets the tone of the book in his introduction and, together with the publishers, who present it as such, stamps it with a subject matter: the religious spirit of the East European Jews. Mr. Vishniac's own statement is less assuming. "These pictures," he writes, "... represent real life, completely unposed. And so today they have become documents of a lost epoch of a lost people." This is more accurate, inasmuch as *documents* suggest one kind of material among others; and in fact the pictures, even though they have been selected for publication with reference only to one idea, do not constitute a visible record of the religious spirit *per se*, but lead out in a number of directions—living quarters, the education of children, Jewish poverty and the various employments (ped-

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dling, selling from cart, stall, or store) that fail to relieve it. The photographs are good but inadequate to the theme as defined in the introduction and the publisher's presentation, for the reason that only a whole record of life and of many activities can hope to give the true impression of the spirit of a people.

One may well question the assumptions that determine the editing and publication of books of this sort. A substitution of sentimentality for spirit is obvious here. The purpose is to be concerned only with ideal values and the things that embody them. But the selection of the things gives itself away: images only of religion and of poverty are used to illustrate the chosen values, and these are played off, one against the other, in a dialectic that Kenneth Burke has well named "conversion upwards." For example, the picture of a storekeeper with nothing to sell (plate 13): he stands blocking the doorway, hands in his coat pockets, and the coat shabby and hanging on one button. A woman, her back to the camera, is approaching the store, and he tells her that his shelves are empty by the expression of his three-quarters-shut eyes, his perhaps slightly nodding head, his pained, drawn-up eyebrows, lips closed tight in irony and shoulders about to shrug up into their habitual hunching. She is huddled in a *babutchka* and shawl, it is a cold day and it appears to be snowing. This picture suggests wet feet more than anything else, but a false evidence is immediately forced out of it by the tone of the book; it must also, somehow, testify to the indomitable spirit of Hasidism, the blessings of poverty. It seems to me almost indecent to convert poverty upwards into a sign of spirituality, to use it as a stimulus for a premeditated reaction. All such uses are sentimental.

Moreover, such uses represent an affront to everything secular in life. The attitude encountered here is concerned only with that which is unworldly or that which, though worldly, has so little possession of the world that its poverty becomes not a lack of money, food, and goods, the plain fact, but a very abundance and overflowing of spiritual riches. The actual dignity of the poor, such as it is, and when and if they have it, is by-passed, snubbed. A kind of upper-class Sholom Aleichem is dragged in, falsified, vulgarized, and turned *pinkt farkert*. Teyve and his fellow *shlimazlim* are secure enough in the spirit to be able to regard their rags as rags, their hunger as a real grumbling of the stomach. Sholom Aleichem's treatment of the blessings of poverty is an ironic thing, perhaps the most ironic there is in all the world's literature, and its example should have been sufficient, but unfortunately was not, to stave off such books as *Polish Jews* with their outrageous pieties.

THE VANISHED WORLD, which undertakes to present a memorial in pictures to the murdered Jews of Eastern Europe, does much better by its subject. The "lost epoch of a lost people" is not sentimentalized or confined to the annals of the religious poor. In addition to rabbis and fish-peddlers, hasidim, cheder and yeshiva students and storekeepers, we are shown photographs of various patriarchal and physiognomic types, workers, business men, professionals, labor and political leaders. There is a whole love in remembering stores and hospitals, city streets, automobiles, summer camps for children, crowded parks and bathing beaches, middle-class life. And of course there is much more of the religious spirit in a presentation of this kind. It bestows, if any, an unconscious, an unsolicited grace. *The Vanished World* is a model for commemorative books, it does as well as it can. But no book, no work of art, can commemorate an exterminated culture. The existence of art presupposes the continuity of life; it cannot replace the life that was taken from us. Art must recognize this fact, for it is this that gives it its greatness: the simple recognition that life is greater.

The Walls of Jericho

THE STORY OF JERICHO. By JOHN GARSTANG and J. B. E. GARSTANG. New edition, revised. London: Marshall, Morgan and Scott. 200 pp. 8/6.

Reviewed by THEODOR H. GASTER

EVERYONE knows that the walls of Jericho came tumbling down, and archaeology has confirmed the fact. In the present volume, a revision of one issued originally in 1940, Professor Garstang, the principal excavator of the site, attempts, with the aid of his son, to present a connected history of the city in the light of what he has

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found there and to fit into that history the Biblical account of the invasion under Joshua.

Garstang believes that the Exodus from Egypt took place around 1450 BCE and that Jericho fell some fifty years later. It was destroyed, he thinks, as the result of an earthquake; but the invading Israelites deliberately added to the havoc by also setting it afire, as stated in Joshua 6:24. In support of these conclusions, Garstang observes that the exterior walls of the city appear indeed to have fallen *outwards,* as one would naturally expect in the case of an earthquake, while between the outer and the inner walls there is marked evidence of conflagration. Moreover, he reminds us, Jericho lies in the Jordan Rift, and this area has in fact been visited by seismic disturbances no less than eight times within the past seven hundred years. The last occasion was as late as 1927, when the waters of the Jordan were dammed for twenty-one hours. This, says Garstang, agrees remarkably with the statement in Joshua 3:16 that, at the time when the Israelites crossed the river, "the waters which came down from above stood, and rose up in one heap, a great way off . . . while those that went down toward the sea of the Arabah, even the Salt Sea, were wholly cut off." After its destruction, Jericho appears to have remained virtually desolate for some five hundred years. There is evidence, however, that around 900 BCE it was reconstructed, for at that date its slope was reinforced by pisé work. This, says Garstang, bears out the statement in I Kings 16:34 that in the reign of Ahab, King of Israel, "Hiel the Bethel-ite built up Jericho."

GARSTANG'S narrative and his skilful interweaving of the archaeological and Biblical evidence is indeed seductive, but the lay reader should know that the reconstruction here proposed does not command anything like unqualified acceptance by other authorities. The excavation of Jericho, far from being a complete confirmation of the Scriptural narrative, is also a serious challenge to it. Most archaeologists now agree that the fall of the city must be dated between 1400 and 1350, but where they part company with Garstang is in his assumption that this was about fifty years after the Exodus. The consensus of scholarly opinion today is that the Exodus could not have taken place before about 1290 BCE. Consequently, the fall of Jericho must have *preceded* it, and not *followed* it, as stated in the Bible.

The usual method of reconciling the discrepancy is to assume that the Biblical narrative represents a foreshortened version of what really occurred, telescoping into a single incursion what was actually a process of infiltration lasting more than a hundred years. The fall of Jericho would then belong to an earlier phase of the movement, the precise sequence of events having come to be forgotten by the time the Book of Joshua was compiled. In support of the view that the Scriptural account does indeed confuse the chronology and blend together successive stages of the invasion, it is pointed out that, according to archaeological evidence, the cities of Bethel, Lachish, and Debir, which Joshua is said to have captured at about the same time as he took Jericho, could not have fallen before about 1260-1230 BCE, while Ai, which he is described as having razed, was in fact a ruin (as its name indeed implies) throughout the whole period from 2200 BCE onwards.

FOR Jews, the problem raised by the excavation of Jericho reaches far beyond the limits of mere archaeological controversy. The Jewish religion rests very largely upon acceptance of a certain historical tradition. Its festivals are commemorations of events recorded in that tradition, and the character of the Jew *qua* Jew depends upon identification of the individual with what is assumed to be a continuous and unbroken collective experience. This being so, an assault upon the authenticity of that tradition might easily come to be regarded as a challenge to the title-deeds of Judaism. It is, indeed, an apprehension of this fact that has led so many spokesmen of Orthodox Jewry to the view that the higher criticism of the Bible is incompatible with the doctrines of the faith; and it is this too which inspired Solomon Schechter's intemperate designation of that science as "the higher anti-Semitism."

The fact is, however, that the dilemma is illusory. What has to be recognized is that the tradition upon which a people or group founds its identity and cohesion does not need factual authentication in history; myth and legend, saga and fable are an equally valid basis. What matters is the intensity and tenacity of acceptance, not the veracity of the thing accepted.

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No Christian has to prove that Christ was born on December 25 (actually, a late tradition) in order to observe Christmas; and by the same token no Jew need have to prove that the events of his past actually took place in the manner described in his traditional literature before he can observe the festivals or the home ceremonies of Judaism.

We must recognize that tradition is compounded of fancy as well as fact, and that it is the fusion of both in the popular mentality that creates a culture and a civilization. The authentication of the Biblical narrative is important only for historical inquiry; but the faith and self-expression of a people requires no historical validation. Human truth must not be confused with documentary fact.

What is Communism?

WORLD COMMUNISM TODAY. By MARTIN EBON. Whittlesey House. 536 pp. $4.50.

AMERICAN COMMUNISM. By JAMES ONEAL and G. A. WERNER. E. P. Dutton & Co. 416 pp. $5.00.

PATTERN FOR WORLD REVOLUTION. By "YPSILON." Ziff-Davis. 479 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by BERTRAM D. WOLFE

SINCE the fate of the European Recovery Plan so largely hinges on blocking the counter-plan of the world Communist movement, one would expect that our political science faculties and institutes of Russian studies, our writers and research workers, would be engaged in a vast and intense effort to understand that movement. But it is a little frightening to note that the shreds and tatters of misinformation on which we depend are worthless as guides to daily action, that our universities are engaged in no such studies, that the little shelf of books which might be used for reference is pitifully inadequate. In the past year and a half, when such studies should have been coming out by scores or hundreds, only three American books have appeared worth keeping on the reference shelf, and the three together do not fill in more than tiny fragments of the big mosaic map that must be constructed before our statesmen will be able with some confidence to chart our future moves in the struggle for European reconstruction.

SO FAR as it goes, Martin Ebon's *World Communism Today* is an amazing tour de force of single-handed research in a field which should be under exploration as a vast collective project. On his own, he has waded through more newspapers, magazine articles, books, and Communist documents than it would seem possible for a solitary researcher to go through in a single lifetime. The result is a sort of World Almanac of the Communist parties of some forty-four countries. A sketchy notion of the milieu, the origins, and the history of each of the parties in question is given, with thumbnail sketches of its leaders and some account of recent strategical-tactical operations.

Unfortunately, the task is bigger than any one man, even the industrious and intelligent Mr. Ebon, can accomplish. His sources are of varied value. The information is frequently pieced out with superficial, journalese filler ("a sincere and fanatical German communist" or "an uninspiring wide-mouthed man whose deep-set eyes lack the spark of brilliance"). Though he has striven to use his sources critically, they have frequently misled him (thus he wrongly calls the Spanish POUM "Trotskyist"; labels as "conservative" the wartime Polish underground, which was dominated by the Socialist and Peasant Parties; swallows whole the fellow-traveler literature on the Chinese Central government and misses its basic role as the defender of territorial integrity and independence during a time of attempted partition). The general apparatus of theoretical interpretation is weak, so that the facts tend to fly apart as one reads for lack of a proper intellectual binder. Finally, the book is as difficult to read as the World Almanac to which I have already compared it. Yet it represents a heroic, single-handed effort to master a world of material and, though parts of it are already out of date as I write, it is and will remain for years an indispensable reference work for every newspaper editor, writer, and State Department official.

JAMES ONEAL'S book is a bringing up to date, in collaboration with G. A. Werner, of an earlier work Oneal published on American Communism. It is not so much of an outside research job as Ebon's because the first of the

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two authors is an American Socialist who watched for years with inner anguish the inroads of American Communism upon the once flourishing American Socialist party. His accounts of the early period, when American Communists were attracted to Russia by its apparent solution of the problems of war and exploitation, is bitter, ironic, interesting, intermittently illuminating, often startling. Where it draws on Communist sources it is most valuable. But too often it depends upon the uncritical use of secondary and tertiary sources, or it catches one document and misses the next one. Thus the book makes Stalin "Executive Secretary of the Comintern," fails to connect the underground names of its personages with their later "above-ground" names, describes Trotsky's deportation to Siberia as a "retreat for his health," and, most strangely, speaks of Stalin's territorial gains at Teheran, Yalta, and Potsdam as "retreats" on his part.

Both the Oneal-Werner and the Ebon books suffer from the fact that they view the Communist movement—where things are frequently not what they seem—from the outside. Moreover, both of them, and more particularly the Oneal-Werner book, miss the fact that the strength of the Communist movement among young idealists lies not in the attractive power of the depths to which it sinks, but in the fact that, like Satan, it trails the glory of a "fallen angel." This sense of once high estate and mighty fall has so far been communicated successfully only by those who earlier gave their own idealistic allegiance to the Communist movement. Therein lies the value of *Pattern for World Revolution*, which was written by two former secret agents of the Comintern who felt compelled, for obvious reasons, to use a pseudonym: "Ypsilon." Unfortunately, the publisher neglected to get any known person to vouch for their authenticity, and the American press, suspecting anonymity, fearing a hoax, or disbelieving true stories so much stranger than forgery or fiction, has completely ignored the book. Yet it is the most important volume on the spirit, mood, and practices of the Comintern so far published in English. And, albeit sketchily and haphazardly, it supplies the theoretical and philosophical frame we miss so much in Ebon.

Taken together, *Pattern for World Revolution* and *World Communism Today* provide no more than a point of departure for a general, collective, large-scale research effort which so far has not even started.

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